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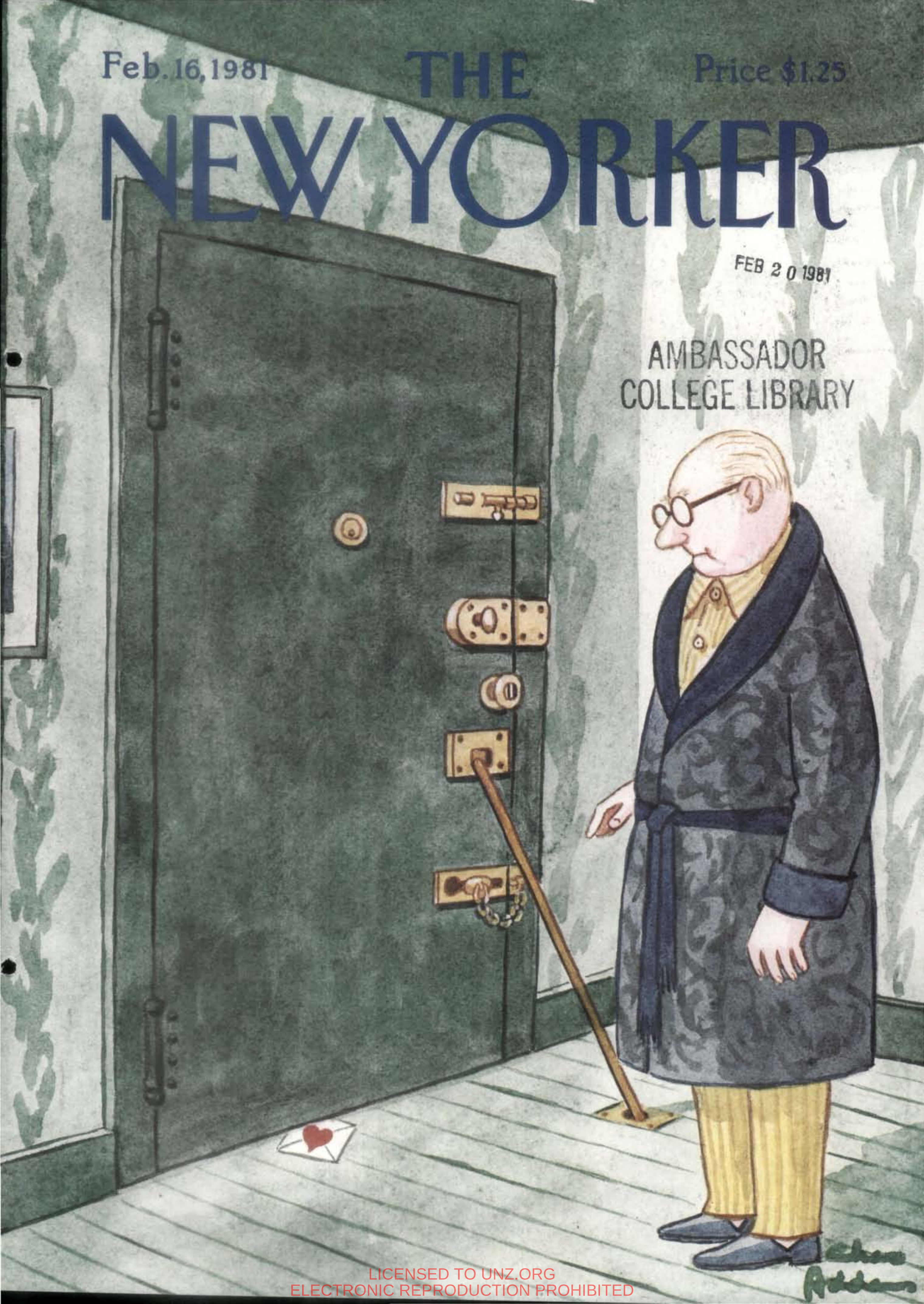
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 16. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Tracy Pollan, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8; Thursday, Feb. 12, at 6:30; Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 17-19, at 8.... ¶ George Farquhar's crisp, lively comedy THE RECRUITING OFFICER in an anything but crisp performance. Of the many actors assembled, only a few come near to filling the requirements of their roles. These few are Brian Murray, Laurie Kennedy, MichaelJohn McGann, and Beth McDonald. Laird Williamson directed. Robert Blackman designed the lovely scenery. (2/2/81) Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bring Back Birdie—A musical with a book by Michael Stewart, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams (the trio responsible for "Bye Bye Birdie," twenty years ago). Donald O'Connor and Chita Rivera (returning to her original role in "Bye Bye") will play Albert and Rose Peterson, the couple in search of the long-lost pop idol Conrad Birdie. Joe Layton directed. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 19. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A triple bill consisting of "El Hermano," by Romulus Linney; "Two Part Harmony," by Katherine Long; and "Landscape with Waitress," by Robert Pine. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Equity Library Theatre—Alberto Casella's comedy, DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY, adapted by Walter Ferris, will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 12, and will run through Sunday, March 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—Joe Masiell returns to his original role in a three-week engagement of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 17, and will run through Sunday, March 8. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Summer at Bluefish Cove—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 22: THE GONDOLIERS. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Macbeth—Macbeth is an uneasy social climber, and his wife is a hard-boiled one, but there is more to their story than that, little of which is captured in the present production. (2/2/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St.

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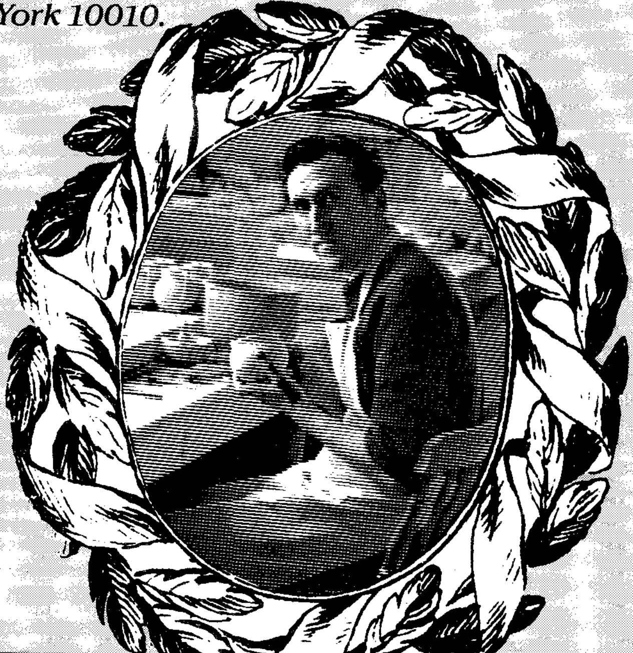

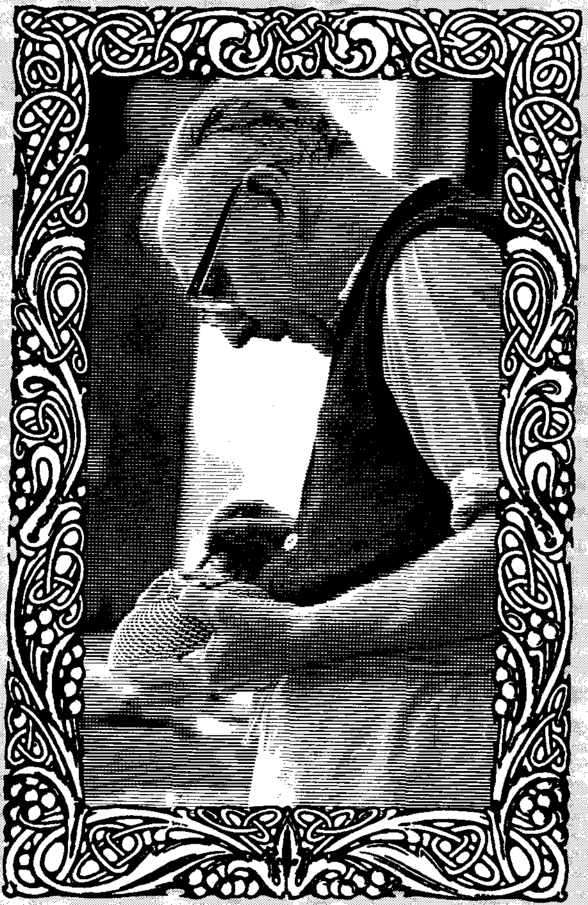

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Negro Ensemble Company—The third in this season's series of four productions is **WEEP NOT FOR ME,** Gus Edwards' unsparing but also sympathetic and ironic view of a black family in the decaying South Bronx. It is given a fine performance under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. In the leading roles, Bill Cobbs and Ethel Ayler are especially fine as the stepfather of the family and his two-timing wife. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Penguin Touquet—A surrealist spectacle, devised and directed by Richard Foreman, which is sometimes entertaining and sometimes not. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Phoenix Theatre—Romulus Linney's **THE CAPTIVITY OF PIXIE SHEDMAN** is a dismal work about a writer and the intrusive ghosts of his ancestors. The acting is O.K., though. With Jon De Vries, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Piaf—A ramshackle non-play about the gifted and valorous French chanteuse, who died in 1963. It provides an opportunity for a grandly theatrical performance by Jane Lapotaire. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert-and-Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Real Life Funnies—An entertainment by Howard Ashman (book) and Alan Menken (music and lyrics), based on Stan Mack's weekly *Village Voice* comic strip of the same title. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 11, and will run through Sunday, March 1. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

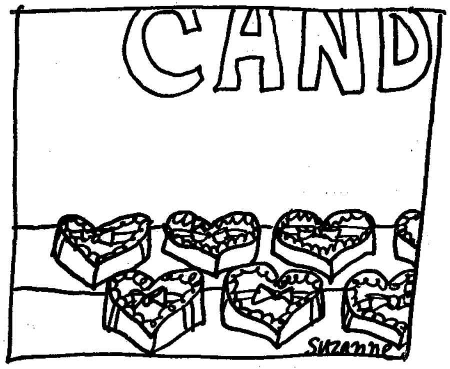
Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 2.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—The Bard wrote the lyrics to many songs, and borrowed more lyrics than he wrote; a young man named Lance Mulcahy has supposed that these lyrics would sound better to his music than to the music to which they are traditionally set, and he is wrong. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Grandmother's House We Go—Joanna M. Glass has written an able but not very lively play about a family whose members, coming together at Thanksgiving, find they have little to give thanks for. Eva Le Gallienne and the rest of the cast are well worth going to see. (1/26/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for the Parade—John Murrell's modest play, which tells the stories of five women in the Canadian city of Calgary during the Second World War, is primarily—in one brief, telling scene after another—a sympathetic study of friendship under tension. The cast—Jo Henderson, Mia Dillon, Roxanne Hart, Marti Maraden, and Marge Redmond—is a distinguished one by any standard, and the performance, under David Kerry Heefner's direction, is very good. (2/9/81) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)



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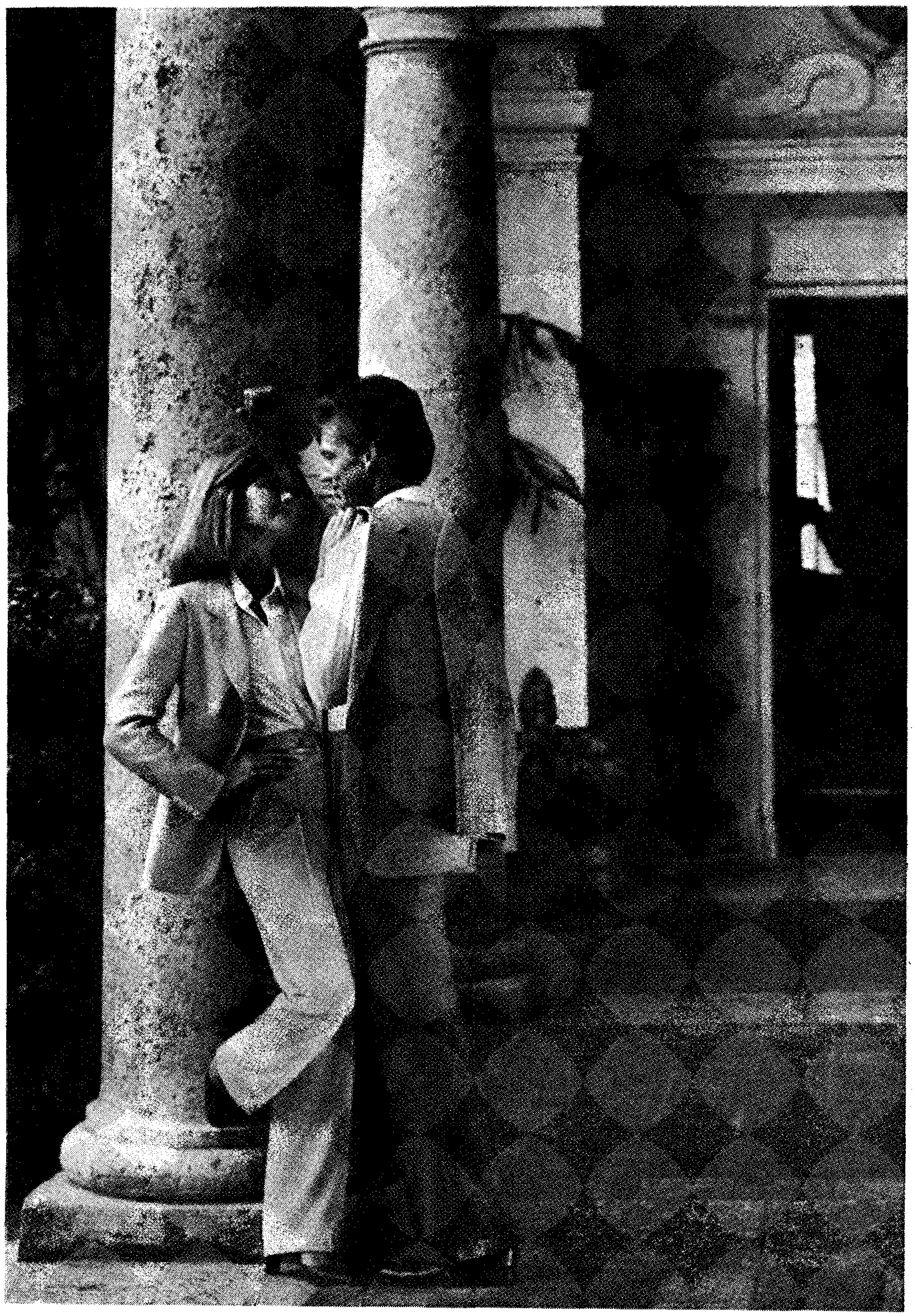
We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 18, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and David Ackroyd as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays, except Feb. 17, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 2:30.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,648 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. Phyllis Newman portrays the night-club singer. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and



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Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Ann Miller, Joey Bishop (while Mickey Rooney vacations), some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "In G Major," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Suite from *Histoire du Soldat*," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "La Source," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 15, at 1: "La Source," "The Four Temperaments," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7: "Serenade," "Suite from *Histoire du Soldat*," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 14, Tuesday, Feb. 17, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22, at 2: Excerpt from "Arporisms," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Gallery." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 14-15, at 2; and Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Alphabet from Allegory," "Talisman" (première), "Five Masks" (with Murray Louis), and "Guignol." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dancemobile—The last four in a series of performances of traditional African and modern dance. Thursday, Feb. 12: Contemporary Chamber Dance Group and La Roque Bey Drummers and Dancers. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13: Walter Nicks Dance Company and The Wizards (a roller-skating group). . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14: Eleo Pomare Dance Company and George Faison Dancers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 15: Fred Benjamin Dance Company and Al Perryman's Brooklyn Dance Theatre. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A six-performance engagement. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8.)

Kathryn Posin Dance Company—The first two of four performances of new works. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, pianist **MIKE NOCK** will lead a trio; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and *his* trio will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This new club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors. Pianist **MIKE ABENE** works with alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** through Sunday, Feb. 15. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, guitarist Cal Collins will bring in his trio. Music from nine. Dining.

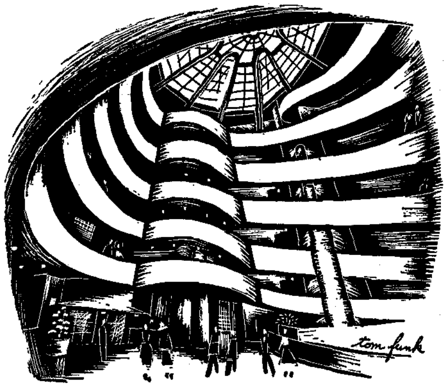
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. The varied line-up: Wednesday, Feb. 11, folkie **BOB GIBSON** trades sets with the **MC GUINN-HILLMAN** band, which is co-led by two-fifths of the old Byrds: loose and cheerful Roger McGuinn, on acoustic guitar and vocals, and Chris Hillman, an alert, crisp bass player and singer. On Thursday, Feb. 12, **DAVE BROMBERG** will sing and play guitar for an already-sold-out house; Friday, Feb. 13, will be an evening of standup comedy; on Saturday, Feb. 14, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing their stunning a-cappella street-corner soul numbers opposite the high-voltage Chicago-blues-harp player **JAMES COTTON** and his band; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, the comedy team of **MONTEITH & RAND** will share the stage with singer and songwriter **TOM PAXTON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **LARRY WILLIS** through Saturday, Feb. 14, and pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **RON CARTER** beginning Monday, Feb. 16. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and composer **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a generous melodist—he agreeably doles out at least one portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per night—and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF,** in the Café Carlyle. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.



Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Feb. 11, John Shirley's Obsession, Anti Matter, and Spigots; Thursday, Feb. 12, Public Assistance, China Davis, and Humans from Earth; Friday, Feb. 13, the Rudies and Screaming Sneakers; and Saturday, Feb. 14, Nitecaps and Jo Marshall. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings "Down Hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Feb. 15, pianist Lou Stein will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

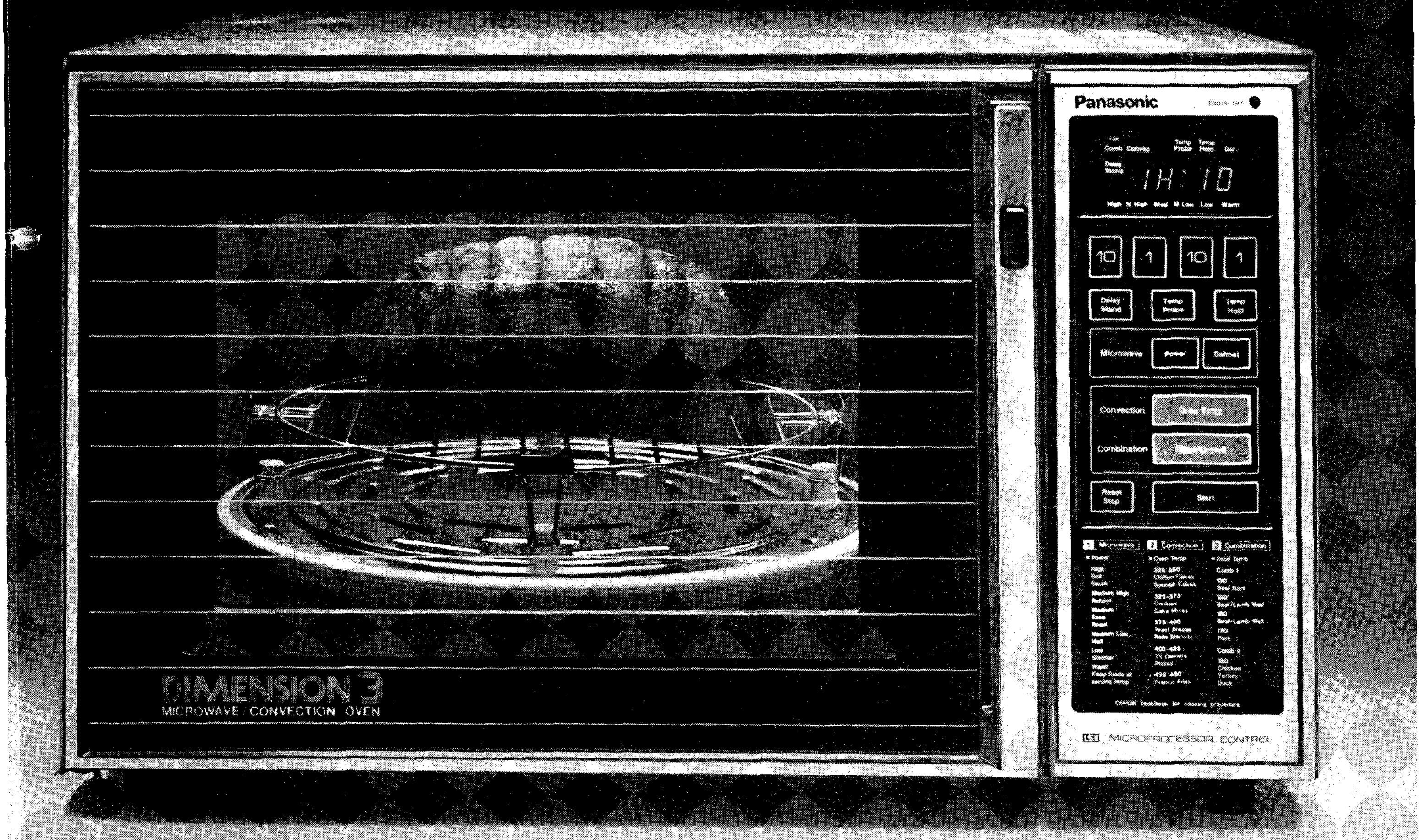
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Two of the most important small-band hard-bop leaders of the last twenty-five years will be at this club during the next couple of weeks—drummer **ART BLAKEY** and the latest edition of his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** through Sunday, Feb. 15, and pianist **HORACE SILVER** and his quintet beginning Tuesday, Feb. 17. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** perhaps the most highly lauded vocal duo in jazz, are here through Saturday, Feb. 14; pianist Jorge Dalto will perform on Sunday, Feb. 15; singer Norman Mapp will work with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** on Monday, Feb. 16; Carol Fredette will sing on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 17-18; and the Manhattan Rhythm Singers will arrive for four nights on Thursday, Feb. 19. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) **RAY BRYANT** is at the piano through Saturday, Feb. 14; on Tuesday, Feb. 17, **ART HODES,** who played piano with Sidney Bechet in the forties and is in his upper seventies now, will

Why a roast baked in 3 different ovens tastes better.



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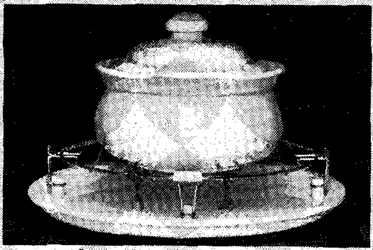
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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take charge. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** an obvious Wynton Kelly admirer, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Thursday, Feb. 12, Raybeats, dB's, and Action Combo; Friday, Feb. 13, **POLYROCK** and Liquid Liquid; Saturday, Feb. 14, Revillos and the Insect Surfers; and Sunday, Feb. 15, B-Girls. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16-17.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a built-in balcony loft from which one can survey the whole room, appreciate at least one cheering fire going (there are two fireplaces), and listen to the visiting musicians. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, will belong to **TED CURSON,** who plays trumpet, pocket trumpet, and whistle—he uses that to signal his soloists—and his sextet; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, saxophonist Paquito d'Rivera will lead a quintet. On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** pilots a combo.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a great hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote the classic, "Freight Train"), collaborates with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** play on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, Johnny Paycheck will sing with his band; on Sunday, Feb. 15, Kinky Friedman will hold his usual Sunday Texas Jewish-cowboy-song sessions; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16-17, drummer and singer **LEVON HELM** will play some Arkansas rock with the **CATE BROTHERS;** and on Wednesday, Feb. 18, Louisiana swamp rocker **DR. JOHN** will drop by. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. The current singer (through Saturday, Feb. 14) is **MAXINE BROWN,** who does polished, uplifting soul and pop songs. On Monday, Feb. 16, Lana Cantrell will begin singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 11, Stiletto, the Ricky Joyce Band, and Bandit; Thursday, Feb. 12, Senders, Peptide, and Voltage; Friday, Feb. 13, Cheap Perfume and Knots; Saturday, Feb. 14, Lenny Kaye Connection and the Peter Dayton Band; Sunday, Feb. 15, Zantees and BMT; Monday, Feb. 16, False Prophets, Offals, and Nekron 99; and Tuesday, Feb. 17, Resistors, Windows, and Emmy. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BILL HENDERSON,** a former Basie vocalist, pays tribute to Johnny Mercer by singing Mercer songs such as "Something's Gotta Give," "Jamboree Jones," and "Jeepers Creepers," through Saturday, Feb. 14; on Tuesday, Feb. 17, **FRAN WARREN,** a former Claude Thornhill vocalist, will take over with a backup octet. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** an octet consisting of six extremely adept R. & B. players—three of them are guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** and saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG**—and two flashy vocalists, **ESTHER MARROW** and **KEITH WILLIAMS,** will be the main attraction. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Thursday, Feb. 12, will be devoted to three rock bands: the Others, Joey Balin & the Mirrors, and Prisoners of Beat. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 13-15, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MC GHEE** will play, sing, hoot, holler, stamp, and chuckle in much the same way they've played, sung, hooted, hollered, stamped, and chuckled for the last thirty-five-odd years. Singer and guitarist **JOSH WHITE, JR.,** will open the show for them. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, two veteran folkies, **MARY TRAVERS** and **BOB GIBSON,** will trade sets. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

PALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—An upstairs jazz room and bar with a very impressive lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 11, pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** and a quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 12-14, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN'S** quartet; Sunday, Feb. 15, singer **JAY CLAYTON;** Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 16-18, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER'S** quartet; and, starting Thursday, Feb. 19, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS.** Music from about ten. Dining.

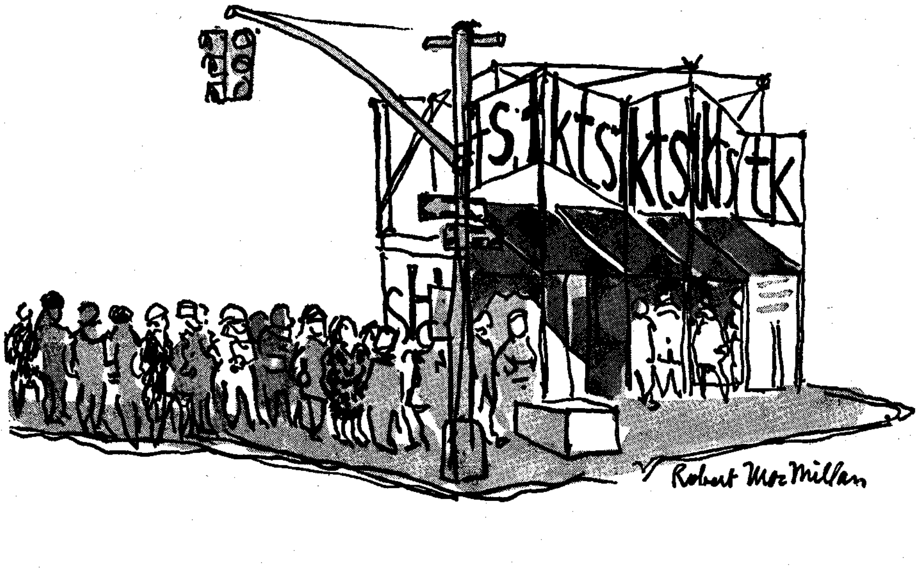
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** who in his forty-odd-year career has played swing music, bebop, rhythm and blues, and rock and roll, leads his thirties-and-forties-flavored **SAVOY SULTANS** in uplifting and absolutely irresistible dance music. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up for in occasional big names. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 11, the Shirts; Thursday, Feb. 12, Ronnie & the Jitters, the Nitecaps, and Vision; Friday, Feb. 13, Moonbeam and 4 Out of 5 Doctors; Saturday, Feb. 14, Syl Sylvain and Hooks; Sunday, Feb. 15, 3-D; Monday, Feb. 16, Startoon and Quinn Richards; Tuesday, Feb. 17, Will Rambeau and Dreamer; and Wednesday, Feb. 18, **BURNING SPEAR.** Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

ROCK LOUNGE, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—A two-story rock-and-roll club that, with its bright-red columns, its d.j.-occupied scaffold, and its chain-link fence around the second-floor viewing area, has just the right ambience—junior high. The ground floor might be a crowded lunchroom, and the second floor brings to mind a playground. Some people think the **FEELIES,** a clean-cut, studious-looking quartet who could have convincingly called themselves the Physics Majors, are English, but they are from Haledon, N. J., a suburb of Paterson. Their songs sound like nineteen-eighties Ventures music, with its heavy emphasis on percussion and rhythm guitars. In fact, their numbers are virtual rhythm-guitar festivals with an occasional whiny, slithery guitar solo excavated from the Acid-Rock Age thrown in. And they make one want to dance. The Feelies will perform with the Note Killers on Friday, Feb. 13. The rest of the music: Nervus Rex and the **POPE MISSISSIPPI BLUES BAND,** which features drummer **CHARLES BOBO SHAW** and bassist **MELVIN GIBBS,** on Thursday, Feb. 12; Pylon and Illiterate Diplomats on Saturday, Feb. 14. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, one will find a revue, "From Rodgers and Hart with Love," which features Mimi Hines and Larry Kert. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. Saxophonist Bob Berg's quartet works on Wednesday, Feb. 11; on Thursday, Feb. 12, saxophonist Paquito



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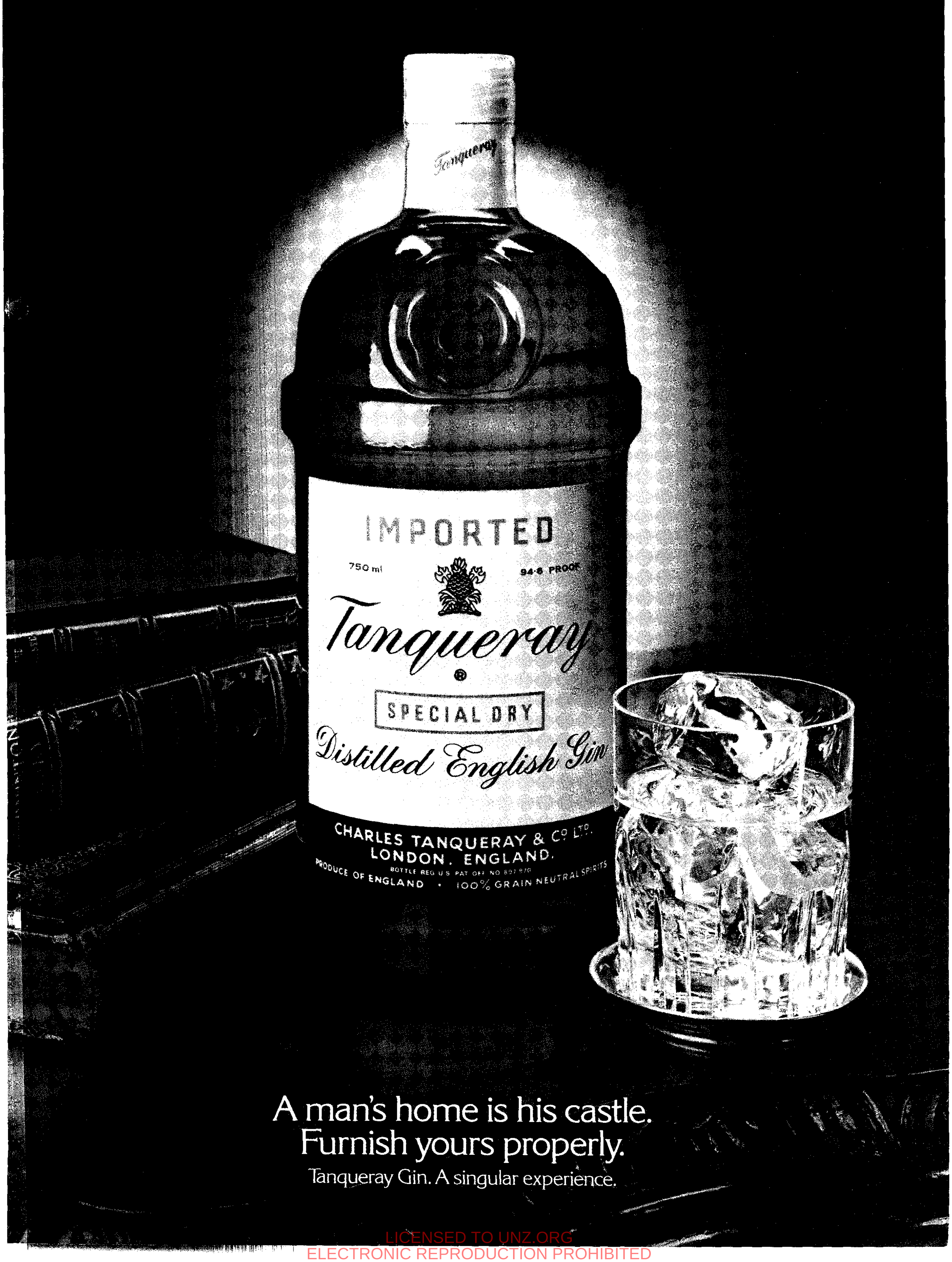
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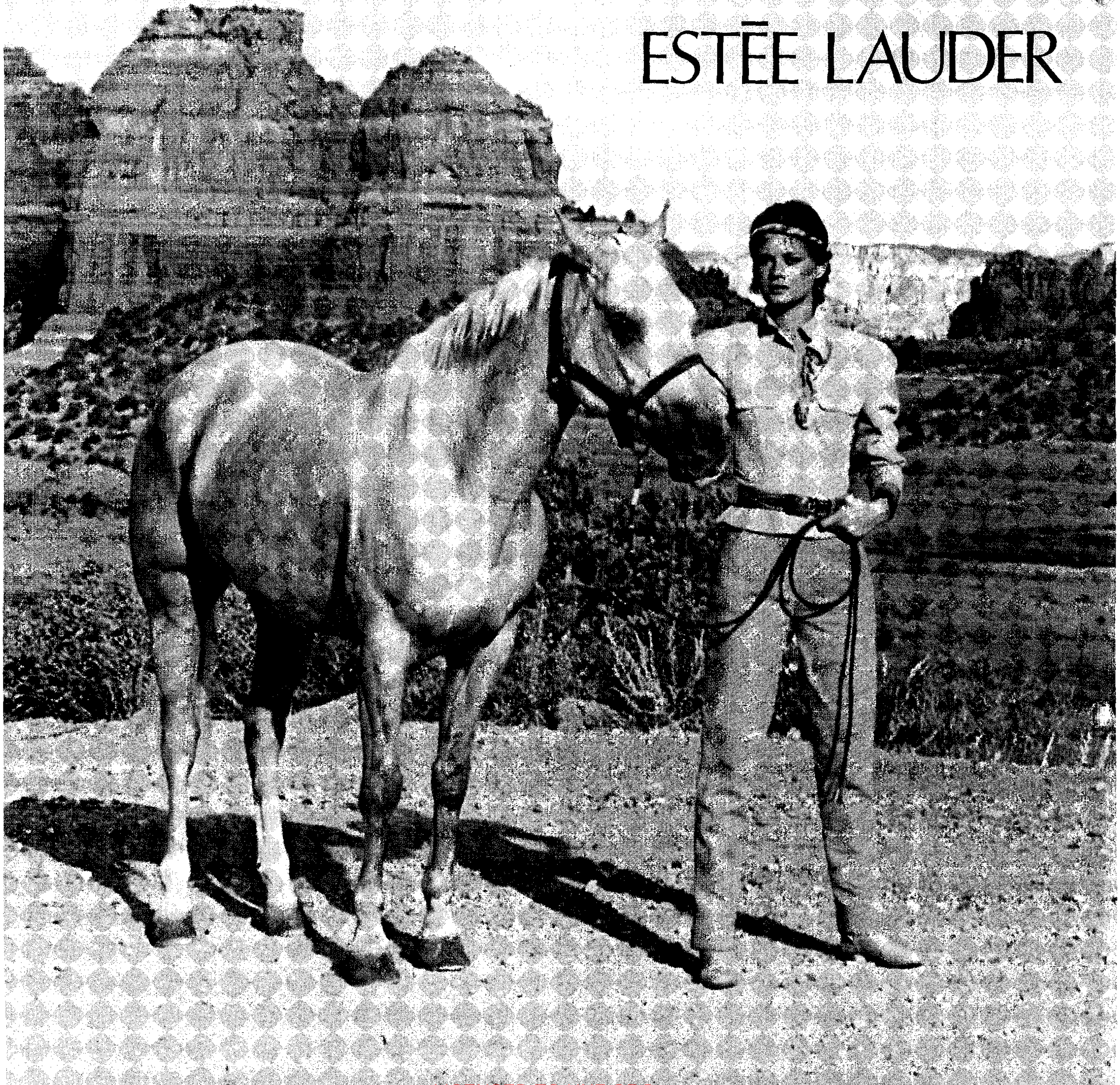

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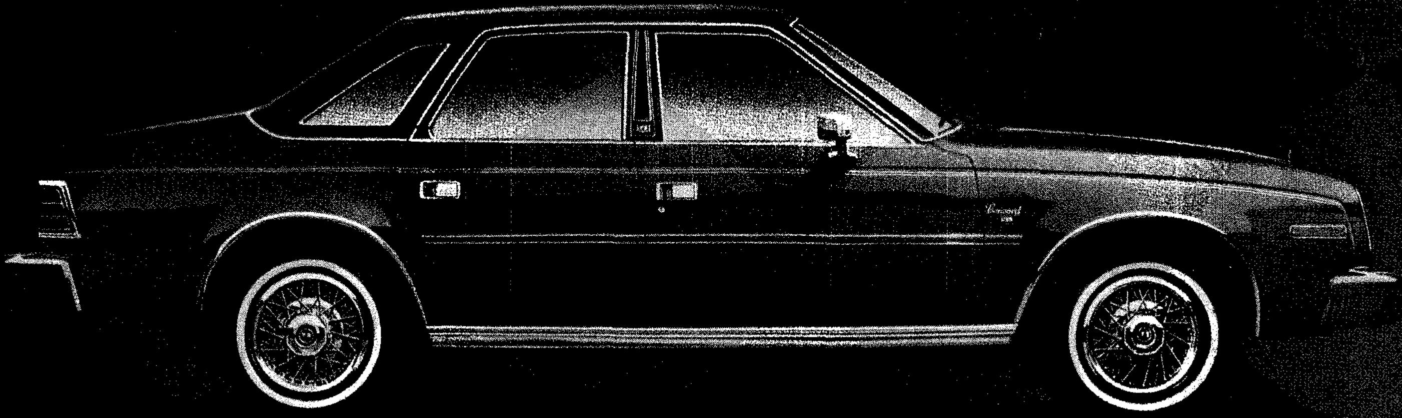

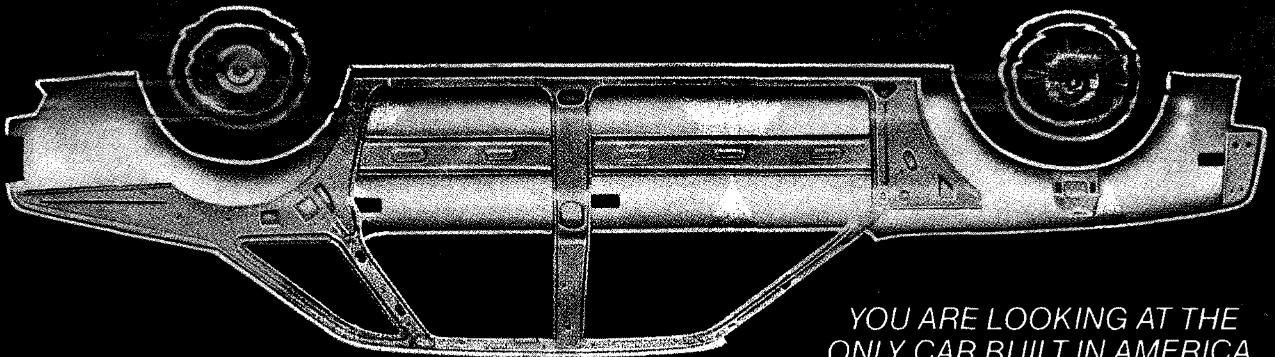

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

d'Rivera will head a quintet. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 13-15, will be claimed by electric violinist Noel Pointer. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Another outlet for absolutely first-rate piano-bass teams. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** is in charge of a trio through Saturday, Feb. 14; and beginning Wednesday, Feb. 18, pianist and singer **BOB DOROUGH** will perform with bassist **BILL TAKAS.** Music from nine-thirty. Sundays and Mondays, Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry plays piano from eight to midnight. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will front a combo through Saturday, Feb. 14; on Sunday, Feb. 15, Anne Marie Moss will sing; and on Tuesday, Feb. 17, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** will bring in his band. Mondays are the property of trombonist and arranger **MELBA LISTON** and her stirring octet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—*line the wall.* Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 12-14, trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** will be present with a quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** and tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** will co-pilot a hard-bop quintet that will feature **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** on piano. On Sundays and Wednesdays drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** works with his trio. The music begins after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A mostly Chicago-blues-and-R. & B. lineup: the Duke Robillard Blues Band on Saturday, Feb. 14; R. & B. singer and pianist Tommy Tucker on Sunday, Feb. 15; Friday, Feb. 20, singer and guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND;** and Saturday, Feb. 21, singer and guitarist **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG.** Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Buicks and Pedestrians on Wednesday, Feb. 11; Lode Stone and Fine Malibus on Thursday, Feb. 12; 2 Yous and Comateens on Friday, Feb. 13; Be Be Buell & the B-Sides, Regina Richards & the Red Hot, and Flooz on Saturday, Feb. 14; and Jimmy Frank on Tuesday, Feb. 17. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa music can be heard in the capacious downstairs room on Mondays from about nine. In the Terrace area, on the ground floor, Terry Waldo plays piano rags Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine; on Tuesdays he alternates with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN.**

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Mingus alumni **GEORGE ADAMS,** on tenor sax, pianist **DON PULLEN,** and drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND** perform through Sunday, Feb. 15; on Tuesday, Feb. 17, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will bring in his quartet. Monday, Feb. 16, will see drummer **MEL LEWIS** leading his seventeen-piece big band. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in Peacock Alley, a quiet sort of passageway with tables, chairs, and banquettes that connects the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the last decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . **HAZEL SCOTT,** an almost always animated singer and pianist, can be found, if you look hard enough, in a little room (off the 49th St. side of the lobby) called the Hideaway, which looks as though it could have been part of the set for "Lost Horizon." Miss Scott works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Harris Simon Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

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West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** guides his quintet, the Jazz Sultans, through Sunday, Feb. 15; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16-17, will be claimed by pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER;** and on Wednesday, Feb. 18, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** will arrive with a band. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Peter Allen and the Rockettes—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2 and 8.

Indian & Afro-Brazilian Fusions—Steven Gorn, Mike Richmond, Badal Roy, and Nana Vasconcelos. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

George Shearing Duo—Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7.

Dizzy Gillespie's Dream Band—With Max Roach, Pepper Adams, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Heath, Grady Tate, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Feb. 16, at 6 and 9.)

Thiago de Mello and Amazon—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

Outlaws—With New England. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Rita Gardner and Buddy Barnes—Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2.

Jazz and Blues—Jack McDuff & the Heating System, Irene Reid & Company, and the Junior Cook-Bill Hardman quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-4900.)

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Feb. 14: Fleshtones and the Lyres. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays, Feb. 11 and 18, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:30: Alex Schlippenbach and Sven-ake Johansson. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30: Anthony Davis quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30: Abdullah. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Will Barnet—New paintings and works on paper dealing with women, the sea, and solitude. Through Feb. 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Robert Beauchamp—Paintings of male figures, mostly in groups, and works (unicorns exclusively) on paper. Through March 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Billy Al Bengston—Paintings and watercolors. Through March 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Carroll Cloar—Acrylic paintings by an artist who finds his subject matter in the rural South of his youth—cotton fields in bloom, sharecropper families, sweeps of wildflowers, the railroad depot. Through Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Abstract paintings. Through March 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Janet Culbertson—Huge drawings of bears, wild pigs, a charging rhinoceros, and so on, done in a splotchy technique called "burst ink." There are also collages of mountain views. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Michael Flanagan—Small, strange gouache drawings, full of odd masonry, steam-engined freight trains, dogs, human figures, in this artist's highly personal surrealist style. Through Feb. 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Seymour Fogel—Constructivist works: Painted-wood constructions and large graphite drawings. Through March 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Morris Graves—Tempera paintings of birds and still-lifes by this veteran artist, now seventy. Through March 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Landscapes, portraits, and figure studies by a first-rate draftsman who works in transparent watercolors that lend themselves to exceptional skin tones. Through Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Erich Heckel (1883-1970)—Paintings and drawings by a founding member of Die Brücke. Through March 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

James Lechay—Fresh-looking landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by an artist who reduces his subjects to their essential forms with a kind of shorthand technique. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Pat Mainardi—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Feb. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Dolly Perutz (1908-79)—Bronze sculptures of mythical-looking creatures, plus encaustic works that have an engaging Klee-like quality. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kendall Shaw—Pattern paintings based on Andean designs and worked out in half-inch squares of rich colors applied to large canvases. There is also a rectangular column, two feet square and eight feet tall, similarly decorated. Through Feb. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Kimber Smith—Abstract paintings done in a few bold strokes of bright colors on unsized canvas. Through Feb. 25. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Anthony Toney—Landscapes, cityscapes, and architectural and figure studies. Through Feb. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

James Twitty—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, mostly of his favorite subjects—

churches and dance halls—and many of them from the period when white dominated his palette. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.. The current show of heavyweights includes a Fauve-period Vlaminck, a frolicsome Miró done on a rectangle of coarse, unstretched canvas, and several small Picassos and Matisses. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Braque, Picasso, Klee, Dufy, and Hugo Robus are among the artists represented in this show of works inspired by music. Through Feb. 28. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **salander-o'reilly,** 22 E. 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arshile Gorky, Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, John Sloan, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **walter,** 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: This gallery is celebrating its first anniversary with a show of the artists who have exhibited there in the past year: Antonio Escobar, Jean Paul Leon, Oscar Estruger, José Ramon Muñiz. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—A show called "Decorative Sculpture" includes a five-part etched-glass screen by Patsy Norvell; an eight-by-six-foot concrete fishpond housing a red concrete fish by Ned Smyth; and a sheet-aluminum fan, called "Coral Cadillac," by Barbara Zucker. Through Friday, Feb. 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Larry Bell—Four sculptural works (the artist calls them "lamps") from which pure and luminous colors are reflected upward in each corner of the gallery. Through Tuesday, Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Beverly Buchanan—Slabs of colored cast concrete, sometimes stacked together, which evoke archaic ruins. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jack Bush (1909-77)—Paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—Paintings from the fifties that prefigured his hard-edge vertical-stripe paintings. Through March 7. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Fourteen large collages in a show dominated by a huge triptych, each panel seven feet tall. Through Feb. 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bill Gallo—Paintings and lithographs by the *News* cartoonist. Through Feb. 27. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Harry Gottlieb—Drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin—Realist interiors. Through March 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gordon Hart—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through March 4. (Holly Solomon, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—A mural commissioned for the Federal Office Building in Bangor, Maine, plus paintings, drawings, and pastels. Through Feb. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Ceramic models of projected landscapes, with rills of water coursing along and collecting in pools here and there. Through Feb. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Oliver Johnson—Representational still-lifes and portraits on paper. Through Feb. 28. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Alex Katz—A self-portrait dated 1957 and other paintings from the late fifties. Through March 7. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joyce Kozloff and Betty Woodman—Painted porcelain objects, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Feb. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Eleanore Lockspeiser—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Colorful patterns worked out in dots and dashes on large grids by a veteran painter who changed from a figurative to an abstract style in the mid-forties. Through Feb. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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Keith Martin—Collages by an artist who has recently been obliged to retire because of failing eyesight. Through Feb. 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—A single, four-panel figurative work, eight feet high and twenty feet long, filled with quasi-surrealist detail, plus watercolors and drawings in the same vein. Through Feb. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Geer Morton—Landscapes of the French countryside and the San Francisco harbor by an artist who studied under Diebenkorn but now paints as a realist. Through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Large, mysterious pastels and oils in which Biblical and mythical subjects are treated in a semi-representational manner. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings from the seventies, often called the Avignon paintings, after the city where they were first exhibited. Through March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Textured paintings with a face or an obscured text worked in. Through Feb. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Stephen Porter—Shafts of Corten steel, the largest a bit over nine feet tall, some of them notched with deep recesses that are lined with stainless steel. There are also similar pieces carved from spruce timbers. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract compositions that have a pronounced three-dimensional quality. Through Feb. 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—Large recent works drawn with a black oil stick on white paper and suggestive of the huge metal abstract sculptures he is noted for. Through Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—New paintings, including scenes of Manhattan (done from the artist's apartment window) and Fire Island. Also, drawings for proposed outdoor sculptures. Through March 7. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Philip von Schantz—Piles of loganberries or gooseberries or black radishes or sprouting potatoes, done with painstaking exactitude in oil or watercolor. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman / John Batho—Painted sculptural wall reliefs cut out of sheet aluminum and pieced together in cartoonlike versions of David and Goliath, Odysseus and the Sirens, Noah's Ark, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow—thirty-two works, large and small. / Color photographs by a French photographer which capture the movement and color and carnival air of amusement parks. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W 57th St.)

STOVE REPAIR
WELDING
DLG

Group Shows—At the **dintenfass,** 50 W. 57th St.. A diverting collection of line drawings representing seventy-eight artists, ranging from James Thurber to Henri Matisse. Through Feb. 27. . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Grandma Moses and works on paper by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, Kubin, and Kokoschka. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **sutton,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paper assemblages by Wilfredo Chiesa, Joan Giordano, and Janet Filomeno Rivera. Through Saturday, Feb. 14.

Sculpture—A number of artists (Joel Shapiro, Marisol, Brian Hunt, Lynda Benglis) are showing one piece each in bronze, a new material for some of them. Through Feb. 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Alpert—A survey of constructions and drawings taking in the years between 1974 and the present. Through Feb. 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Ida Applebroog—A series of stage scenes enacted by cartoonlike paper figures. Some of the scenes have captions. Through March 7. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St., between Canal and Grand Sts.)

William Crovello—Small and medium-size abstract sculptures, in marble, granite, and stainless steel, by the artist who made that double "U" in front of the Time-Life Building. Through March 3. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Hans Haacke—More protest works, the artist this time heaping ironic praise upon the Mobil Oil Company in the form of ten large etchings joined together to represent a greatly enlarged facsimile of a stock certificate, scribbled over with handwritten comments and observations. Through March 4. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Lorber—Paintings by a realist whose specialty is the depiction of woven baskets and handmade quilts. Through Feb. 25. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings done between 1930 and 1950 by this abstract artist, who was a disciple of Gorky but shifted to wholly geometrical forms in her later years. Through Feb. 28. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Hiroshi Sugimoto—A gargantuan machine, made of canvas, cardboard, wood, tin, plastic tubing and bottles, and whatnot, which starts just outside the elevator door, makes a left turn, and extends down the hall forty or fifty feet before it turns left again and fills up a large gallery. The artist is a Conceptualist (of course), and his title for the work is "Life Support System for a Premature By-Product (from a Long Distance)." / Photographs of empty theatre interiors. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ The City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St., is showing another Oppenheim contrivance. Through March 20. (Closed Saturdays.)

James Rosenquist—"Star Thief," a huge conglomerate of a painting, forty-six feet long, devotes about a quarter of its space to the depiction of slices of raw bacon. The remainder is given over to unidentified bits of machinery, a woman's head, a grill of some kind, what may be a series of furled flags, and an expanse of star-spangled sky. The gallery says that the whole represents a comment on the 1980 election year. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Mac Wells / Gloria Greenberg—Recent abstract paintings. / Oil paintings on mirrors. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Philip Wofford—Large, chaotic-looking abstractions in riotous acrylic colors. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **caldwell,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by David Budd, a sculpture by Carl Andre, and an installation involving mirrors, water, and lights, all centered in a room whose walls have been painted in primary colors, by Molly Burgess. Through Feb. 28. . . . **the drawing center,** 137

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GGK

Greene St.: A fourth-anniversary show of works on paper by eleven artists. Through Feb. 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HUTCHINSON,** 138 Greene St.: Works on paper and maquettes for outdoor sculptures by twenty artists, among them Archipenko, George Segal, and Marisol. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Landscape paintings by eight artists, including Lois Dodd, Wolf Kahn, and Gretna Campbell. Through Thursday, Feb. 19. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Landscape paintings by Gregory Gillespie, Neil Jenney, John Lees, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Vincent Arcilesi—A single four-panel painting, "Allegory," of nineteen full-scale nude figures in an idyllic landscape. With preliminary drawings and oil studies. Through Sunday, Feb. 15. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 11:30.)

Merrill Wagner / Anthony Thompson—Slate panels on which millions of words seem to have been written in pastels, oil crayons, and graphite, and then obliterated with an eraser. / Decorative wall pieces made of layer after layer of acrylics painted on glass, allowed to dry, and then peeled off. Through Feb. 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Benjamin Disraeli Centenary—"Dizzy and Beaconsfield," an exhibit marking the hundredth anniversary of the statesman's death, provides a look at the man's transformation from a London dandy to a formidable political figure in the Victorian era. More than a hundred items have been brought together; included are such memorabilia as letters (one from Tennyson), photographs, cartoons, and a variety of commemorative items (a scarf imprinted with a cartoon of Gladstone making himself up to look like the Prime Minister). Also on display are first editions of Disraeli's novels, among them "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," "The Letters of Runnymede," and "Endymion." Through Feb. 27. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CLAYWORKS STUDIO WORKSHOP,** 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramics by eight painters and sculptors working with clay for the first time. They include Kikuo Saito, Joyce Kozloff, Sherron Francis, and James Wolfe. Through Feb. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . **80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES,** New York University: The fifth annual small-works (under twelve inches) competition; the two hundred and sixty-six paintings, drawings, photographs, and constructions were chosen by Marcia Tucker from more than three thousand entries. Through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo / Wright Morris—Platinum prints (still-lifes, landscapes, portraits) by the Mexican photographer. / Works recently printed from negatives made in the forties. Through March 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Hans Bellmer (1902-75)—This European Surrealist, known for his doll mobiles, also did doll photographs—exclusively. Through March 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Coplans—Portraits made with a 4 x 5 view camera, over half of them contact prints. Through Feb. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. Through March 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In other rooms at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of photographs by Lou Bernstein, many of them of the Brooklyn neighborhood where he makes his home. Through Feb. 22.

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Robert Frank / Mitch Epstein—Vintage prints from the forties and fifties. / Color photographs of Egypt. Through Feb. 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernand Fonssagrives—Fashion photography, 1934 to 1960. Through Feb. 28. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of birds in urban settings. Through March 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Norma Holt—Photographs of some of the artists, writers, and musicians who live all year, or part of the year, in Provincetown: Fritz Bultman, Norman Mailer, Eleanor Munro, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Marvin E. Newman—Photographs of open areas in the city, both temporary and permanent. Through March 3. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.)

Joyce Tenneson—Hand-applied silver prints. Through Friday, Feb. 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

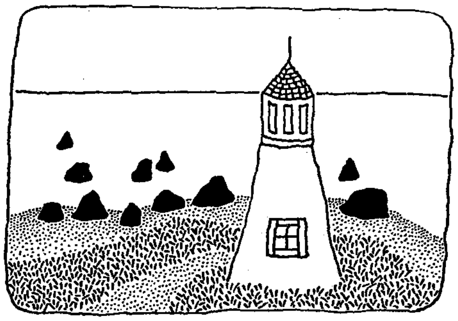
Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of Korean art incorporating more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; Koryo celadon; Yi ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Starts Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ "The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, *Fifth Ave. at 89th St.*—"19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 16, from 11 to 5.)



Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Department of Prints and Drawings has acquired hundreds of works in the past two years, and of these a hundred have been put on view—by Delacroix, Marguerite Zorach, Alex Katz, William T. Wiley, and others. Through March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Friday, Feb. 13, and Monday, Feb. 16, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Hopi Indian life is seen in historical perspective in a show of ancient and contemporary artifacts (among them a hundred and fifty kachina dolls), two prehistoric murals, and two full-scale villages. Through May 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition organized by Bernard Rudofsky, the museum's scholar-in-residence, that deals with the way we eat, sleep, clean ourselves, and take our ease. The show includes tableware from various civilizations; headrests from Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and Africa; early bathroom facilities and the prototype of Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion" bathroom. Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of nearly five hundred matchsafes from the Brener collection, which has examples made of precious materials (silver, ivory, gold) in precious shapes (babies, animals, musical instruments) dating from the eighteen-seventies, not long after the invention of the friction match. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—This division of the New York Public Library reopened in a new five-story building this past fall. In the first-floor gallery, an exhibit of works on paper by and about black people has been mounted. The artists include Henry O. Tanner, Romare Bearden, and Jacob Lawrence. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Open daily except Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 16. Hours: Tuesdays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of photographs, prints, assemblages, sculptures, and paintings by six contemporary artists showing here for the first time: Curtis Bunyan, Nanette Carter, Janet Henry, Howard McCalebb, Leon Waller, and Stanley K. Whitney. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Three solo shows: Myrel Chernick (film installation), Carroll Dunham (abstract drawings), and Tom Rubnitz (painted cutouts). Also, a group show of drawings, models, and other works by five architects. Through Feb. 28.

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, *112 Franklin St. 925-4671.* Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Schuldt (performance), Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; May Stevens (performance), Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; a show of John Fekner's photographs of the stencilled lettering that he has added to various buildings in the area, through Saturday, Feb. 14.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A video installation, with sound, by Rita Myers, through Feb. 28.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; conducted by Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, Betsy Norden, Loretta Di Franco, Claudia Catania, Batyah Godfrey, and James Atherton; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Roberta Knie, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, and Timothy Jenkins; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, Arthur Thompson, Julien Robbins, and William Fleck; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Betsy Norden, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, Betsy Norden, and Loretta Di Franco; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Roberta Knie, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Timothy Jenkins, Donald McIntyre, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Lucine Amara, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Arthur Thompson; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 7:30: A benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-6067)—The Erik Satie ballet "Parade" (première), with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, Betsy Norden, and Patricia Craig; Lawrence Foster.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 26—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Janice Hall, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, and William Wildermann; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Heather Thomson, Ellen Shade, Samuel Ramey, Justino Díaz, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Sherry Zannoth, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Les Pecheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Boris Martinovich; Calvin Simmons. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing a benefit performance of Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" in concert form, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Christiane Eda-Pierre, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; and Ferruccio Furlanetto, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 496-9221.)

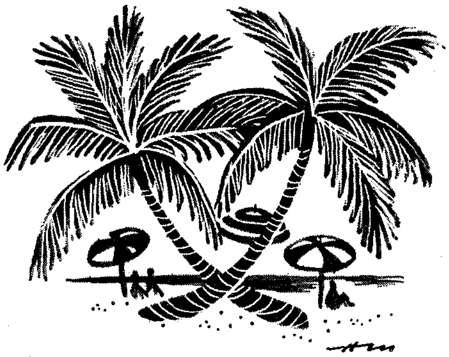
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8; and a nonsubscription performance on Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8: A George Walker-Beethoven-Richard Strauss program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and a nonsubscription performance on Monday, Feb. 23, at 8: A Beethoven-Wagner program, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano.

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Michalak conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one devoted to music composed (by Schoenberg, Milhaud, Antheil, and Satie) for silent films, and played as accompaniment to the showing of films by Murnau, Chaplin, Léger, and Clair. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)



Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Walter Berry, bass; Leonard Raver, organ; and Julius Levine, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Szymon Goldberg conducting, with Richard Goode, piano; Syoko Aki, violin; and Jean Dane, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a program that includes the première of his own work "Legacy." With June Anderson, soprano; Paul Spencer Adkins, tenor; and Charles Roe, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of English Renaissance music and twentieth-century American and English music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Miguel Angel Girollet—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; and Harvey Sollberger, conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Badinage—An all-Telemann program performed by Robert Alcala, baroque oboe and recorder; Julianne Baird, soprano; Jerry Brainard, harpsichord; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music—James Buswell, violin; Colin Carr and Stephen Kates, cello; Robert Routch, horn; and Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

David Bradshaw—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "A Renaissance Valentine," with the Madrigal Singers and the Court Dance Company of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Tashi—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Charles Holland—Tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

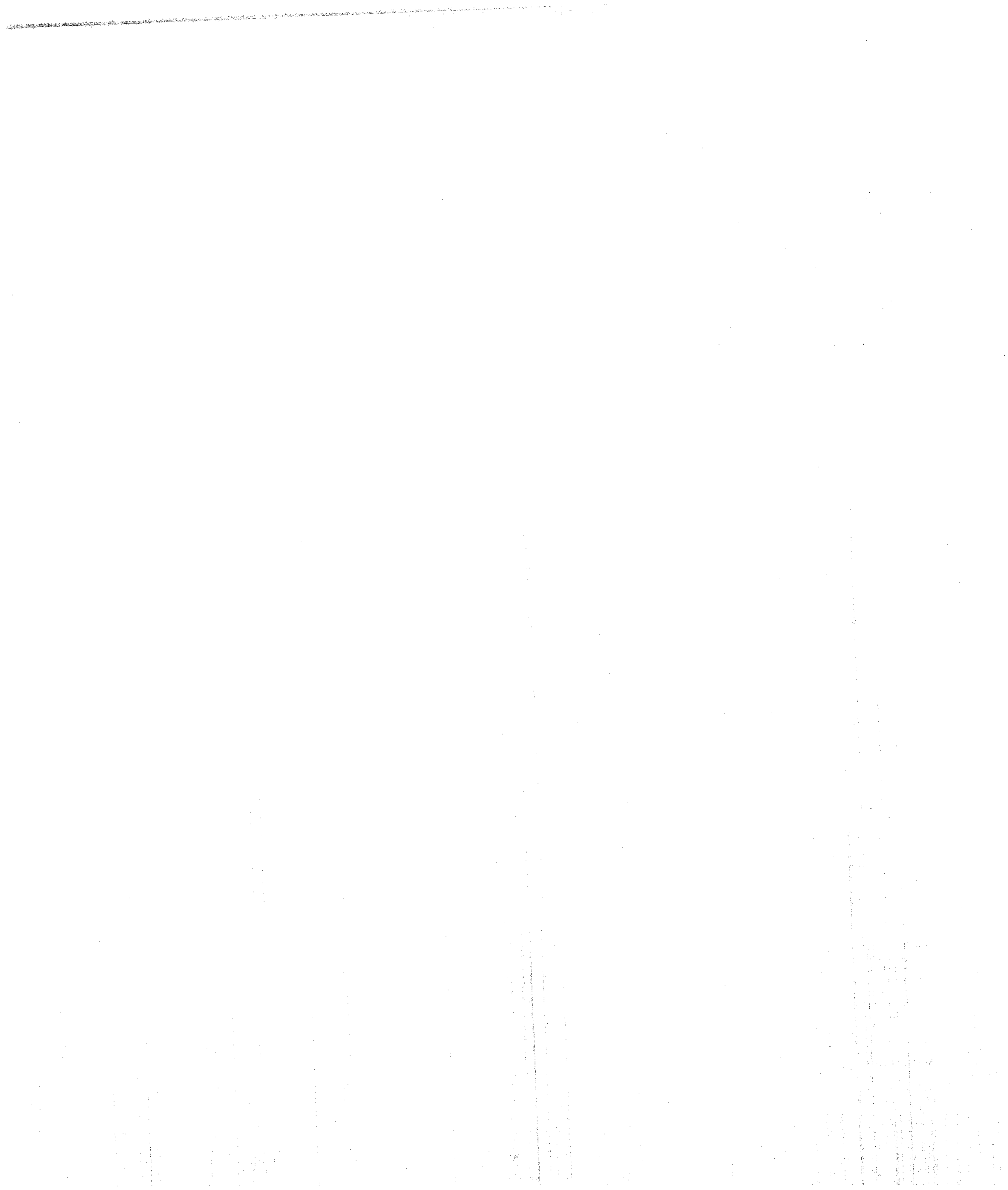
Ingrid Haebler—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—A program of early music performed by the New York Consort of Viols. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Rolf Björling—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Marc Neikrug and George Neikrug—Piano and



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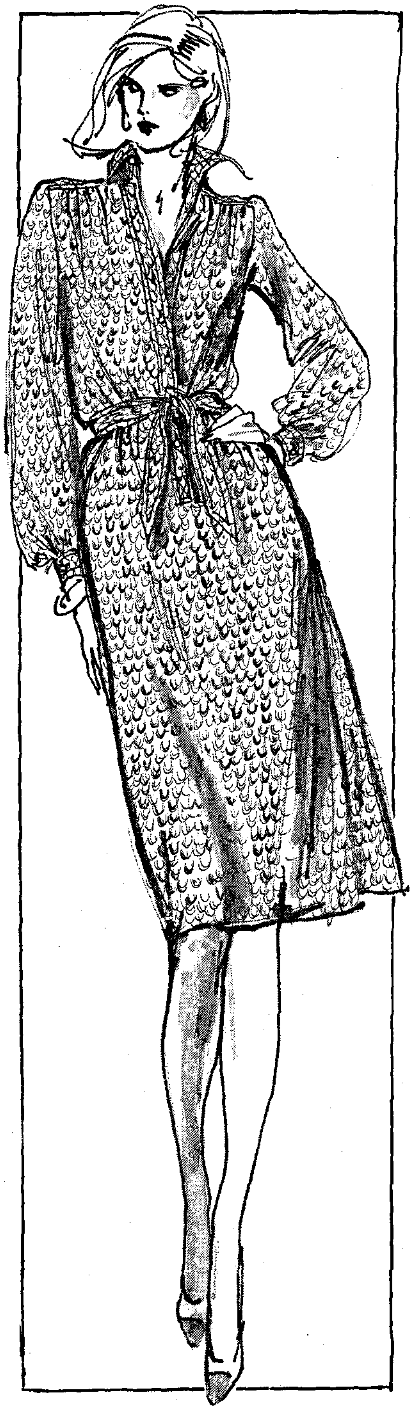

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and keyboard duo. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Musick's Monument—An early music ensemble in a program entitled "Italian Renaissance Music, Sacred and Profane." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The second in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to nineteenth-century European and American brass music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Baroque Mondays—The last in a series of concerts, this one involving the Janus Ensemble. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Toby Appel—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Constantine Cassolas and Elizabeth Wright—Tenor and piano, in a program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Ransom Wilson—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Balint Vazsonyi—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Orin Grossman—Piano, in a program part classical and part jazz. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Shlomo Mintz and Daniel Phillips, violin; Donald McInnes and Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 5.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of English baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Claude Frank—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Lydia Artymiw—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Philip Glass—With his ensemble in three programs. Thursday, Feb. 12, and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8: Performances of "Einstein on the Beach," in concert form, with Paul Zukofsky, violin, and a chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Music with Changing Parts" and other works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7: "Music in 12 Parts," a work that lasts five hours (with two forty-minute intermissions). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)

Debussy—The Late Years—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Victoria Villamil, soprano; Douglas Perry, tenor; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano. Also participating will be Canticum Novum, and two other choruses. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—The participants: Victor Borge, Cynthia Gregory, Marilyn Horne, Victoria de los Angeles, Sherrill Milnes, Itzhak Perlman, Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling, Isaac Stern, Alexis Weissenberg, and others. The beneficiary is WNET-Channel Thirteen. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 7. For information about tickets, call 560-3071.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Friday, Feb. 20, at 7:35. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 4:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Feb. 21. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Ruthless, Sunday, Feb. 15, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

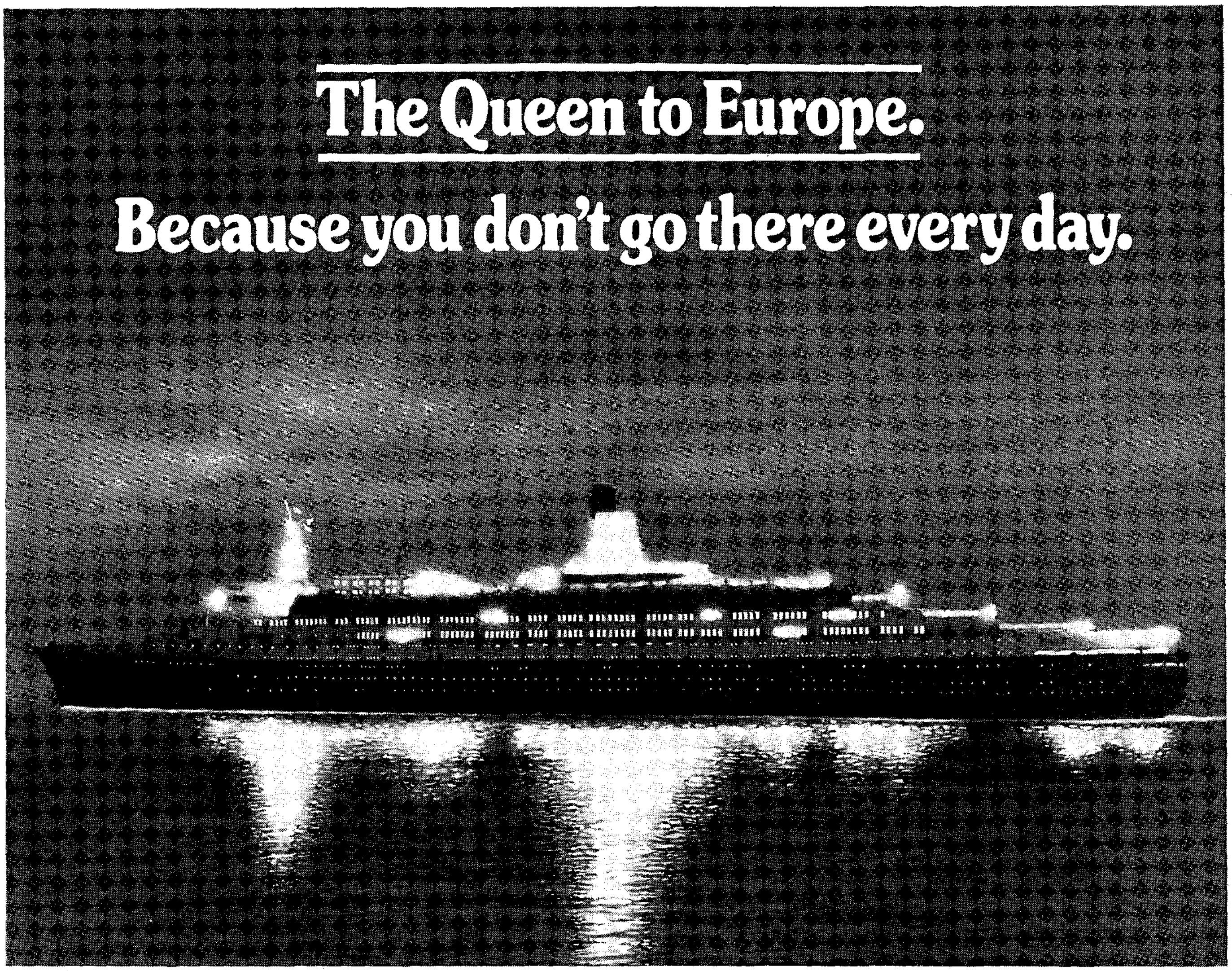
ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Carol Muske and Susan Wood reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Edmund Keeley reading from his translations of poems by the Greek poet Yannis Ritsos. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits will be a collection of paper memorabilia, an assortment of mementos from ocean liners, and a sampling of Russian art works. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 14, through Sunday, Feb. 22. Weekdays, 1 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, opens in the Conservatory on Saturday, Feb. 14. Daily, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, *objets de vertu,* and English and Continental silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Feb. 13, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . **phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 11: European furniture and decorations. Exhibition hours: Saturday, Feb. 14, from 10 to 5; Sunday, Feb. 15, noon to 5; and Monday, Feb. 16, from 10 to 1.



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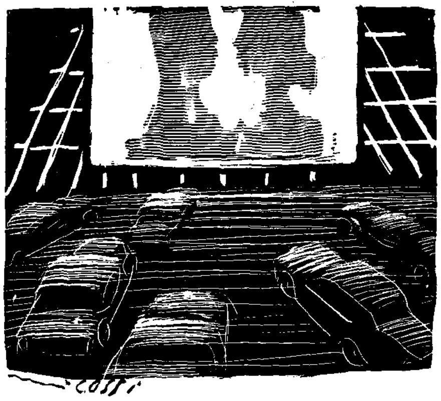

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 15: "Alambrista" (1978), directed by Robert M. Young, with Domingo Ambriz, Trinidad Silva, and Ned Beatty. On Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8 P.M., Mr. Young will be present. Also on Thursday, at 10 P.M. only, a showing of Mr. Young's "Short Eyes." (†)
Feb. 16: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 17: "Alambrista." On Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8 P.M., Mr. Young will again be present. Then, at 10 P.M. only, a showing of his "Rich Kids" (1979), with Trini Alvardo and Jeremy Levy.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Samuel Goldwyn films:
Feb. 11: "The Princess and the Pirate" (†); and "Bulldog Drummond" (1929), directed by Richard Jones, with Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett.
Feb. 12: "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (†) and "The Princess and the Pirate." (†)
Feb. 13: "My Foolish Heart" (1950), directed by Mark Robson, with Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, Kent Smith, and Robert Keith; and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." (†)
Feb. 14: "Wuthering Heights" (†); and "My Foolish Heart."
Feb. 15: "These Three" (†) and "Wuthering Heights." (†)
Feb. 16: "The Westerner" (†) and "These Three." (†)
Feb. 17: "Come and Get It" (†) and "The Westerner." (†)
Feb. 18: "Dead End" (†) and "Come and Get It." (†)
Feb. 19: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Dead End." (†)
From Feb. 20: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (†); and "Raffles" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Olivia De Havilland and David Niven.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 12: "Any Which Way You Can," directed by Buddy Van Horn, with Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; and "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu," directed by Piers Haggard, with Peter Sellers.
Feb. 13-19: "Popeye" (†) and "Urban Cowboy." (†)
From Feb. 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Sphinx," directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with Lesley-Anne Down, Frank Langella, Maurice Ronet, and John Gielgud.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"My Bloody Valentine," a Canadian film, directed by George Mihalka, with Paul Kelman and Lori Hallier.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Altered States." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx," directed by Daniel Petrie, with Paul Newman and Ed Asner.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 12: "Maniac," directed by William Lustig, with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro.
From Feb. 13: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen," directed by Clive Donner, with Peter Ustinov, Angie Dickinson, Richard Hatch, and Lee Grant.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"9 to 5," directed by Colin Higgins, with Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Caddie," an Australian film, directed by Donald Crombie, with Helen Morse and Jack Thompson.

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 12: "Fear No Evil," directed by Frank LaLoggia, with Stefan Arngrim and Elizabeth Hoffman.
From Feb. 13: "The Dogs of War," directed by John Irvin, with Christopher Walken, Tom Berenger, and Colin Blakely.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Sphinx."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Inside Moves," directed by Richard Donner, with John Savage.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Metro," in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 19: "Private Benjamin." (†)
From Feb. 20: "The Great Santini." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant," an Australian film, directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy," directed by Sidney Poitier, with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman," directed by Joel Schumacher, with Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, and Ned Beatty.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Altered States." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Spetters," in Dutch, directed by Paul Verhoeven.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Feb. 12: "Seems Like Old Times," directed by Jay Sandrich, with Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin.
From Feb. 13: "American Pop," an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Feb. 14: "Popeye." (†)
From Feb. 15: "Tell Me a Riddle," directed by Lee Grant, with Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Feb. 14: "Tell Me a Riddle."
From Feb. 15: "La Cage aux Folles II," in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 12: "Stardust Memories." (†)
Feb. 13-19: "Popeye." (†)
From Feb. 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 12: "Resurrection." (†)
From Feb. 13: "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 12: "Fear No Evil."
From Feb. 13: "The Dogs of War."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "9 to 5."
Theatre 2: "Sphinx."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 14: "Seems Like Old Times."
From Feb. 15: "La Cage aux Folles II."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 19: "Every Man for Himself." (†) From Feb. 20: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 17: "Like a Turtle on Its Back," in French, directed by Luc Beraud, with Bernadette Lafont and Jean-François Stevenin. From Feb. 18: "Tell Me a Riddle."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Earthling," directed by Peter Collinson, with William Holden and Ricky Schroder.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 12: "The Jazz Singer," directed by Richard Fleischer, with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.
From Feb. 13: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Resurrection." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 14: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"). (†)
From Feb. 15: "La Cage aux Folles II."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique," in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Man of Marble," in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)," a Canadian film, in French, directed by Francis Mankiewicz, with Marie Tifo, Charlotte Laurier, and Germain Houde.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"). (†)

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Sphinx."
Theatre 2: "Popeye." (†)
Theatre 3: "Seems Like Old Times."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Like a Turtle on Its Back."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Maniac." From Feb. 13: "Popeye." (†)
Theatre 3: "Caligula."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Sphinx."
Theatre 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx."
Theatre 3: "9 to 5."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 12: "Any Which

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Way You Can." From Feb. 13 (tentative): "Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen."

Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 12: "Resurrection." (†) From Feb. 13: "The Jazz Singer."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 12: "Seems Like Old Times." From Feb. 13: "Scanners," a Canadian film, directed by David Cronenberg, with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.

Theatre 4: "Popeye." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Fear No Evil."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"My Bloody Valentine."

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Feb. 12: "Scanners."
From Feb. 13: "The Dogs of War."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Maniac."

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Through Feb. 12: "Blood Beach," directed by Jeffrey Bloom, with David Huffman and Mariana Hill.

From Feb. 13: "American Pop."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through Feb. 12: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; "Girl Friends" (1978), directed by Claudia Weill, with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner; and "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.

Feb. 13: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.

Feb. 14: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood.

Feb. 15: "Conversation Piece" (1975), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Feb. 16: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

Feb. 17: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Last Days of the Samurai" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Hiromichi Horikawa.

Feb. 18-20: "Hunting Flies" (1969) and "Birchwood" (1970), both films in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

Feb. 21: "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "Savage Messiah" (1972), directed by Ken Russell, with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 11: "Electra" (1962), in Greek, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene Papas; and "Phaedra" (1962), directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins, and Raf Vallone.

Feb. 12: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.

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Feb. 13: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.

Feb. 14: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "Lust for Life" (1956), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, and Pamela Brown.

Feb. 15: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (†) and "Paint Your Wagon." (†)

Feb. 16: "Brief Encounter" (†); and "Blithe Spirit" (1945), directed by David Lean, with Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Rutherford.

Feb. 17: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Feb. 18: "Quo Vadis" (†) and "Seventh Heaven." (†)

Feb. 19: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Macbeth" (1971), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jon Finch.

Feb. 20: "The Go-Between" (†) and "The Europeans." (†)

Feb. 21: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 12: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Feb. 13-14: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Feb. 15-16: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

Feb. 17: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries." (†)

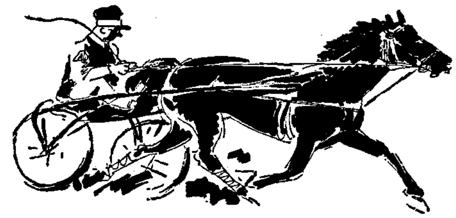
Feb. 18-19: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (†) and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." (†)

Feb. 20-21: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Manhattan" (1979), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Feb. 11: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux.

Feb. 12-14: "Being There" (1979), directed by Hal Ashby, with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Network" (1976), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty.



Feb. 15-16: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox.

Feb. 17-18: "American Graffiti" (1973), directed by George Lucas, with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard; and "Breaking Away" (1979), directed by Peter Yates, with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley.

Feb. 19-21: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Straw Dogs." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Feb. 11: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart; and "The Three Faces of Eve" (1957), directed by Nunnally Johnson, with Joanne Woodward, David Wayne, and Lee J. Cobb.

Feb. 12-14: "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

Feb. 15-17: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Travels with My Aunt." (†)

Feb. 18-20: "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot; and "Soylent Green." (†)

From Feb. 21: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 11: "I Love Melvin" (1953), directed by Don Weis, with Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Una Merkel; and "Small Town Girl" (1953), directed by Leslie Kardos, with Jane Powell, Farley Granger, Bobby Van, and Billie Burke.

Feb. 12-14: "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (1941), directed by King Vidor, with Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, and Van Heflin; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

Feb. 15-17: "Blondie of the Follies" (†) and "Broadway Melody of 1936." (†)

Feb. 18-21: "Another Thin Man" (1939), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, C. Aubrey Smith, and Sheldon Leonard; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 11: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "RoGoPaG" (1962), in Italian, a four-episode film, directed by Roberto Rossellini, Jean-Luc Godard, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti.

Feb. 12: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton.

Feb. 13-14: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, and Pat Heywood.

Feb. 15: "Wild Strawberries" (†); and "The

Serpent's Egg" (1978), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine.

Feb. 16: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The House on the Waterfront" (1959), in French, directed by Edmund T. Greville, with Jean Gabin and Henri Vidal.

Feb. 17: "Manon" (1949), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Cécile Aubry, Michel Auclair, and George Reggiani; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Feb. 18: "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Beach of Rome" (1970), in Italian, directed by Sergio Citti, with Laurent Terzieff and Franco Citti.

Feb. 19: "Of Mice and Men" (1940), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Bob Steele; and "A Walk in the Sun." (†)

Feb. 20-21: "His Girl Friday" (†); and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and William Demarest.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 11: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

Feb. 12: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "Old Acquaintance" (1943), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, John Loder, Dolores Moran, and Gig Young.

Feb. 13: "La Bête Humaine" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Feb. 14: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

Feb. 15: "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin; and "A Bill of Divorcement." (†)

Feb. 16: "The Stars Look Down" (†) and "Kipps." (†)

Feb. 17: "Appointment for Love" (1941), directed by William A. Seiter, with Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer, Rita Johnson, and Eugene Pallette; and "The Moon's Our Home" (1936), directed by William A. Seiter, with Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, and Beulah Bondi.

Feb. 18: "Can't Help Singing" (1944), directed by Frank Ryan, with Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff, and Thomas Gomez; and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1946), directed by Richard Whorf, with Robert Walker.

Feb. 19: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

Feb. 20-21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 12 at 2:30, 6, and 7:30, and Feb. 13 at 2:30 and 6: Four programs of short films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at noon: "Zazie dans le Métro" (1960), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30 and 5: Two programs of short films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at noon: "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1925), a silent film, directed by Herbert Brenon, with Betty Bronson, Tom Moore, and Esther Ralston. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2:30: A program of short films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at noon: "Hard Bargain" (1980), directed by Michael Pack and Dan Polin; "Twenty Mile Limit" (1980), directed by Paul Hornstein; and "The Sadness of a Cleaning Woman" (1979), directed by Milo Yelesiyevich. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30 and 6: Two programs of short films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at noon: "Hard Bargain," "Twenty Mile Limit," and "The Sadness of a Cleaning Woman." . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2:30: "My Darling Clementine." . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 6: "We Are the Guinea Pigs" (1980), a documentary, directed by Joan Harvey. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2:30: "Le Rose et le Blanc" (1980), in French, directed by Robert Pansard-Besson, with Bulle Ogier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6: "La Femme-Enfant" (1980), in French, directed by Raphaële Billetdoux (who will be present), with Klaus Kinski; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8:30: "Third World, Prisonnier de la Rue" (1980), in French, a documentary, directed by Jérôme Laperrousaz (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2:30: "Vacances Royales" (1980), in French, directed by Gabriel Auer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 6: "Ces Malades Qui Nous Gouvernent" (1980), in French, a documentary, directed by Claude Vajda (who will be present); English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at noon: "A Kiss for Cinderella." . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "Third World, Prisonnier de la Rue." . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5: "La Femme-Enfant." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for films and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 11 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: "Flesh of Morning" (1956) and "Anticipation of the Night" (1958), both films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: A program of films by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: A program of films by Ricky Leacock, Rachel Strickland, Gail Camhi, and Marjorie Keller. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2: A program of video films by Bob Fleischner and Carla Liss. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5:30: A program by Rosalind Schneider and Nancy Kendall. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: A program of films by George Kuchar. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: "With Paint on Canvas: Kes Zapkus" (1980), directed by Jerry Gambone. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: A program of video films by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: A program of films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "Dog Star Man" (1961-64), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 7: A program of films by Bastian Cleve, Diana Wilson, Pat O'Neill, and Stan Lawder. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 10: A program of films by Gary Beydler, Steve Benson, Abigail Child, Toney Merritt, Vincent Grenier, and Michael Mideke. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2: "360" (1981), a video film by Julia Heyward. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 7: A program of films by Morgan Fisher, David Wilson, Tim Shepherd, and Daina Krumins. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 10: A program of films by Dirk Kortz, Carolyn Savage-Lee, Forrest Bell, Barbara Lattanzi, Tim Kennedy, and Henry Hills.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde tricks, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/19/81.) (Murray Hill, Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)—A hefty (almost three-hour) piece of moviemaking that seemed to satisfy the public's desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture. However, episodes and details stand out and help to compensate for the soggy plot strands, and there's something absorbing about the banality of its large-scale good intentions; it's compulsively watchable. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler from Robert E. Sherwood's adaptation of MacKinlay Kantor's material. (Art; starting Feb. 20.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen before. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in an insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Elizabeth Patterson, Paul Cavanaugh, and Henry Stephenson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15.)

Blondie of the Follies (1932)—An unjustly forgotten film—a backstage story with an F. Scott Fitzgerald feeling to it. (It was written by Frances Marion and Anita Loos.) Marion Davies and Billie Dove are a marvellously contrasting pair of Follies girls, and Robert Montgomery is the male lead. Edmund Goulding directed. (Regency; Feb. 15-17.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Broadway Melody of 1936 (1935)—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Regency; Feb. 15-17.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 13.)

Come and Get It (1936)—Edward Arnold as the great lumber millionaire of Edna Ferber's story. Some moments of excitement, and even humor. With Joel McCrea and Frances Farmer, directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. (Art; Feb. 17-18.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and she wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Loews Tower East.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Art; Feb. 18-19.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy.)

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
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The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and about people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is: that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 20.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith; starting Feb. 20.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable, caustic girl reporter, divorced by the editor hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the original Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," directed by Howard Hawks with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Thalia; Feb. 20-21.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and trees. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 14.)

Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. It's a very satisfying movie—observant without fuss, sly yet substantial. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Helen Haye, Edward Rigby, Hermione Baddeley, and the famous music-hall artist Arthur Riscoe as Chitterlow. The script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat; the costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Art; Feb. 19.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters, it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 20.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Paint Your Wagon (1969)—On the strange supposition that musicals will do better without singers, the producers have put a fairly pleasant score in the hands of Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, and Jean Seberg. The results are what you might expect. Still, at times, the movie has a certain cornball charm. Joshua Logan directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Feb. 13-19. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 13.)

The Princess and the Pirate (1945)—The elaborate Technicolor romps that Bob Hope did with Virginia Mayo aren't the best settings for his casual wit; the situations are too strained, the fooling around is too buffoonish. Kids probably enjoy these Hope movies more than adults do. This one is set in the early nineteenth century. Hope is Sylvester the Great, a quick-change artist, Mayo is a princess travelling incognito, and they get kidnapped by pirates. Victor McLaglen and Walter Slezak are the sinister villains; David Butler directed. (Art; Feb. 11-12.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (D. W. Griffith; through Feb. 19.)

Quo Vadis (1951)—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. But there's no doubt that it's big. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Festival. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Criterion Center; through Feb. 12.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (1947)—Worse than there's any excuse for, considering that the James Thurber story seems like simple, foolproof movie material. But this was to be a big Sam Goldwyn production, and somebody decided that it wasn't enough simply to show the extravagant daydreams of a timid, harried man (Danny Kaye), so a plot was invented that plunges him into a string of adventures that are as unbelievable as any of his dreams. Kaye is often very funny—fantasizing himself as a grim-faced captain battling a typhoon or as an eminent surgeon saving a patient's life—but when the picture gets derailed and he starts chasing crooks, it's tedious. The scriptwriters, Ken Englund and Everett Freeman, don't do too well by the domestic episodes, either. The cast includes Boris Karloff, Florence Bates, Virginia Mayo (she's not much help), Ann Rutherford, Reginald Denny, and Fritz Feld. Norman McLeod directed; Sylvia Fine provided two patter numbers, which seem rather inappropriate. (Art; Feb. 12-13.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—In the first year that Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 18.)

Short Eyes (1977)—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, and Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 12, at 10.)

Soylent Green (1973)—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 18-20.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize

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thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 12.)

The Stars Look Down (1939)—Though this Carol Reed film contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," it's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naively, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the more fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 19-21.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and by Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

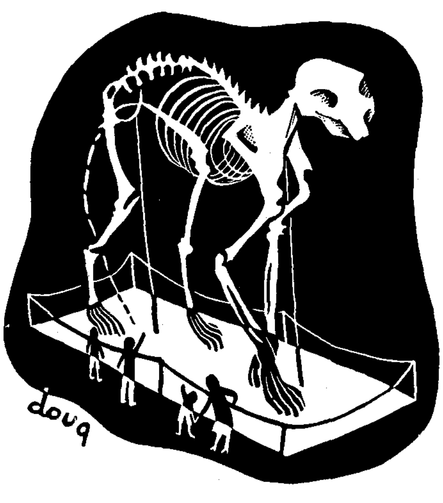
These Three (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation to a heterosexual accusation. Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child; and Catherine Doucet is Hopkins' aunt. William Wyler, who directed, also made the later version (with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn, and Hopkins in the aunt role), which restored the original material, but "These Three" is a better movie. (Art; Feb. 15-16.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 15-17.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization; Robert Blake as the Mexican boy; and the director himself as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. One should be prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score. (Cinema Village; Feb. 18-19.)

Urban Cowboy—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant. But on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen, the movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 13-19.)

A Walk in the Sun (1945)—This account of an American infantry platoon in Italy has a great big inexplicable reputation. Maybe people were impressed by its serious and poetic intentions, evidenced by the film's having no one higher in rank than the sergeants who take over when their lieutenant is killed, and by the stylized recurrence of such lines as "There's no sense in it—no sense at all" and "That's the way it is—sure as little apples, that's it." The director, Lewis Milestone, brought the film a visual style, and Robert Rossen's script (from the Harry Brown novel) emphasizes that these civilians turned soldiers are just stumbling about, wondering what's going on. But this is the kind of literate movie that is more impressive than enjoyable. With Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Lloyd Bridges, John Ireland, Huntz Hall, Herbert Rudley as the psycho, and blond, cracked-voice Sterling Holloway, who gets a death scene. The ballad on the sound track, which adds to the air of fanciness, is by Millard Lampell and Earl Robinson (Thalia; Feb. 19.)



The Westerner (1940)—There are agreeable overtones of Mark Twain tall tales in this good-humored, though uneven, version of the paradoxical life of Judge Roy Bean, with Walter Brennan in the part. The hero, Gary Cooper, a travelling saddle bum, delays being hanged by the Judge (on a bum rap of horse thieving) by spinning a yarn about his close friendship with Lily Langtry (the Judge's obsession). The handsome production was directed by William Wyler; with Fred Stone and Doris Davenport. (Art; Feb. 16-17.)

Who'll Stop the Rain (1978)—A pursuit melodrama with a stodgy start and a big finish, catching the period of disillusionment with the Vietnam War by way of its reflections in the counterculture. A journalist in Vietnam (Michael Moriarty) involves his pill-freak wife (Tuesday Weld) and an old Marine buddy (Nick Nolte) in smuggling heroin back to the States. They're all hounded by paranoia and bad karma. The gallows-humor dialogue is good (the screenplay, by Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe, is based on Stone's novel "Dog Soldiers"), and Nolte turns himself into the metaphor this too-literal movie needs. He's marvellous—a hero without a trace of narcissism. Directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village; Feb. 18-19.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film; an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Victor Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Thalia; Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Feb. 17.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many notable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script. Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Art; Feb. 14-15.)

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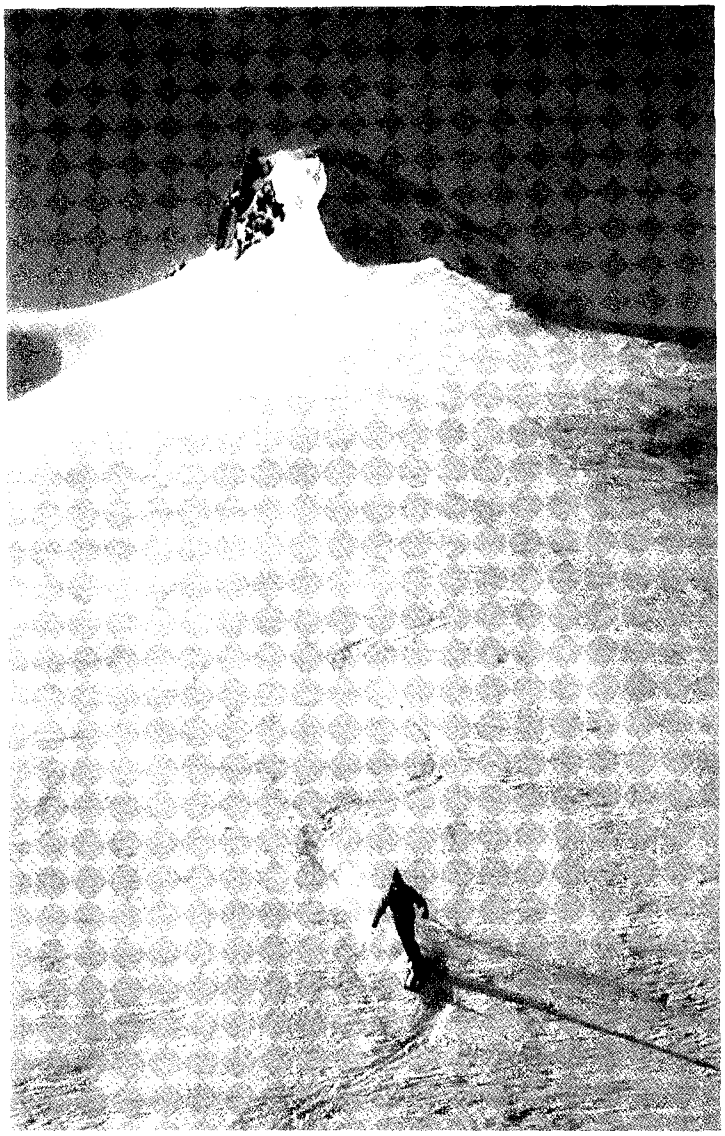

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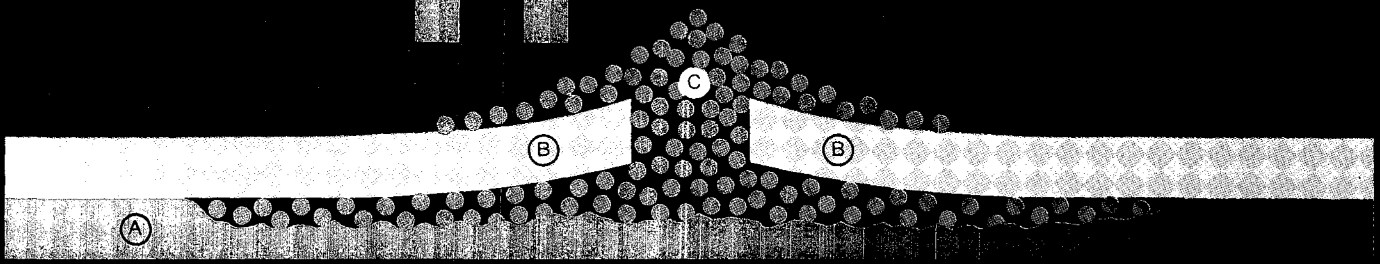
No. 11 in a Series
Subject: Longlife Design.
The Antithesis of
Planned Obsolescence

11

Porsche 911



At Porsche, we design our cars for the long term. We don't believe in the concept of planned obsolescence. Each new model is expected to have a production run of at least 10 years. (The 911 has been in production for more than 15 years.) In addition, every car we build is further expected to bring its owner many years of continued enjoyment.

Our goal of the longlife car has shown, however, that components such as the engine and drive train can have a far longer life span than the body. Road salt, acid rain, and other aggressive airborne matter have created increasing demands on the body's protective coating. Now more than ever, there is the danger of rust.

Paint alone is no protection against rust. (See diagram above.) Harmful elements can attack a car's sheet steel (A) through pinholes in the paint skin (B). Unchecked, rust (C) can expand, mar the finish, and weaken an ordinary steel body. So in addition to a 4-step paint process, the Porsche 911—like all Porsches—is protected by a hot dip galvanizing process.

All of the sheet steel used in all Porsches is hot dip galvanized—on both sides—in a 500°C liquid zinc bath. This produces (see diagram below) a protective zinc coating (D) on the sheet steel (E) that actually *grows* into the damaged portion (F) of the paint skin (G)—plugging pinholes and preventing further corrosion.

As a result of the effectiveness of hot dip galvanizing—beginning with the 1981 model year, we offer a limited warranty on the *entire* body of every new Porsche—911, 924, 924 Turbo, 928—against rust perforation for 7 years:

> Porsche Audi represents that Porsche vehicles will be free from rust perforation for the duration of 7 years. If rust perforation develops under normal use and service and the vehicle has been maintained in accordance with manufacturer's requirements, any Porsche Audi authorized dealer will replace or repair the defective parts free of charge.

The hot dip galvanizing process is expensive. But it represents the most comprehensive anti-corrosion protection available. At Porsche, excellence is expected.

For more information or your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400.

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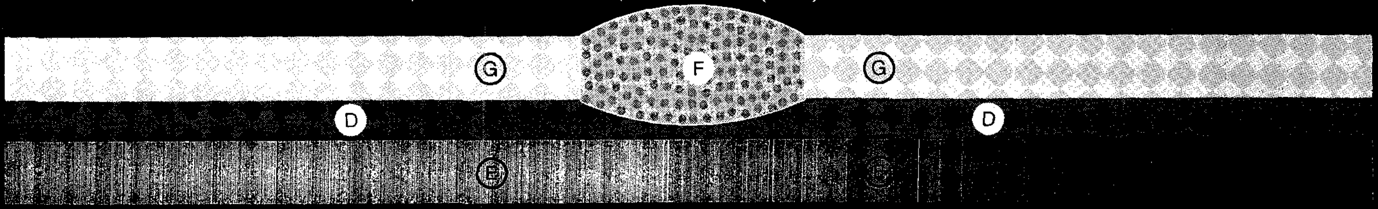
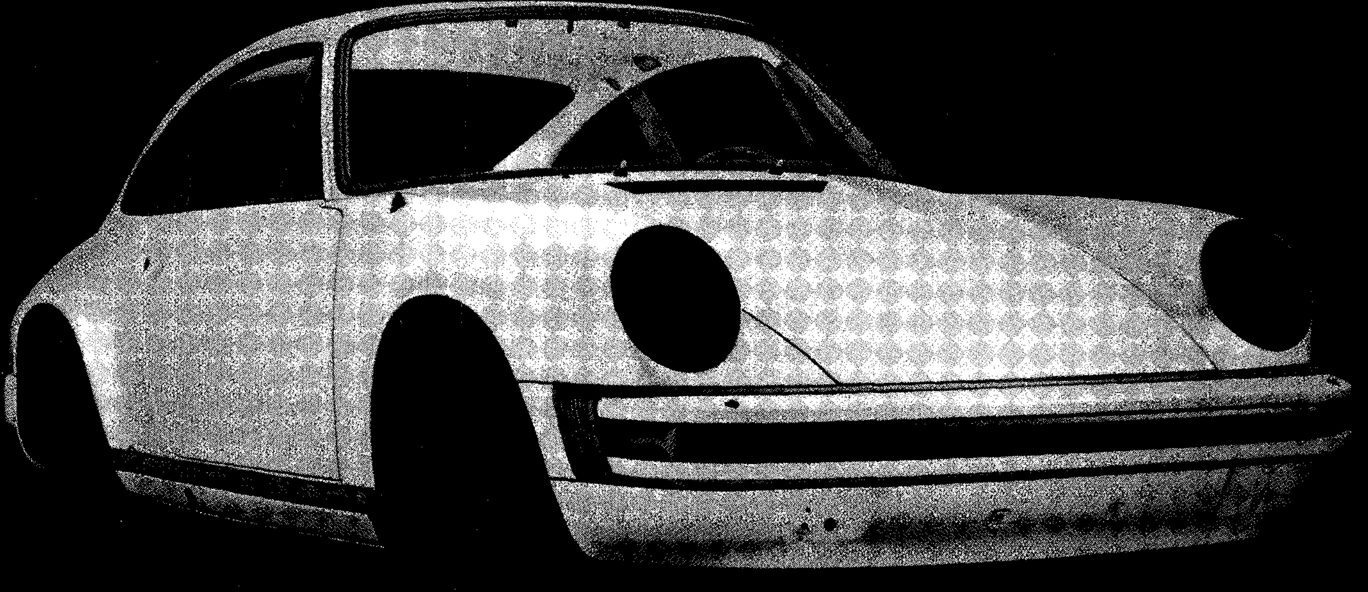
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE





At the Porsche Research and Development Center (Entwicklungzentrum) in Weissach, the steel body of a Porsche 911 has been standing outside in the elements—protected only by hot dip galvanizing—for 7 years. To date, there has not been one speck of red rust.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF a government official were to announce that increased subsidies to agriculture would now "take the place" of food stamps, someone would be sure to ask what the two things had to do with one another and why it wouldn't be possible to have both. But when Secretary of State Alexander Haig told reporters at his first press conference since he assumed office that "international terrorism will take the place of human rights in our concern, because it is the ultimate abuse of human rights," no one thought to ask why the government had to choose between them. Nor did anyone ask how, if international terrorism really was the worst of the human-rights abuses, you could speak of one taking the place of the other. A hint of what the new policy was going to mean in action came during the recent visit to Washington of President Chun Doo Hwan, of South Korea, the general who seized power a few weeks after his predecessor, President Park Chung Hee, was assassinated. President Carter had held up important negotiations with South Korea on economic and military matters because of human-rights abuses there, but the Reagan Administration resumed the negotiations, and the State Department announced that hereafter the United States would not "go into the internal state of affairs in the Republic of Korea;" at the same time, the Department asked Congress to postpone publication of a report on human rights which was said to contain information that would embarrass President Chun. The impression one gained was that the United States was lowering its concern about human rights not in order to fight terrorism better but in order to more firmly cement its ties with repressive right-wing regimes around the world. President Reagan did not do anything to clarify Administration policy when, in an appearance with President Chun at a White House luncheon, he remarked that Korean and American soldiers had fought together in Korea and again in Vietnam, where "the cause was freedom," leaving one to wonder how there could be a crusade that was for freedom without also being for human rights. Since South Vietnam in the days of the Vietnam War enjoyed no more freedom than South Korea does now, one has to assume that the freedom President Reagan had in mind was our own—a freedom we really do possess but are willing to defend, it seems, by supporting regimes that deny freedom to their own people. (In his inaugural address, President Reagan, who has taken to claiming that God has a "divine plan" for the United States, said, "God intended for us to be free." He did not add that God intended South Korea or Vietnam to be free.) This policy is no novelty of the Reagan Administration—it has spanned many Administrations, and was only slightly disturbed by the Carter human-rights policy—and its cost to the United States has always been high. When the Soviet Union, a left-wing totalitarian nation, supports another left-wing totalitarian nation somewhere in the world, its action is consistent with its domestic policies and its beliefs. But when the United States, a constitutional democracy, supports a right-wing dictatorship, our belief in freedom, or human rights, or liberty, or whatever you choose to call it—our reason for existing as a nation, and our mission, if we have one, in the world—goes unsupported and unspoken for in international affairs. Even though we may extend a network of arms all around the globe, freedom shrinks to a purely domestic matter—a sort of luxury, like our large gross national product, and one that is defended, but not enjoyed, by other peoples. Our foreign policy then becomes nothing more than a military shield, containing no reflection of the spirit of our country. One unfortunate consequence of this abdication of our beliefs on the international scene is that American protests against repression by the Soviets of their own people and others lose their force. (It seems notable that Mr. Haig

chose “international terrorism” as his target and did not even mention Soviet violations of human rights.) But the greatest danger for the United States—one that came menacingly to life in the period of Vietnam and Watergate—is that we will eventually regard our political system, with its inefficient constitutional restraints and its inconvenient individual liberties, as an unnecessary obstacle in our grandiose global struggle for “freedom” (but not “human rights”). There are already a few signs that our love of liberty is being construed as weakness toward our enemies. In a recent editorial, the *Wall Street Journal* remarked that “in the Carter Administration ‘human rights’ were code words for a lurch toward accommodation of the international left.” The international left itself, of course, including, especially, the Soviet Union, regarded Carter’s human-rights program as a disguise for an anti-Soviet lurch toward the right. (The Soviets were especially angry when Carter sent Andrei Sakharov a letter of support.) Between these views, the actual substance of human rights gets interpreted out of existence. It is perhaps unsurprising that the Soviet Union and its friends should look upon American devotion to human rights as a cover for something else, but that we, too, should do so is a needless disfavor to ourselves.

* * *

Show

“VOILÀ. My favorite. *J’adore ça,*” said Mrs. Oscar de la Renta.

“It’s a divine dress,” said Mrs. Henry Kissinger. “Will there be caftans? We do want caftans.”

In a crowded showroom high above Seventh Avenue, a group of women sat, like ladies in an opera box plying their lorgnettes, and viewed Oscar de la Renta’s newest summer styles. Earlier, Mrs. de la Renta had greeted the women as they came rippling in on waves of mink and agitated sociability. She had kissed, patted, stroked, and introduced, while they had anxiously searched the backs of little red plush folding chairs for little white handwritten name cards. It was up to others to welcome representatives of the American fashion business (“We shipped it! We shipped it already!” an employee told a buyer) and to come up with a block of ten seats for representatives of the Japanese fashion business. Then, in quick succession, the models pranced in—in dazzling silks, they were as bright as parakeets, and their earrings tinkled like wind chimes—to do their twirl in front of Mrs. de la Renta’s seat. At the center of her group, she sat at the head of the narrow aisle. On either side of its length, the other members of the audience sat, their faces swivelling in unison as models passed to and fro. Costly peasant-style flounces and skirts that ballooned like white swans below jewel-encrusted bodices brushed against the heavy folded coats and notebooks on buyers’ and reporters’ knees. Mrs. de la Renta fired off a stream of comments to her right and left. From time to time, out of excitement, she touched her neighbor’s manicured hand (framed in the ruffles of Oscar de la Renta’s fall collection) as it lay resting effortless on a tiny pocketbook.

“Matisse,” said Mrs. de la Renta, nodding at a printed dress. “But *you* knew that, of course.”

“I know how we can get that look for half the price,” said one businessman to another, where they sat in the second row and some way down the aisle.

“Which do you think will make it to the White House?” said a store executive to her assistant, where they sat next to the Japanese.

Then it was over, and Mrs. de la Renta’s special guests were swept into the elevators along with the departing crowd.

“I love you, and thankyou,” they said.

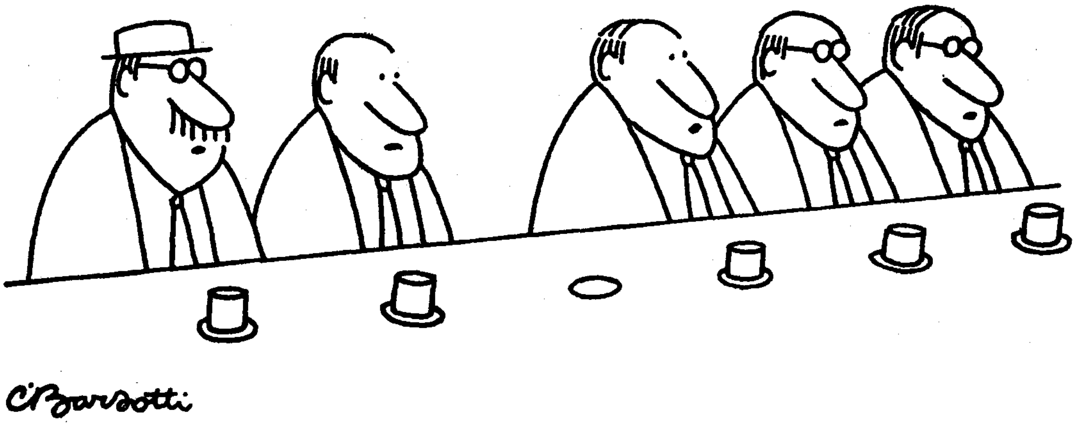
“Thankyou, thankyou, thankyou,” she said, on her husband’s behalf.

Down on the street, chauffeurs woke with a start and leaped to open doors of limousines, startling a man who had just set up the cardboard boxes for his three-card-monte game.

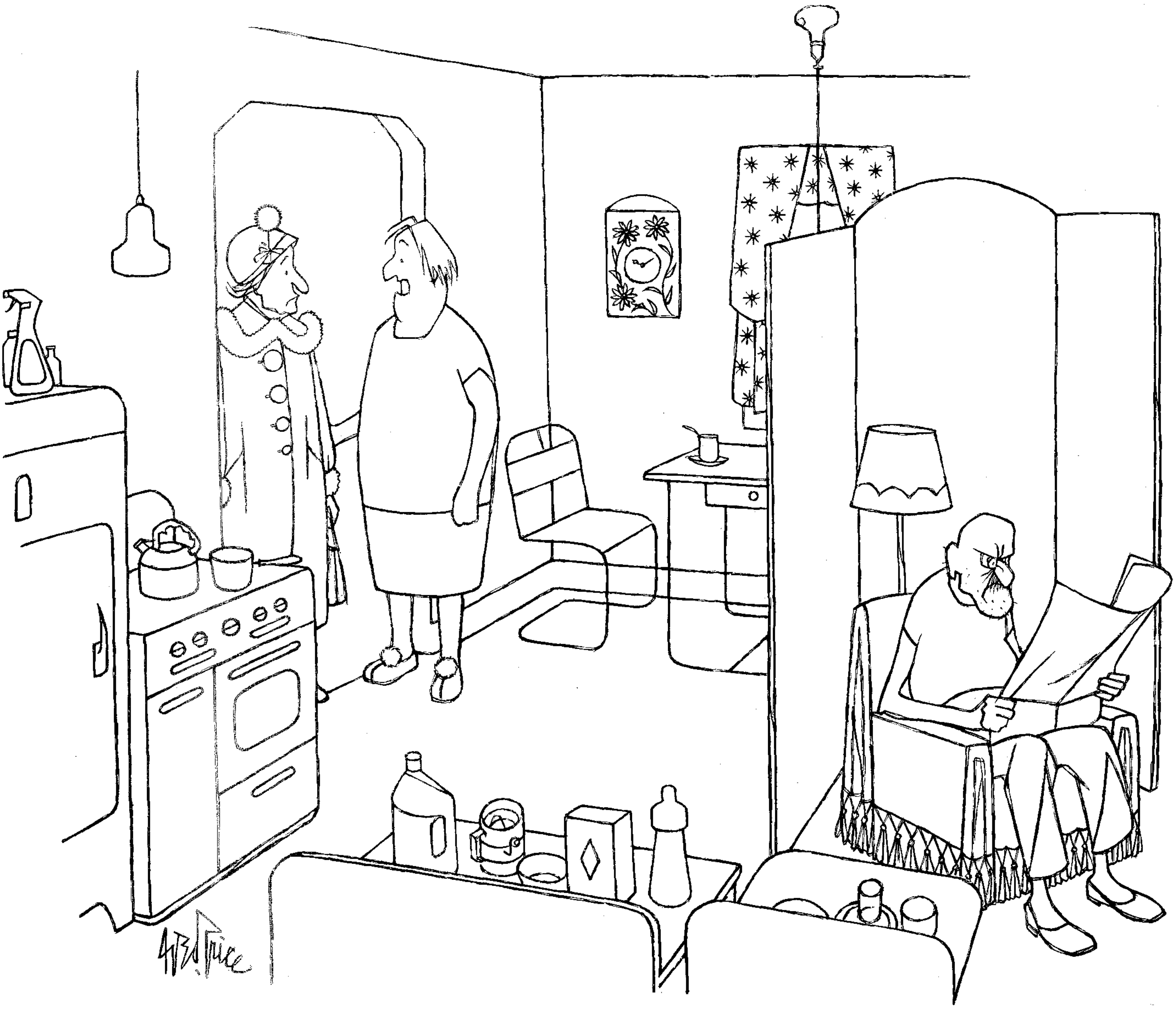
At the Palladium

OUR music-loving friend Louise, who is in her mid-thirties and works for a historical society, owns all the records by Elvis Costello, the English rock star, and she attended his recent concert at the Palladium—the Palladium on East Fourteenth Street, not the one on Argyll Street, London. She called us the next morning to tell us about it, sounding more cheerful than she had sounded in months, and went on for several minutes:

Well, what can I say? You really should have come, too. It was the most electric concert I’ve been to since I saw Dylan in 1965, in Austin, Texas, and you know that I’m not so wild about concerts. It occurred to me afterward that concerts are primarily exercises in adulation, and I guess I just haven’t adulated anybody since then *except* Elvis Costello. Well, anyway, I got a No. 7 bus right away, so I got to Union Square about twenty minutes earlier than I expected. I bet the owners of Lüchow’s just hate the Palladium, because, from about Broadway to Third Avenue, Fourteenth Street looked like thugland—not *serious* thugland, I guess, but the vibes sure didn’t seem warm and furry to me. Ticket scalpers in black leather, with greasy hair and shades. I heard ticket prices of thirty-five, fifty, and seventy-five dollars being called out as though they were bargains. But



“Where’s Joe?” “I don’t know.” “He’s late.” “Hope he’s O.K.” “He’s O.K. Just late.”



"And this is our breakfast nook, where the dawns come up like thunder."

• •

who can be sure? For all I know, these guys could have just been tall high-school kids taking a break from working on their science projects. Just the same, I didn't make eye contact with any of them. I went around to the stage door, on Thirteenth Street, to see if there were crowds of groupies and fans, like in "A Hard Day's Night," but there was only a line of about forty unglamorous people—they looked very bored or burned out—waiting to get in on backstage passes. Two beefy guys in sloppy T-shirts were in charge at the door, ordering the people to line up along the wall next to the sky-blue police sawhorses, and the way they spoke to them was sneery and condescending, to say the least. Willie Nelson had it right: "The night life ain't a good life." The closest thing to fans was a down-in-the-mouth couple with an instant-flash camera sitting on a car fender.

I went back around to the entrance, went in, and climbed four flights to my balcony seat. It wasn't the Garden, at least. Nobody seems to realize that the Garden was built for Dr. J., not Dr. John. No place to hear music. Fortunately, the people sitting around me weren't a bit thuggy. They reminded me of the student types who used to go to the old New Yorker Theatre—before it became the New Yorker 1 and 2. The guy behind me was complaining to his girlfriend about the dilapidated condition of the Palladium. He was right. Tapestrylike wallpaper was ripped and peeling off the balcony walls, and the place could have used a paint job; it looked generally scuzzy. Then the same guy went on about how beautiful the Beacon Theatre uptown was by contrast, how many concerts he once went to on a single evening several years before—it was three, I think: Traffic, Johnny Winter, and Hot Tuna—and how neat Elvis was, and only twenty-six, the same age he was.

The opening band wasn't bad. It was Squeeze, also English, and had a wonderful reedy lead vocalist named Glenn Tilbrook. He bopped around the stage as far as he could without uprooting his guitar cord from its socket, and he kept shaking his cropped blond hair, and looked like somebody's adorable kid brother. The band's best number was called "How Long?," which got a lot of air play last fall as a disco song recorded by Lipps, Inc. Have you noticed, by the way, how the music on disco stations sounds more like R. & B. lately?

Well, speaking of R. & B., Elvis and the Attractions—that's his band—finally came out, and the place became real tense. It was pretty terrific. Syncopated lights made the cymbals and the flat tops of the keyboards glow pink while the musicians were simultaneously bathed in chartreuse light. Then the colors would reverse or change to an entirely different color scheme, like turquoise and yellow. Elvis had on a boxy gray "Ocean's 11"-looking sports coat, slim black slacks, and horn-rimmed shades. He looked like Joey Bishop doing an impersonation of Bobby Darin. He still plays a Jazzmaster, an old Fender solid-body guitar that fell out of fashion years ago—and out of production last year. Now, because Elvis plays one, the Jazzmaster is back in style, and every kid wants a used guitar like his. Elvis was stiff at first, but he eventually loosened up. He reminded me a little of Buddy Holly clips I've seen. In fact, Elvis's best songs have always struck me as the sophisticated, sexy, seventies and eighties descendants of Buddy Holly songs. Some people have told me they don't like his adenoidal baritone, but he sang so expressively I don't see how anyone wouldn't have been won over last night. I was on the edge of my seat for an hour and fifteen minutes. I felt like twenty again.

The Winter Beach

IN the wintertime, Jones Beach flings back its blankets and emerges with startling purity and clarity. It returns to itself. It is quiet there, with only a murmur from the sea, and the sand, except for a few bottle tops and plastic combs, is clean. You can actually find unbroken seashells. And you can *see* the place. You feel you know where you are.

One clear morning recently, we took our constitutional at Jones Beach. The air temperature was thirty-one, and low tide was expected at four-twenty-six. Several dozen people were enjoying the brisk, bright weather. At an aluminum picnic table on the Central Mall, a woman with a bottle of tanning lotion was sunning her face, and another woman was busy with a crossword puzzle. A man in a porkpie hat and a trenchcoat was pacing to keep warm as he waited for his cup of coffee to cool. A young man on a bench was playing a complex blues on a harmonica.

Excited by the dazzling day and the feeling that the boardwalk was a stage and the ocean a vast audience, we did a few little numbers on the Perrier Parcourse Fitness Circuit—a series of eighteen fitness stops around the park where you can do Touch Toes, Knee Lifts, Jumping Jacks, Log Hops, and the like. They get progressively more difficult, and we gave up at the Body Curl (a tricky manipulation on a slant board), but nearby a girl in a wheelchair was tilted back, balanced on her back wheels, and spinning for joy.

Suddenly, a man saw this sign:

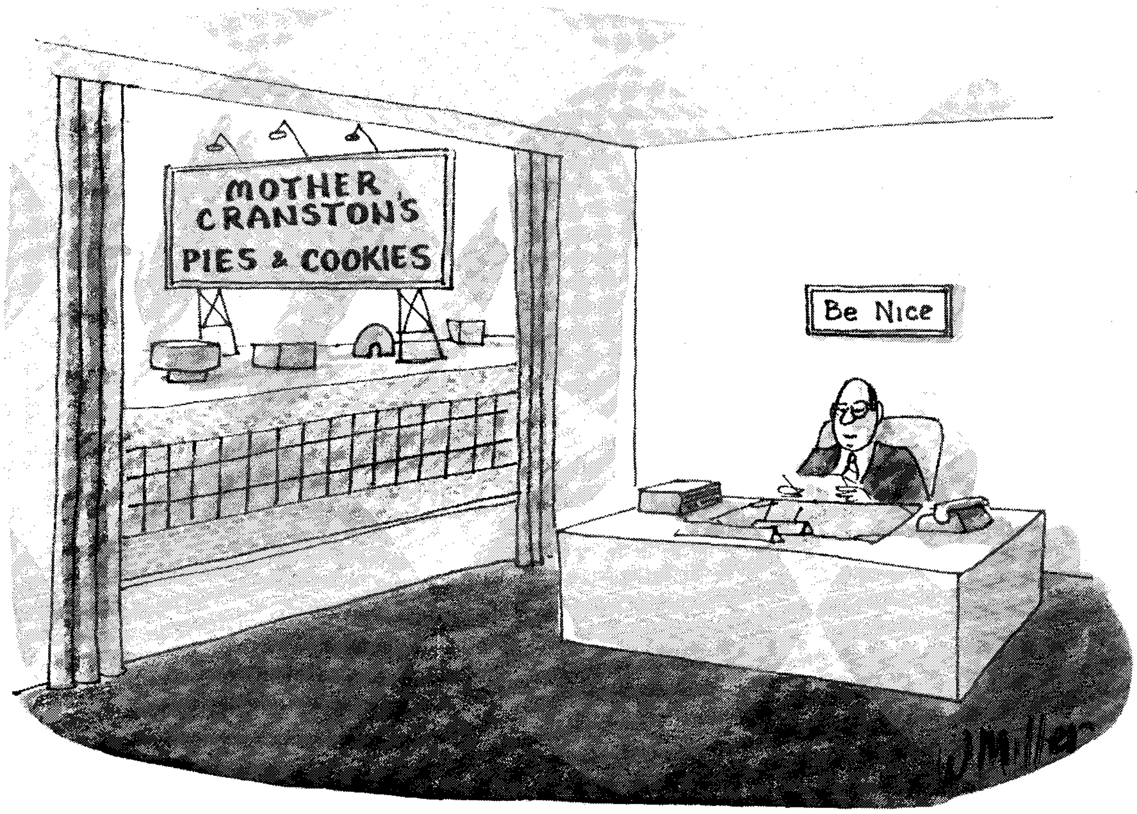
NO
FRIS BEES
BALL PLAYING
SKATEBOARDS

He shouted, "No Frisbees? What are they? Communists?"

Then a man in a beaver hat with earflaps tied in a bow on the top of his head rushed up to a small girl and said breathlessly, "You can get to within ten feet of a seagull—I checked." He clapped his hands.

We walked a long way down the beach. It was a day for clear thoughts about space, and about spacing. Out on the water, islands of floating seagulls kept their distance from each other. The dark islands of gulls looked like whales about to surface. High on the beach, above the tide marks, we found, in a few spots of melting snow, the footprints of Bigfoot, headed straight for the sea. He had been wearing shoes. Steadying ourself, we made a scientific observation: You can tell which way the wind has been blowing by examining the little sweep marks made by bent-over grasses in the sand. (Northwest.) Then we noticed a man with a metal detector some yards ahead and another man with a metal detector some yards behind. Almost immediately afterward, we found a 1975 nickel at our feet. Thomas Jefferson had turned green from the sea.

We headed back to



the boardwalk, and at the Beach Shop we fell into conversation with Lorain Jackowski, who manages the string of fourteen Beach Shops at Jones Beach. The one at the Central Mall is open all year. She was sitting behind an enormous case of extravagantly decorative seashells, none of which you will ever find at Jones Beach. Lorain Jackowski is crazy about Jones Beach in the wintertime. She said, "It's a misconception people have that the park is closed up tight from Labor Day to Memorial Day. We're open all year. There are days when we have to shovel the snow away from the door, but we have to be here for the one or two people who might show up. I've been here eleven years, and in all that time there have been only two or three days when no one came. It can be pouring, or a hailstorm—you name it. But even if only one person comes in, you feel it's worthwhile to be here. After all these years, it's kind of like my home. In the winter, you get the local people—some have been coming here regularly for five, ten, twenty years. Some of them come in to warm up and end up staying two or three hours. They pour out their life stories—maybe they're having problems with their kids, or their husband passed away. A man who just passed away two weeks ago came here every day for twenty years. For years, he brought me lollipops every Friday, red carnations on Saturday, and newspapers on Sunday. It was very quaint. Cute. Regardless of the weather, you knew he'd be here. Sometimes he'd make it in just to bring the lollipops. They used to call him the Boardwalk Superintendent. He'd report on who was smoking pot. Little things, like children playing Frisbee, would annoy him. He took a lot of pride in the beach, and he wanted it to be perfect. Everybody would ask his advice. They'd say 'What's the weather?' and 'When's the tide?' He would know the answer. We get a lot of people like that down here. Another man, in his eighties, comes down here once a week to jog on the boardwalk. He sometimes hitchhikes fifteen miles to get here—a skinny little old man! I gave him a ride home once, the weather was so bad. They call him Mr. Jones Beach. He's a health-food freak, and he brings in freshly baked bread, but you have to eat it right away, because in twenty minutes it's like a brick. It's really nice here in the winter—really special. You develop friends down here. Some people bought a whale's tooth from me, and now they come in a lot, and we go out to dinner. I like the hustle and bustle of summer, but I enjoy the people in the winter more. When the kites start flying in the spring, though, they leave."

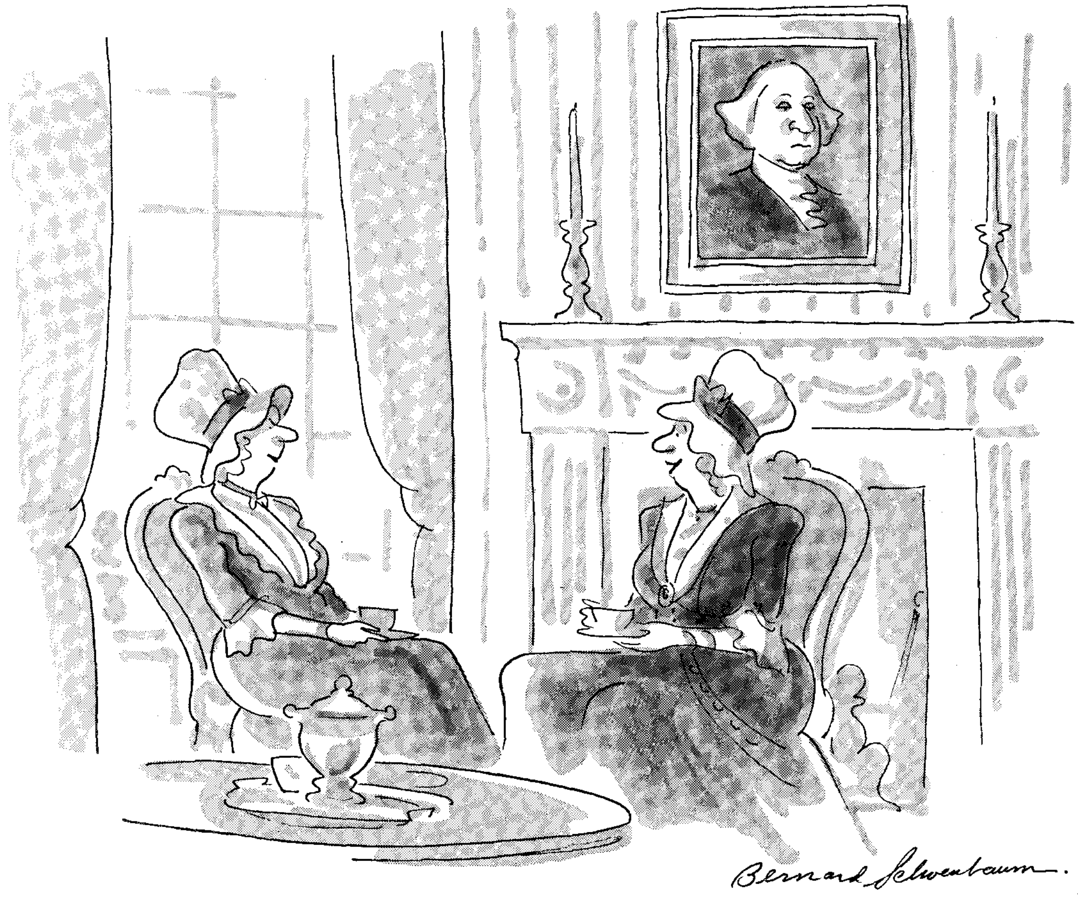
At the Beach Shop, you can buy a Gayla Baby Bat keel-guided plastic kite, a frog poster, giant sunglasses, and whistle-hammers as well as plastic sharks and rubber lobsters. But the seashells there are like an exotic menu: Sea Pancake, four-ninety-five; Pelican's Feet, twenty-five cents; Donkey Ear Abalone, seventy-five cents; Gold Mouth Turbo, a dollar ninety-five; Egg Cowrie, a dollar; Endive Murex, two-fifty; Strawberry Tops, a dollar-fifty.

We were hungry. At the Boardwalk Restaurant, after ordering broiled sea trout and Soave Classico Superiore, we gazed out at the ocean, pretending we were seeing the same uncomplicated expanse that Major Thomas Jones must have seen from his whaling station here, circa 1700. But the tinted window of the restaurant dimmed the view, and the sky was awfully busy. Close to the window, seagulls swirled like snowflakes. Down the beach, a red-and-white kite imitated a tern's suicidal plunge for a fish. Then a seaplane dashed across the foreground. Far out at sea, a dark island of gulls fluttered aloft for a moment. Two 747s in J.F.K.'s holding pattern were bracketing the sky. And a few clouds trespassed across the sun.

The waitress said, "Guess what country you'd be looking at if you could see that far."

"Spain?" we ventured.

"Nope. Everybody guesses Spain. It's Bermuda. You're facing south."



"George and I have never lied to each other."

• •

RUNNING DREAMS

BARNES is running with the football. The sun strikes his white pants, making them shine like satin. The dog runs beside him, scattering autumn leaves, close to Barnes' ankles. By the time they get from the far end of the field to where Holly and I are sitting, the dog has run ahead and tried to trip him three times, but Barnes gives him the football anyway. Barnes stops suddenly, holds the football out as delicately as a hostess offering a demitasse cup, and drops it. The dog, whose name is Bruno, snaps up the football—it is a small sponge-rubber model, a toy—and runs off with it. Barnes, who is still panting, sits on the edge of Holly's chaise, lifts her foot, and begins to rub her toes through her sock.

"I forgot to tell you that your accountant called when you were chopping wood this morning," she says. "He called to tell you the name of the contractor who put in his neighbor's pool. I didn't know you knew accountants socially."

"I knew his neighbors," Barnes says. "They're different neighbors now. The people I knew were named Matt and Dorothy Cartwright. Dorothy was always calling me to ask for Valium. They moved to Kentucky. The accountant kept in touch with them."

"There's so much about your life I don't know," Holly says. She pulls off her sock and turns her foot in his hand. The toenails are painted red. The nails on her big toes are perfectly oval. Her heels have the soft skin and roundness of a baby's feet, which is miraculous to me, because I know she used to wear high heels to work every day in New York. It also amazes me that there are people who still paint their toenails when summer is over.

Predictably, Bruno is trying to bury the football. I once saw Bruno dig a hole for an inner tube, so the football will only be a minute's trouble. Early in the summer, Barnes came back to the house late at night—he is a surgeon—and gave the dog his black bag. If Holly hadn't been less drunk than the rest of us, and able to rescue it, that would have been buried, too.

"Why do we have to build a pool?" Holly says. "All that horrible construction noise. What if some kid drowns in it? I'm going to wake up every morning and go to the window and expect to see some little body—"

"You knew how materialistic I was when you married me. You knew that after I got a house in the country I'd want a pool, didn't you?" Barnes kisses her knee. "Holly can't swim, Lynn," he says to me. "Holly hates to learn new things."

We already know she can't swim. She's Martin's sister, and I've known her for seven years. Martin and I live together—or did until a few months ago, when I moved. Barnes has known her almost all her life, and they've been married for six months now. They were married in the living room of this house, while it was still being built, with Elvis Presley on the stereo singing "As Long as I Have You." Holly carried a bouquet of cobra lilies. Then I sang "Some Day Soon"—Holly's favorite Judy Collins song. The dog was there, and a visiting Afghan. The stonemason forgot that he wasn't supposed to work that day and came just as the ceremony was about to begin, and decided to stay. He turned out to know how to foxtrot, so we were all glad he'd stayed. We had champagne and danced, and Martin and I fixed crêpes.

"What if we just tore the cover off that David Hockney book," Holly says now. "The one of the man floating face down in a pool, that makes him look like he's been pressed under glass? We could hang it from the tree over there, instead of wind chimes. I don't want a swimming pool."

Barnes puts her foot down. She lifts the other one and puts it in his hand.

"We can get you a raft and you can float around, and I can rub your feet," he says.

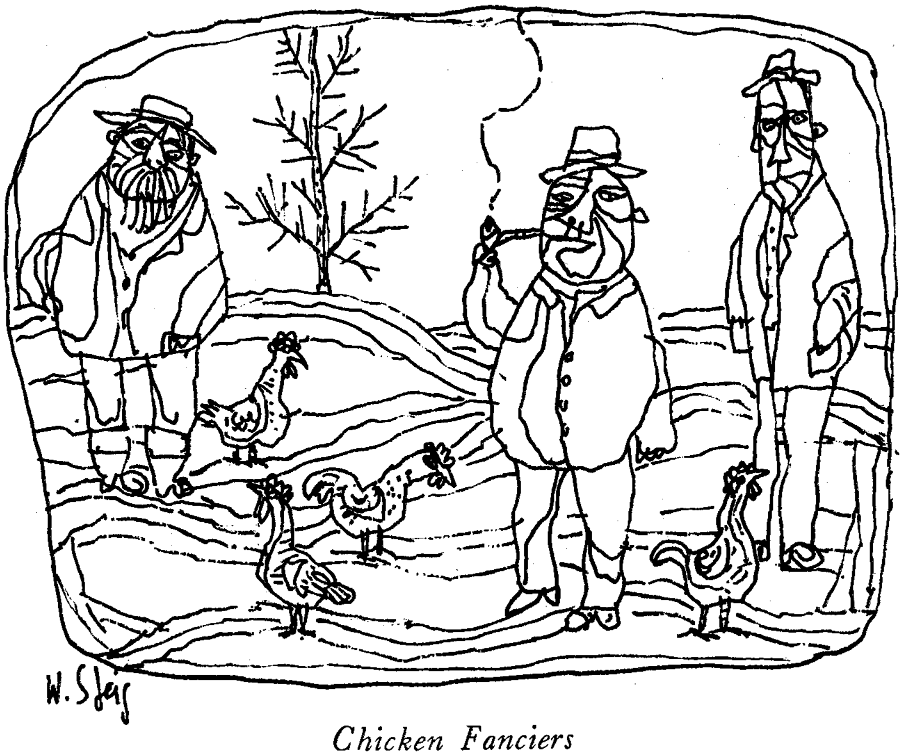
"You're never here. You work all the time," Holly says.

"When the people come to put in the pool, you can hold up your David Hockney picture and repel them."

"What if they don't understand that, Barnes? I can imagine that just causing a lot of confusion."

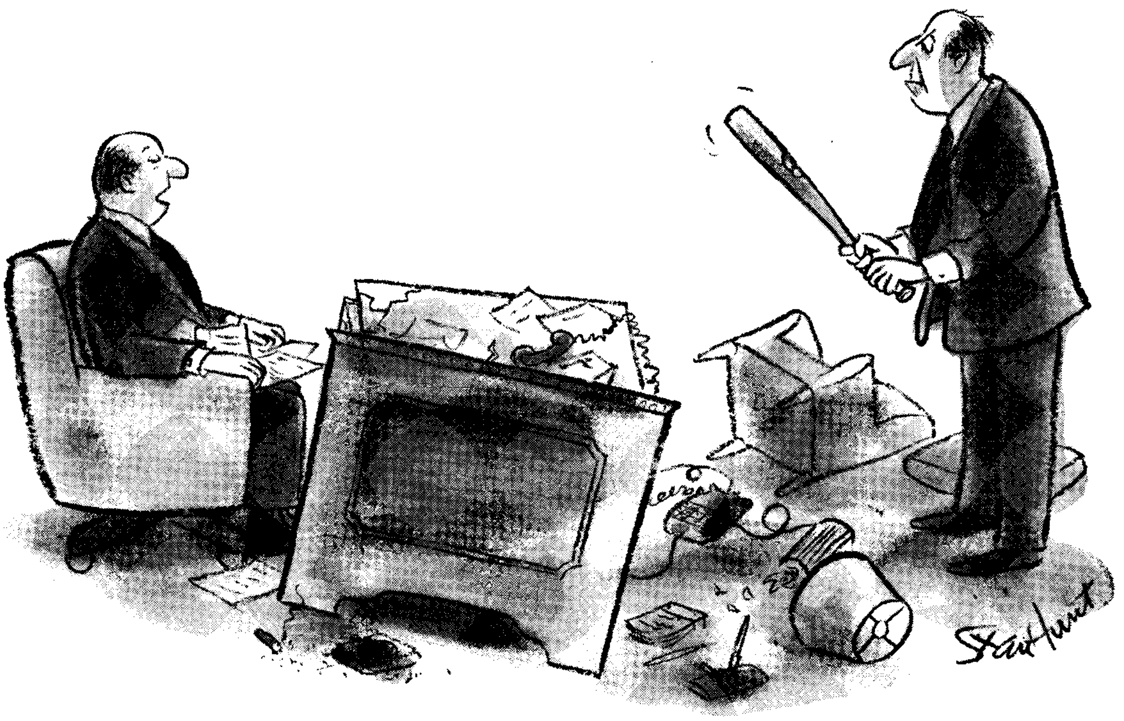
"Then you lose," he says. "If you show them the picture and they go ahead and put in the pool anyway, then either it's not a real cross or they're not real vampires." He pats her ankle. "But no fair explaining to them," he says. "It has to be as serious as charades."

MARTIN tells me things that Barnes has told him. In the beginning, Martin didn't want his sister to marry him, but Barnes was also his best friend and Martin didn't want to betray Barnes' confidences to him, so he asked me what I thought. Telling me mattered less than telling her, and I had impressed him long ago with my ability to keep a secret by not telling him his mother had a mastectomy the summer he went to Italy. He only found out when she died, two years



Chicken Fanciers

later, and then he found out accidentally. "She didn't want you to know," I said. "How could you keep that a secret?" he said. He loves me and hates me for things like that. He loves me because I'm the kind of person people come to. It's an attribute he wishes he had, because he's a teacher. He teaches history in a private school. One time, when we were walking through Chelsea late at night, a nicely dressed old lady leaned over her gate and handed me a can of green beans and a can opener and said, "Please." On the subway, a man handed me a letter and said, "You don't have to say anything, but please read this paragraph. I just want somebody else to see it before I rip it up." Most of these things have to do with love, in some odd way. The green beans did not have to do with love.



"All right, Atherton, you've made your point."

• •

MARTIN and I are walking in the woods. The poison ivy is turning a bright autumnal red, so it's easy to recognize. As we go deeper into the woods we see a tree house, with a ladder made of four boards nailed to the tree trunk. There are empty beer bottles around the tree, but I miss the most remarkable thing in the scene until Martin points it out: a white balloon wedged high above the tree house, where a thin branch forks. He throws some stones and finally bounces one off the balloon, but it doesn't break it or set it free. "Maybe I can lure it down," he says, and he picks up an empty Michelob bottle, holds it close to his lips, and taps his fingers on the glass as if he were playing a horn while he blows a slow stream of air across the top. It makes an eerie, hollow sound, and I'm glad when he stops and drops the bottle. He's capable of surprising me as much as I surprise him. We lived together for years. A month ago, he came to the apartment I was subletting late one night, after two weeks of not returning my phone calls at work and keeping his phone pulled at home—came over and hit the buzzer and was standing there smiling when I looked out the window. He walked up the four flights, came in still smiling, and said, "I'm going to do something you're really going to like." I was ready to hit him if he tried to touch me, but he took me lightly by the wrist, so that I knew that was the only part of my body he'd touch, and sat down and pulled me into the chair with him, and whistled the harp break to "Isn't She Lovely." I had never heard him whistle before. I had no idea he knew the song. He whistled the long, complex interlude perfectly, and then sat there, silently, his lips warm against the top of my hair.

Martin pushes aside a low-hanging branch, so I can walk by. "You know what Barnes told me this morning?" he says. "He sees his regular shrink on Monday mornings, but a few weeks ago he started seeing a young woman shrink on Tuesdays and not telling either of them about the other. Then he said he was thinking about giving both of them up and buying a camera."

"I don't get it."

"He does that—he starts to say one thing, and then he adds some non sequitur. I don't know if he wants me to question him or to just let him talk."

"Ask."

"You wouldn't ask."

"I'd probably ask," I say.

We're walking on leaves, through bright-green fern. From far away now, he tosses another stone, but it misses the branch; it doesn't go near the balloon.

"You know what it is?" Martin says. "He never *seems* vague or random about anything. He graduated first in his class from medical school. All summer, the bastard hit a home run every time he was up at bat. He's got that charming, self-deprecating way of saying things—the way he was talking about the swimming pool. So when he seems to be opening up to me, it would be unsophisticated for me to ask what going to two shrinks and giving up both of them and buying a camera is all about."

"Maybe he talks to you because you don't ask him questions."

Martin is tossing an acorn in the air. He pockets it, and squeezes my hand.

"I wanted to make love to you last night," he says, "but I knew she'd be walking through the living room all night."

She did. She got up every few hours and tiptoed past the fold-out bed and went into the bathroom and stayed there, silently, for so long that I'd drift back to sleep and not realize she'd come out until I heard her walking back in again. Holly has had two miscarriages in the year she's been with Barnes. Holly, who swore she'd never leave the city, never have children, who hung out with poets and painters, married the first respectable man she ever dated—her brother's best friend as well—got pregnant, and grieved when she lost the first baby, grieved when she lost the second.

"Holly will be all right," I say, and push my fingers through his.

"We're the ones I'm worried about," he says. "Thinking about them stops me from talking about us." He puts his arm around me as we walk. Our skin is sweaty—we have on too many clothes. We trample ferns I'd avoid if I were walking alone. With his head pressed against my shoulder, he says, "I need for you to talk to me. I'm out of my league with you people. I don't know what you're thinking, and I think you must be hating me."

"I told you what I thought months ago. You said you needed time to think. What more can I do besides move so you have time to think?"

He is standing in front of me, touching the buttons of his wool shirt that I wear as a jacket, then brushing my hair behind my shoulders.

"You went, just like that," he says. "You won't tell me what your life is like."

He moves his face toward mine, and I think he's going to kiss me, but he only closes his eyes, puts his forehead against mine. "You know all my secrets," he whispers, "and when we're apart I feel like they've died inside you."

AT dinner, we've all had too much to drink. I study Martin's face across the table and wonder what secrets he had in mind. That he's afraid of driving over bridges? Afraid of bees? That he can't tell a Bordeaux from a Burgundy?

Barnes has explained, by drawing a picture on a napkin, how a triple-bypass operation is done. Holly accidentally knocks over Barnes' glass, and the drawing of the heart blurs under the spilled water. Martin says, "That's a penis, Doctor." Then he scribbles on my napkin, drips water on it, and says, "That is also a penis." He is pretending to be taking a Rorschach test.

Barnes takes another napkin from the pile in the middle of the table and draws a penis. "What's that?" he says to Martin.

"That's a mushroom," Martin says.

"You're quite astute," Barnes says. "I think you should go into medicine when you get over your crisis."

Martin wads up a napkin and drops it in the puddle running across the table from Barnes' napkin. "Did you ever have a crisis in *your* life?" he says to him, mopping up.

"Not that you observed. There were a few weeks when I thought I was going to be second in my class in med school."

"Aren't you embarrassed to be such an overachiever?" Martin says, shaking his head in amazement.

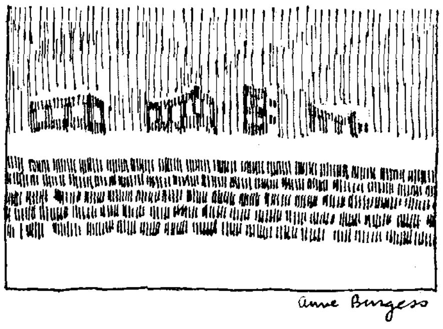
"I don't think about it one way or another. It was expected of me. When I was in high school, I got stropped by my old man for every grade that wasn't an A."

"Is that true?" Holly says. "Your father beat you?"

"It's true," Barnes says. "There are a lot of things you don't know about me." He pours himself some more wine. "I can't stand pain," he says. "That's part of why I went into medicine. Because I think about it all the time anyway, and doing what I do I can be grateful every day that it's somebody else's suffering. When I was a resident, I'd go see the patient after surgery and leave the room and puke. Nurses puke sometimes. You hardly ever see a doctor puke."

"Did you let anybody comfort you then?" Holly says. "You don't let anybody comfort you now."

"I don't know if that's true," Barnes says. He takes a drink of wine, raising the glass with such composure that I wouldn't know he was drunk if he wasn't looking into the goblet at the same time he was drinking. He puts the glass back on the table. "It's easier for me to talk to men," he says. "Men will only go so far, and women are so single-minded about soothing you. I've always thought that once I



OVER THE PHONE

This is where he finds you. February. Over the phone,
his voice has in it: plum tree, pear, a meadow.
Let's say that what he speaks

is an awakening, very early, no alarm.
In each room, you, astonished, find vases, cups, and jars
vivid with white heather,

hepatica, great golden daffodils! Wonder,
if you have to, who has the extra key,
who walked the house while you lay sleeping, how high

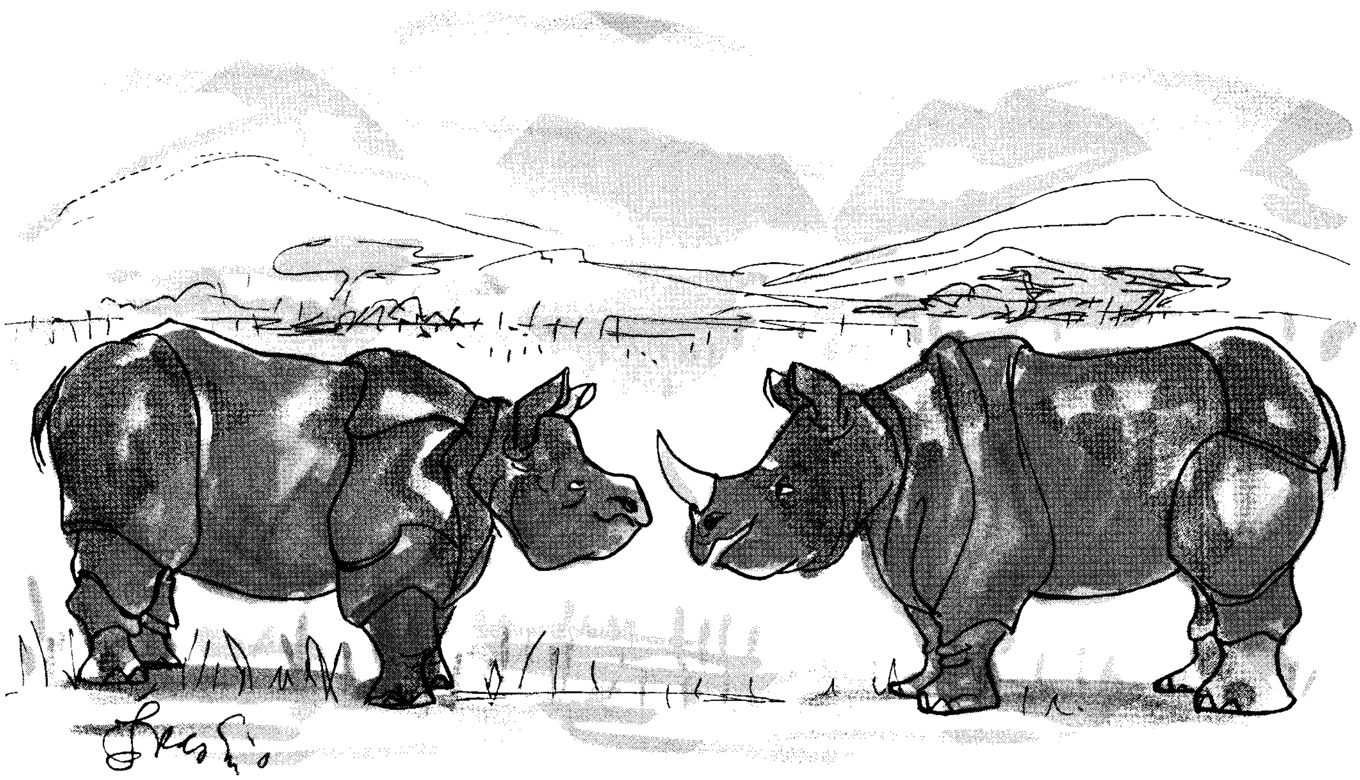
the price will be for this profusion
from the florist's heart; here every container's filled
to overflowing and you, though unaware, owe

nothing. Simply notice heliotrope
spilling from the open oven: a sweet blue bread;
the evening scent of honeysuckle

swelling from a yellow kettle: tea, long summer-steeped.
This is still winter, the door
still sullen with cold and difficult to open.

Even so, see how easily that one dizzy tiger lily
lifts from the heart of the keyhole,
shaped like a Tiffany lamp and shining.

—MEKEEL MCBRIDE



"*I've got you under my skin.*"

• •

started letting down I might lose my energy permanently. Stay here and float in a swimming pool all day. Read. Drink. Not keep going."

"Barnes," Holly says, "this is awful." She pushes her bangs back with one hand.

"Christ," Barnes says, leaning over and taking her hand from her face. "I sound like some character out of D. H. Lawrence. I don't know what I'm talking about." He gets up. "I'm going to get the other pizza out of the oven."

On the way into the kitchen, he hits his leg on the coffee table. Geodes rattle on the glass tabletop. On the table, in a wicker tray, there are blue stones, polished amethysts, inky-black pebbles from a stream, marbles with clouds of color like smoke trapped inside. The house is full of things to touch—silk flowers you have to put a finger on to see if they're real, snow domes to shake, Holly's tarot cards. Holly is looking at Martin now with the same bewildered look that she gets when she lays out the tarot cards and studies them. Martin takes her hand. He is still holding her hand when Barnes comes back, and only lets go when Barnes begins to lower the pizza to the center of the table.

"I'm sorry," Barnes says. "It's not a good time to be talking about my problems, is it?"

"Why not?" Martin says. "Everybody's been their usual witty and clever self all weekend. It's all right to talk about real things."

"Well, I don't want to make a fool of myself anymore," Barnes says, cutting the pizza into squares. "Why don't you talk about what it's like to have lived with Lynn for so many years and then suddenly she's famous." Barnes puts a piece of pizza on my plate. He serves a piece to Martin. Holly holds her fingers above her plate. For a drunken minute, I don't realize she's saying she doesn't want more food—her fingers are hovering lightly, the way they do when she picks up a tarot card.

"Last Monday I put in an all-nighter," Barnes says to me. "Matty Klein was with me. We were riding down Park Avenue afterwards, and your song came on the radio. We were both so amazed. Not at what we'd just pulled off in five hours of surgery but that there we were in the back of a cab with the sun coming up and you were singing on the radio. I'm still used to the way you were singing with Holly in the kitchen a while ago—the way you just sing, and she sings along. Then I realized in the cab that that wasn't private anymore." He takes another drink of wine. "Am I making any sense?" he says.

"It makes perfect sense," Martin says. "Try to explain that to her."

"It's not private," I say. "Other things are private, but that's just me singing a song."

Barnes pushes his chair back from the table. "I'll tell you what I never get over," he says. "That I can take my hands out of somebody's body, wash them, get in a cab, go home, and hardly wait to get into bed with Holly to touch her, because that's so mysterious. In spite of what I do, I haven't found out anything."

"Is this leading up to your saying again that you don't know why I've had two miscarriages?" Holly says.

"No, I wasn't thinking about that at all," Barnes says.

"I'll tell you what *I* thought it was about," Martin says. "*I* thought that Barnes wanted me to tell everybody why I've freaked out now that Lynn's famous. It doesn't seem very . . . timely of me to be pulling out now."

"When did I say that what I wanted was to be famous?" I say.

"I can't do it," Holly says. "It's too

hard to pretend to be involved in what other people are talking about when all I can think about are the miscarriages."

She is the first to cry, though any of us might have been.

Bruno, the dog, has shifting loyalties. Because Martin threw the football for him after dinner, he has settled by our bed in the living room. His sleep is deep, and fitful: paws flapping, hard breaths, a tiny, high-pitched yelp once as he exhales. Martin says that he is having running dreams. I close my eyes and try to imagine Bruno's dream, but I end up thinking about all the things he probably doesn't dream about: the blue sky, or the hardness of the field when the ground gets cold. Or, if he noticed those things, they wouldn't seem sad.

"If I loved somebody else, would that make it easier?" Martin says.

"Do you?" I say.

"No. I've thought that that would be a way out, though. That way you could think I was just somebody you'd misjudged."

"Everybody's changing so suddenly," I say. "Do you realize that? All of a sudden Barnes wants to open up to us, and you want to be left alone, and Holly wants to forget about the life she had in the city and live in this quiet place and have children."

"What about you?" he says.

"Would it make sense to you that I've stopped crying and feeling panicky because I'm in love with somebody else?"

"I'll bet that's true," he says. I feel him stroking the dog. This is what he does to try to quiet him without waking him up—gently rubbing his side with his foot. "Is it true?" he says.

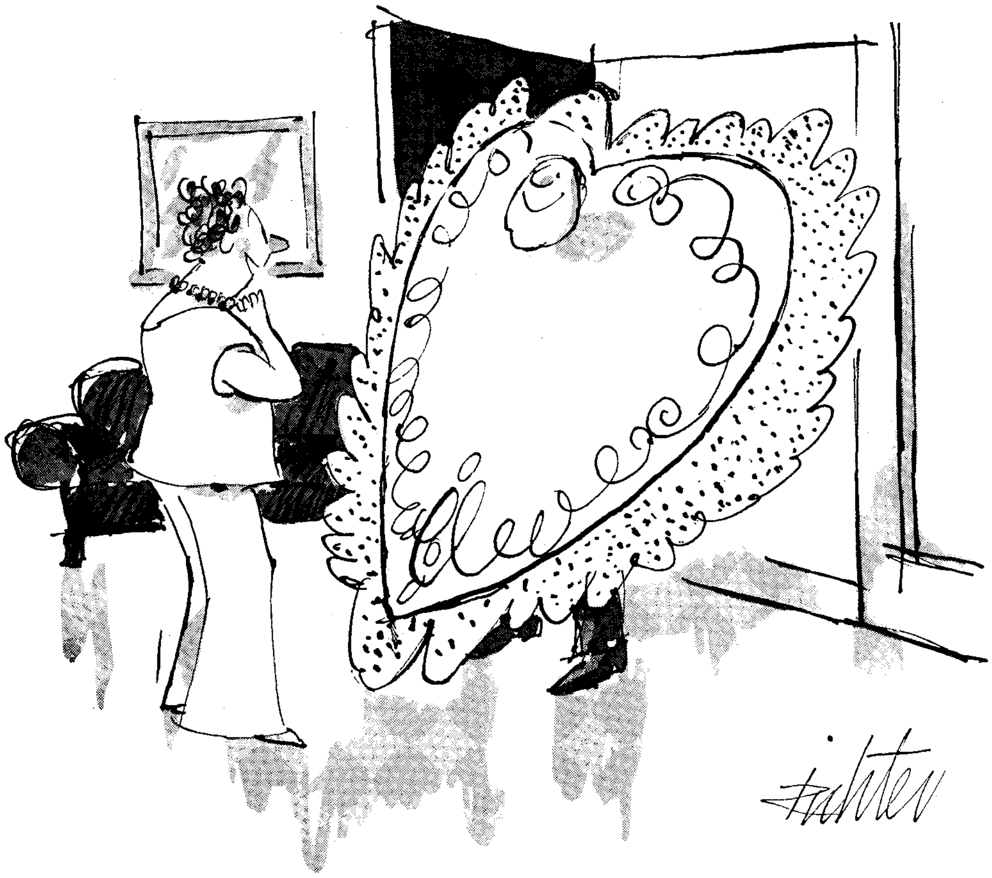
"No. I'd like to hurt you by having it be true, though."

He reaches for the quilt folded at the foot of the bed and pulls it over the blanket.

"That isn't like you," he says.

He stops stroking the dog and turns toward me. "I feel so locked in," he says. "I feel like we've got to come out here every weekend. I feel it's inevitable that there's a 'we.' I feel guilty for feeling bad, because Barnes' father beat him up, and my sister lost two babies, and you've been putting it all on the line, and I don't feel like I'm keeping up with you. You've all got more energy than I do."

"Martin—Barnes was dead-drunk, and Holly was in tears, and before it was midnight I had to admit I was exhausted and go to bed."



"Honey! You remembered!"

"That's not what I mean," he says. "You don't understand what I mean."

We are silent, and I can hear the house moving in the wind. Barnes hasn't put up the storm windows yet. Air leaks in around the windows. I let Martin put his arm around me for the warmth, and I slide lower in the bed so that my shoulders are under the blanket and quilt.

"What I meant is that I'm not entitled to this," Martin says. "With what he goes through at the hospital, he's entitled to get blasted on Saturday night. She's got every right to cry. Your head's full of music all the time, and that wears you down, even if you aren't writing or playing." He whispers, even more quietly, "What did you think when he said that about his father beating him?"

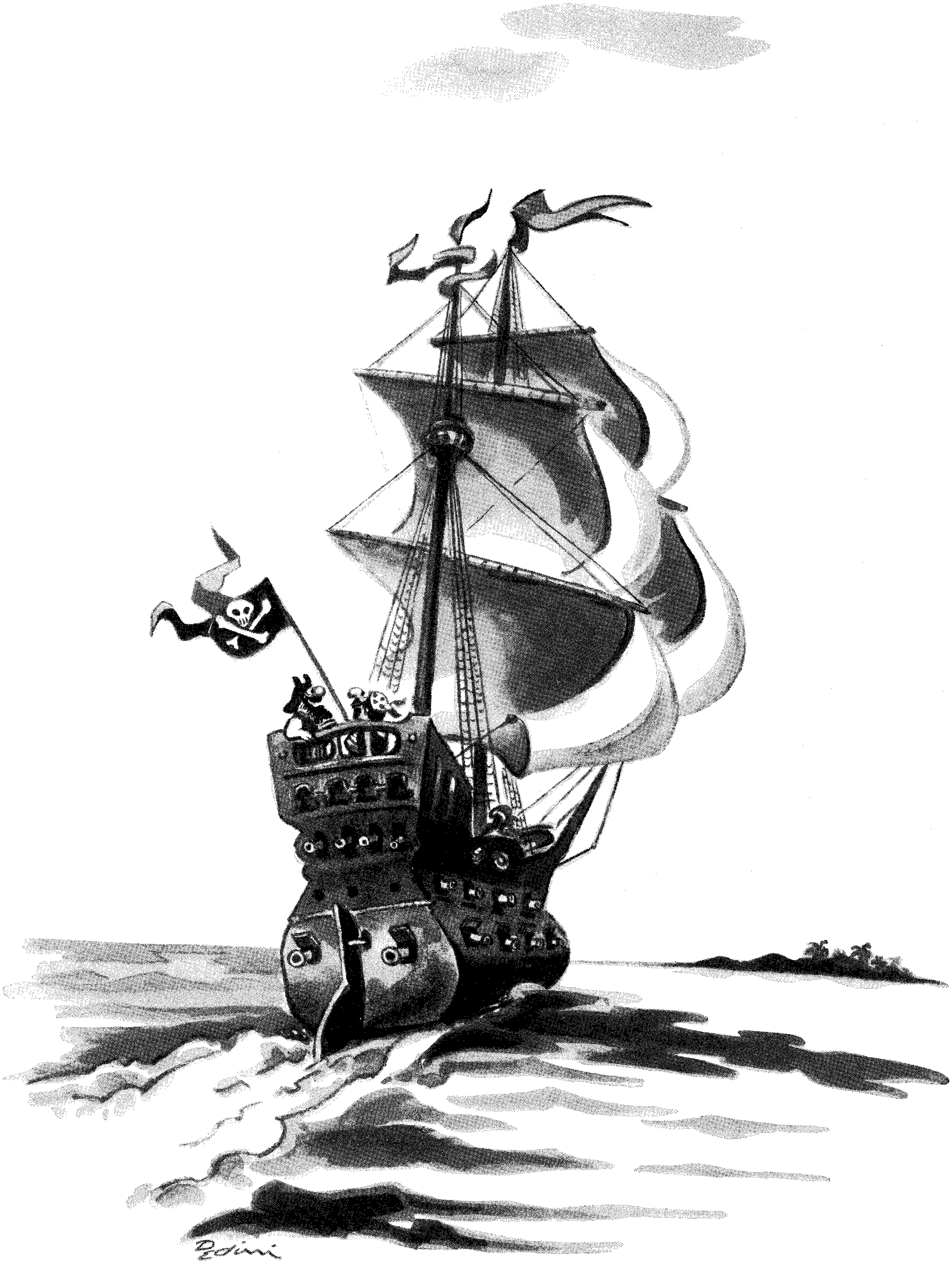
"I wasn't listening to him any more than you two were. You know me. You know I'm always looking for a reason why it was all right that my father died when I was five. I was thinking maybe it would have turned out awful if he had lived. Maybe I would have hated him for something."

Martin moves his head closer to mine. "Let me go," he says, "and I'm going to be as unmovable as that balloon in the tree."

Bruno whimpers in his sleep, and Martin moves his foot up and down Bruno's body, half to soothe himself, half to soothe the dog.

I did not know my father was dying. I knew that something was wrong, but I didn't know what dying was. I've always known simple things: how to read the letter a stranger hands me and nod, how to do someone a favor when they don't have my strength. I remember that my father was bending over—stooped with pain, I now realize—and that he was winter-pale, though he died before cold weather came. I remember standing with him in a room that seemed immense to me at the time, in sunlight as intense as the explosion from a flashbulb. If someone had taken that photograph, it would have been a picture of a little girl and her father about to go on a walk. I held my hands out to him, and he pushed the fingers of the gloves tightly down each of my fingers, patiently, pretending to have all the time in the world, saying, "This is the way we get ready for winter."

—Ann Beattie



"I *love* the Caribbean in February!"

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

PAT HABERMAN has been alone with Harriet since the divorce. Harriet was five then—too young to be tainted by Haberman's money-grubbing and country-club life; leave that to the children of his second marriage. The maintenance he provided for Harriet was always inadequate, but Pat and little Harriet didn't want anything from him; Pat could and did earn their keep, and by the time Harriet was twenty she had her degree and was working in a literacy program for blacks, sponsored by a liberal foundation. Both women do jobs that are more than a way of earning a modest living. Pat (saved, thank God) refers to the businessmen's dinners, drunken golf-club dances, and gymkhanas she left behind with Haberman as to a criminal record, and is secretary to the dean of the medical school.

Harriet is studying for her master's by correspondence and has already published a contribution to a symposium on "Literacy and the Media." She wears sandals thonged between the toes, German print wraparound skirts decorated with braid by Xhosa women in a Soweto self-help project, and last year cut her shawl of pale-brown hair into a permed Afro, so that when she lies soaking in her bath—her mother is amused to see—the hair on her head and her soft pubic hair match.

Harriet is a quiet girl, who—her mother is sure—smokes a bit of pot at parties, like all young people today. "And who are we to talk?" Pat Haberman goes through two packs a day—as she says, "just ordinary, lung-destroying tobacco." Once, Pat had a three-year affair with a lawyer, who has since left the country, but Harriet was too young at the time to have been aware, and Pat has not decided whether to tell her. She is sometimes on the point of doing so; this becomes tempting when she notices that the girl is interested in a new boy. Harriet is probably not so promiscuous as it is customary for her generation to be, but she goes away on paired-off weekend trips and holidays with an often changing group of friends—the young males leave for military service on the border, or they disappear, fleeing military service. This one or that has skipped: the laconic phrase contains, for all this young generation of white South Africans—dumped with the deadly task of defending a life they haven't chosen for themselves—the singular heritage of their whiteness. Pat and Harriet, mother and daughter, often wonder whether they should not emigrate, too. Harriet has been brought up to realize that her life of choices and decent comfort is not shared by the people in whose blackness it is embedded: once protected by them, now threatened. They are all around her; she is not of them. And since she has been adult, she has had her place—even if she is silent—in the ritualistic discussion of what can be done about this by people who have no aptitude for politics but who won't live like Haberman, making money from the blacks and going off to gamble among beauty queens and fellow supermarket kings at the casinos that represent progress in poor neighboring black states.

DIFFICULT
LOAN CO.
FORMERLY
EASY LOAN CO.

Harriet keeps in touch with her friends who have skipped to Canada or Australia. For a year she has even been writing to a political prisoner at home in South Africa. There his letter was, among circulars from film clubs, bills, and aerograms with "And when are you coming over?" scribbled on the back: *Pretoria Central Prison*, rubber-stamped, with the prison censor's signature superimposed. Inside was a closely handwritten sheet of lined paper neatly torn from an exercise book. "Dear Harriet Haberman." But her eyes dropped to the signature before reading any further. "Roland Carter." Skimming the letter as her feet felt their own way down the stone path, she went into the garden, where Pat was on her knees among boxes of marigold seedlings.

" 'Roland Carter' mean anything to you?"

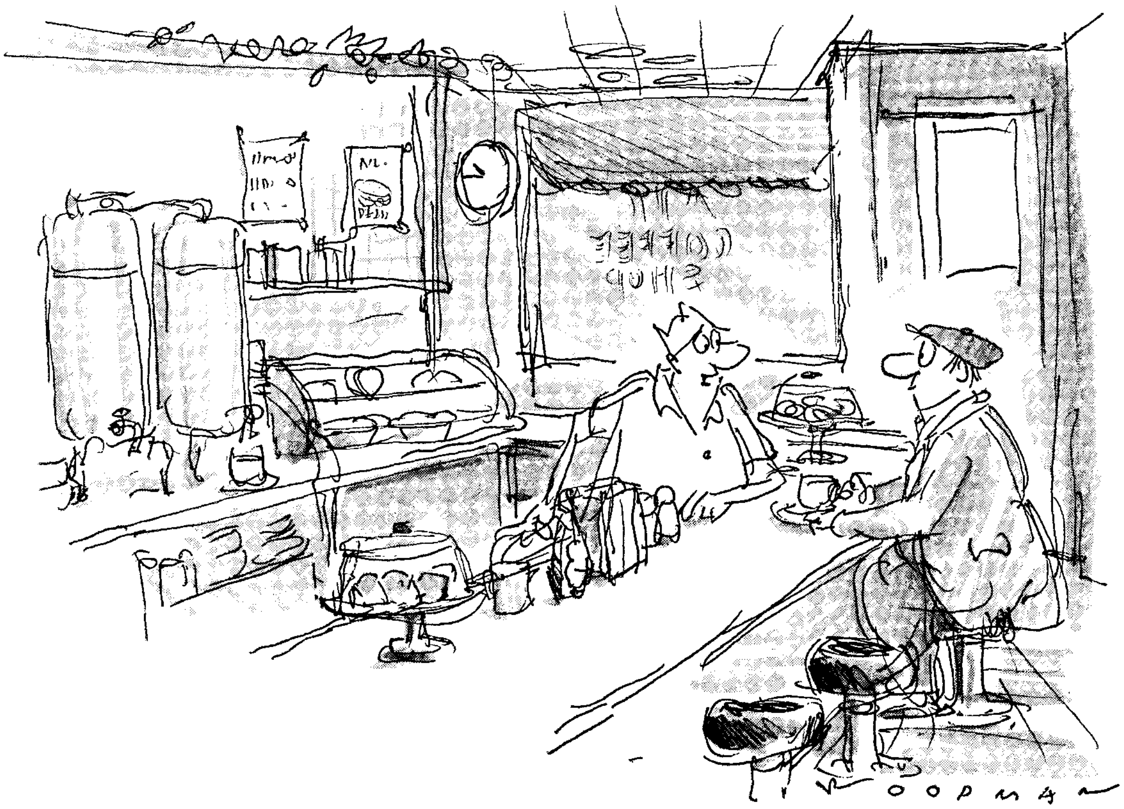
Her mother's nose was running with the effort of bending and digging; she smeared at it with the back of her earth-caked hand.

Harriet repeated, "Roland—Carter."

Pat sniffed. "Of course. He got twelve years. The journalist from East London."

"What did he do? He's written to me. . . ."

"Give me my hankie out of my



"It was a cold night, like tonight, back, I'd say, in 1954. This guy comes in and says, 'Give me a cheeseburger with everything on it and a cup of coffee.' Well, to make a long story short, he eats it, tips me, and as he's leaving he says, 'My compliments to you.'"

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pocket. . . . Furthering the aims of the African National Congress—something like that. Smuggled false identity papers for exiles. Or was he one of the pamphlet-bomb people? No, that was Cape Town. Can't you remember? Let's see."

"Was he the one who said in court he had no regrets?"

"That's him. But what does he write to you about?" Pat scrambled up, levering herself from the ground by one firmly planted palm. The two women stood there over the letter in their tiny garden, singled out. "My God! What a nice letter! Harriet?" She drew back and looked at her daughter—a streak of honest mud on the face of one who recognizes the mark of grace on another. They read on. The mother murmured aloud. " 'Your article transported me for more than a whole day. . . . I have agreed with you and argued with you. . . . Some of your conclusions are, forgive me, indefensible. . . . So much on my mind that I've decided to take up. . . . If you feel you can reply, could you possibly do so next month, as I'm allowed only one letter a month and I'm taking a chance and electing one from you. . . .' "

Harriet seemed to read more slowly, perhaps wishing to bring to life in her own comprehension the quotations from Piaget and the shy touches of wit (directed against the writer himself) and sarcasm (directed against the prison warder who would censor the letter). Written in a cell. Sitting on a prison bed. Or did prisoners—white ones, at least—have a table? A window with bars and steel netting (she had seen those, driving past prisons). A heavy door with a warder's spy hole behind the bent back of the writer. "D'you remember what he looked like?"

Her mother was very confiding. "Funny enough—I do. You know what a newspaper addict I am. I can see the photograph that was in the papers often during the trial, and then when he was given that ghastly sentence. Twelve years. . . . A neat, strong—a *skeptical* face. Short nose. A successful face—you know what I mean? He didn't look fanatic. And no beard. Big dark eyes and a brush cut. More like an athlete—one of those pictures of swimmers, after winning a race. Perhaps it *was* taken when he'd been swimming—a photograph dug up somewhere, probably from his family. I wonder how he managed to get hold of your article. Well, I suppose that sort of academic journal could have been in the prison library. But how did he have our address?"

Harriet showed the envelope, forwarded from the journal.

"Well, it's really rather nice to think that something you wrote has given a breath of life to someone like this in prison, darling? I told you, you expressed yourself very well—"

The girl smiled. "I've never even read Piaget."

Her mother had not touched the letter—only read it over Harriet's shoulder. She held muddy hands away from her sides. Piaget was dismissed: "What does that matter? You're going to write to him?"

Harriet was waving the letter slowly, as if drying the ink on it. "I suppose I must."

"Poor young man. You forget they're in there. Read about the sensation in the papers . . . and then the years go by." Pat Haberman looked at her hands, at the plastic boxes of marigolds; her nostrils moving at the rind-bitter, weedy scent of them, she recalled what she had been interrupted at, and got back on her knees.

"HOW could one refuse?" Pat Haberman flattered the dean goadingly with an assumption of the shared courage of one's convictions. She and the dean often talk in lowered voices—although no one can hear them in his inner office, where he dictates letters—of the problems of their grown-up children as well as the equally confidential problems of personality clashes among the medical-school staff. There was—no doubt, although she wasn't going to bring it up with Harriet—the likelihood that one's name would go into some file. Certainly there was a record of everyone who associated in any way with a political prisoner. Even if the prisoner wrote to one out of the blue. Even if one had never so much as met him.

Among friends, or at friends' houses where Pat met new people, there were often appropriate turns in conversation at which she could remark how wonderfully Roland Carter, already four years inside and eight to go, kept his spirit unbroken and his mind lively, could still make jokes—her daughter, Harriet, exchanged letters with him. This remark would immediately "place" her and her daughter in respect among people who did not know them. Sometimes she added what a pity it was that more people who talked liberalism didn't make the effort to write to political prisoners, show them they still were regarded by some as part of the community. Did people realize that in South Africa common criminals—thieves and forgers—were better treated than prisoners of conscience? Roly Carter (after the first few letters, he had begun to sign himself simply "Roly") would get *no* remission of sentence for good behavior.

She read Roland Carter's letters—or, rather, Harriet read them aloud to her—but of course she didn't read those Harriet wrote back. Not that there could be anything particularly personal in them; Harriet had never met the fellow, he was married anyway (Pat had gone to a newspaper library, where a friend of hers worked, and looked up the file on his trial), and her letters, like his, would be read by the prison censor. But Harriet was a grown woman; Pat had always respected her child's privacy—in fact, had taught her, very young, that one never ever read anyone else's letters, even if they were left lying about. Harriet typed her letters to Roland Carter; maybe she sensibly wanted to show the authorities at Pretoria Prison that all was open to inspection—no ambiguities concealed by illegible handwriting, her law-abiding motive in the correspondence as clear as the type. Pat supposed that the letters she heard being composed—Harriet typed slowly, there were long pauses—were much like the letters that came from the prison: two young people with shared interests exchanging views on education in Africa. There could be political implications in the subject, heaven knows, but Roland Carter seemed to assume—and get away with his assumption—that the names of educationists would belong to too specialized a field to be on the list of leftist thinkers familiar to a prison censor.

BETWEEN TWO TRACKS

Between two tracks of boxcars, closeness
is a clear eye, far from the crushed stones
that admit to nothing, maintaining a Railroad.
They're all empties, doors open, and to look into one
introduces a confusion that lingers
and becomes another part of the protected space.
Warm hands in warm pockets.

At the waterfront the tracks are clearer.
Everything is twilight. The blue, flecked metal
illuminates the threads of my overalls. I want to ask
of the outstretched rails, of the utility poles,
their slow fan over Washington Street, Marion Street.
But their decisions have already been made.

The yellow blear of a taxi. Its wind lifting
the particular debris of our happiness:
playing card, paper cup, fake eyelash
trailing cool shadows to the water.
The zillion bubbles singing,
filtering upward like ghosts of flowers
that bloom on the slanted surface and stop singing.

Until pointless, I imagine I can go on
hearing them, calmly, up Western Ave.
The crosswalk beneath the bridge is dark
before the darkness fills it. The faraway sounds
of old things loosening unease me
like reluctant portions of too much I have hidden
stirring in my thickest skin. In the doorway
of Bob's Corner Café I wonder how long
it will take to focus. I hear a cough
and the rasp of a lighter. Somebody laughing. The blur
of small talk. I think about my nerves,
the strangeness and predictability of not wanting
to die here with a Tuesday Night Special: oxtails
and dry rice, dabbed with gravy.
The warm air, of detergent and grease. My favorite table.
My favorite dark corner.

—RALPH ANGEL

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One Sunday morning, while the two women were writing their Christmas cards, Pat remarked that she supposed prisoners would be allowed to receive cards.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

Harriet rarely initiated anything—a stillness in her was undisturbed by, quiescently agreeable to, her mother's suggestions. "We can try."

Christmas; another year of prison beginning behind those walls. She read through the messages printed on the cards she had bought. *Peace and joy on Christmas Day. Good wishes for the festive season and may the New Year bring every happiness.* She leaned back in her chair and blew softly through her lips.

Her mother was working efficiently: cards, address book, sheets of stamps. "Are you short? Here, take one of these."

Without reading the message, Har-

"When Harlan zaps people, they stay zapped."

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riet wrote her name below it on a card that showed an otter surfacing amid ripples—sold to benefit some wildlife-protection society. Pat signed, too; Harriet must surely have mentioned in one of the letters that she had a mother?

Pat remembered to buy Piaget in paperback for what she still thought of as a stocking stuffer, although it was more than ten years since Harriet had been young enough to have a stocking.

PAT HABERMAN likes to work in the garden for an hour after she comes home from work in the afternoon. When the evening newspaper flops through the slot in the gate onto the grass, she looks at the headlines while guiding the jet of the hose with her free hand. She feels at this time of day and in this (she knows) frail set of circumstances—the soothing hiss of the water, the nearness of sunset bird-calls, and the distance of the traffic breaking beyond the reef of the quiet suburb—a balance. She ventures out to earn her living every day but is no longer one of those truly out there, driven by adrenaline and sex hormones, surging along, black skins, white skins, inhaling toxic ambitions, the stresses of solving, of becoming—and what? The hour from five-thirty to six-thirty is an illusion of peace in middle age, just as the innocence of Cape-thrush calls and the freshness of leaves spattered by water from the municipal supply are an illusion of undestroyed nature. Yet while she holds the nozzle of the hose against the snaking energy of piped water's pressure and reads that a diplomat has been kidnapped, that oil has again been ransomed in the holy money war between the Arabs and the West, even that leaders of the black workers' walkout at a steel foundry in the city are being detained by the police, there is this interlude of feeling herself regard from a base of the calm and eternal what is feverish and constantly whirling away. Later she will read the paper with the background knowledge, the watchfulness, the sense of continuity with statements and struggles of black and white that reassert involvement and rescue her from that strange, pleasant lapse—dangerous white suburban amnesia.

Harriet is out there; she is not deafened by the music in the discothèques, she is not afraid of becoming addicted to drugs. The crack with which the white personality splits and threatens to dribble its endowment like a pomegranate is a long way off for her, and perhaps there won't be time enough left for it ever to happen. When she comes home she is on the telephone, or putting in some work on her thesis, or washing her hair preparatory to going out again, in the way of young girls.

On an evening like any other, the headline Pat saw at once was not the boldest banner; that had to do with a leap in the price of gold. This headline was across a double column to the side of the front page; she read it as she picked up in her wet hand the paper from the grass she had just watered. Three long-term political prisoners had escaped from Pretoria Prison. The second name was that of Roland Carter. They had all been locked in their cells as usual at 4 P.M. The warder on night patrol had been fooled by dummy bundles placed in their beds. Their disappearance was discovered only at 7 A.M.; possibly they had a ten- or twelve-hour start on the countrywide search, the border-post and airport checks set up to catch them.

Washing her hair: it was over the basin in the bathroom that Pat found Harriet. The girl looked up to see her mother’s face swollen with the sensation of what she had to tell, in a whisper, shoulders hunched: “He’s out.” Pat drew a slithering breath of glee and hugged the paper. “He’s escaped.”

While Harriet read the report, her mother was giggling, shaking her clasped hands, unable to keep still. “Isn’t it great? Good for them! Marvellous! It shows you—with enough courage, people never give up.” She speculated over the spitting steak in the pan, and between stove and kitchen nook, where they ate: “How many hours to Swaziland? But to the Botswana border—they could be there in five. Supposing they broke out by midnight, they could have been across before the dummies had even been discovered.” Harriet was sent to fetch the A.A. map out of the glove box in Pat’s car. “Here’s to Roly”: Pat clinked glasses with Harriet, the girl who had kept his spirits up, faithfully written to him for more than a year. The bottle of wine Pat had opened stood next to the map, and various convenient borders were traced from the central point of Pretoria. The men might be on a plane to Europe by now. From Maputo in Mozambique; from Gaborone in Botswana. If they were making for Europe via Zambia, they probably hadn’t arrived in Lusaka yet. The radio was clicked on for the news at nine; there was no news: still at large—free. Free!

“What will they do to him if they catch him?”

The girl’s question sounded unfair. “Oh what has he to lose? I suppose some sort of deprivation, solitary confinement. He had nearly seven years in there still ahead of him anyway.”

The girl depended on her mother, so well informed about the strategies of prisoners on the run and their pursuers. “The police wouldn’t shoot them?”

Her mother bunched her mouth, frowning, shaking her head in total reassurance of the absurdity of the idea, as she had when withholding from the child something unpleasant she surely didn’t need to know. The thought—*only if they were to resist capture*—was transformed: “They’d go back where they were, that’s all.”

Pat appeared at six in the morning, when the first news of the day was broadcast, gliding into her daughter’s room with the transistor nursed beside her ear. The curtains were still drawn. Harriet opened her eyes and lay on her back, obedient but not awake. Pat raised her eyebrows high and held up her free hand to stay any distraction when the radio voice referred to the jailbreakers. On the second day a warder had been taken into custody on a charge of aiding and abetting. “Naturally—without help from inside, how could they have managed? And there must have been brilliant contingency planning—”

“What’s that?”

“People outside, ready for weeks or even months, maybe, to act at a given signal exactly as decided upon. Cars, a hideout, money—maybe they’ve even split up, for safety.”

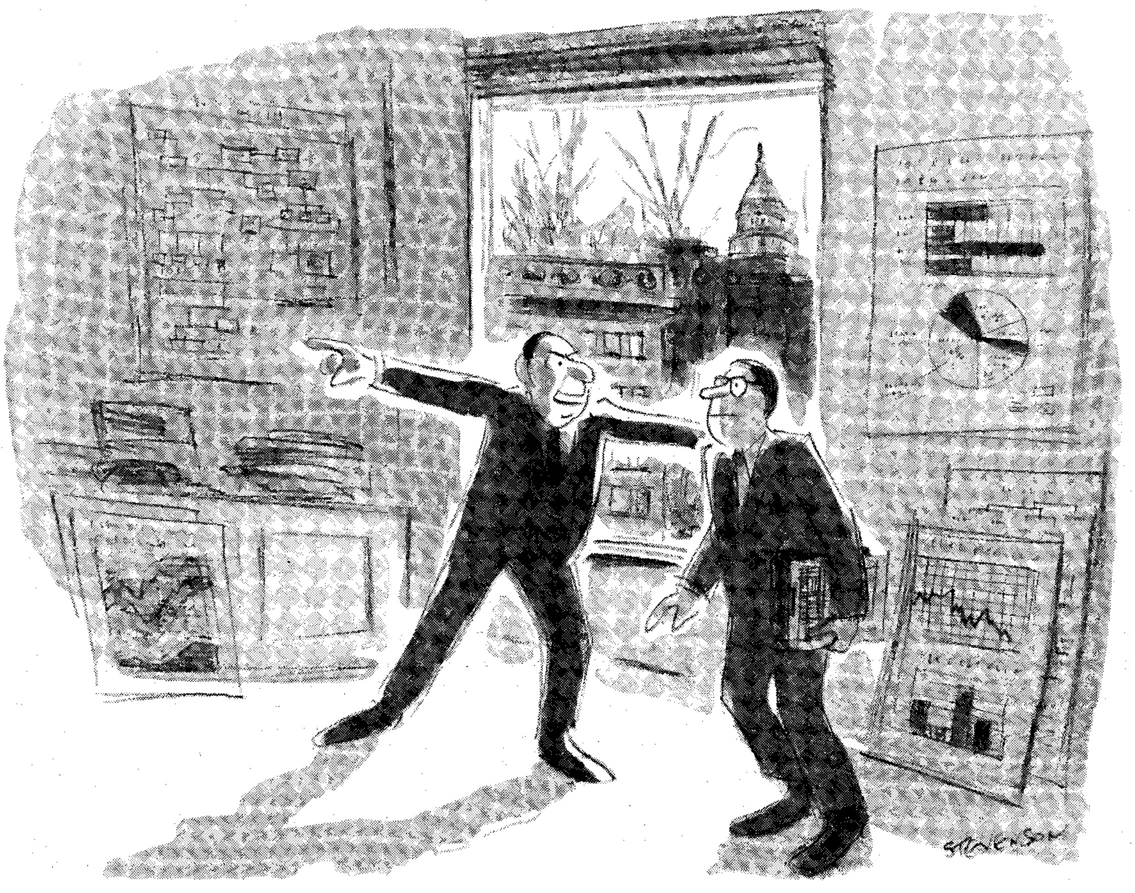
Harriet slowly came to, out of that deep, helpless morning sleep of the young, who are never tired at night. “Not his family.”

“No-o! Good lord, no. He wouldn’t dare get in touch with *them*.”

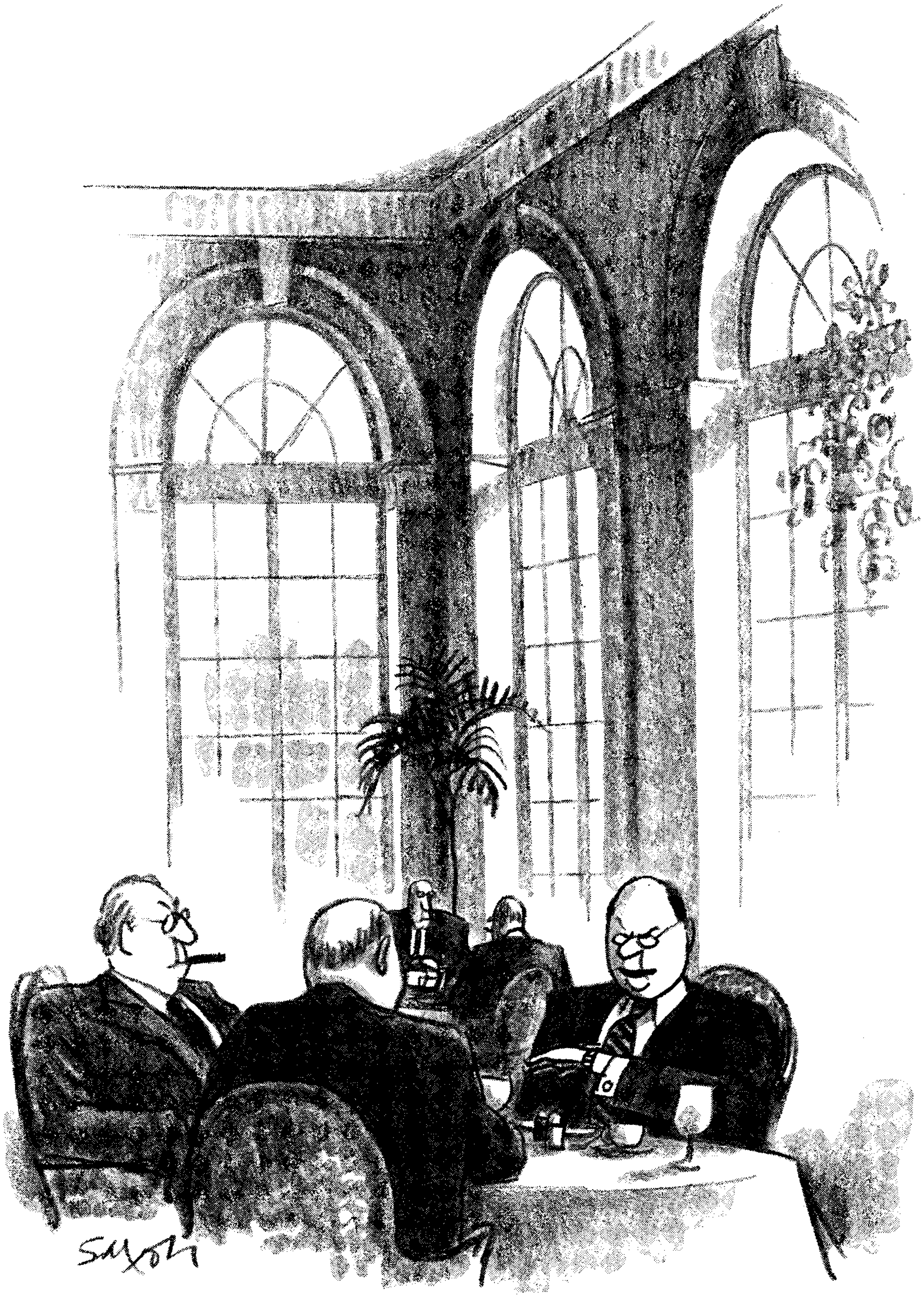
“Who?”

“I don’t know—associates; it’ll be all set up. People they can trust. Maybe from abroad. Somebody could even have been brought into the country specially. . . .”

After a week, the three escaped men were still at large. At first the radio repeated the same news: that they were believed to be heading for a neighboring country. Then no mention of them was made at all. The newspapers rephrased the little information the police had released; the authorities in the neighboring countries of traditional political refuge denied that the men had entered their territories. The warder appeared in court, was charged and remanded. There were rumors that one or another of the three had been seen in Gaborone, Lusaka, or Maputo. “Refugee



“Get in there, Denby, and cut fat!”



"I should get back early. I'm supposed to be on the warpath."

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circles" and exiled political organizations in London were "jubilant" but would make no statement until the men were safely out of Africa.

"One of them's the young man Harriet used to write to—Roland Carter, you know."

The dean had heard about that correspondence often enough. "I shouldn't be too eager to spread that piece of information if I were you, Pat. The next thing, you'll have the police coming round."

She tugged smilingly at her earring; at his lily-liveredness. "They've read all the letters. She's got nothing to hide. They're welcome."

But the police didn't come; and still the men were not captured. Pat and Harriet Haberman did not know enough about Roland Carter to keep talking of him at every meal they shared. Pat had asked Harriet whether there was ever any kind of inkling, anything at all in the letters that suggested he might . . . ? Nothing explicit, of course, but one of those oblique chance remarks one sometimes lets slip, could let slip, even in a letter that was going to be read by a prison censor? But Harriet said there was nothing she could think of; nothing. "You read the letters, Mum."

It was so. Yet pulling up the petunias and marigolds that she grew for summer and digging over the earth in preparation for daffodils and freesias, Pat heard or mouthed phrases from the letters. People of the same generation understand things differently from the way they are understood by another generation. Turns of phrase. Vocabulary—words change meanings (take the adjective "gay"). The phrases presented themselves to her from somewhere. As she dug and then forked and raked, hearing a sizzling in her ears, closer than the birdcalls, from the dizzying effort, sometimes she had the feeling that *he* was thinking of her, rather than she of him—although he didn't know her, it was not to her he had written. She most likely never had been mentioned; if he had not been allowed to receive the Christmas card that time, he might not know she existed. Somewhere out there in the distant traffic, the traffic of the world, their prisoner, hers and Harriet's—he existed as another being, who was no longer a prisoner. He suffered, perhaps. He hid. He was hungry, and hunted. Literally: they used dogs with faithful names like Wagter, Boetie—Watchman, Brother—who attacked on command. He prowled in those swamps of the city, the Hillbrow bars where everybody was immigrant and a stranger, the drinking places of blacks in urine-smelling lanes where nameless whites could buy pot, or he yanked again and again at the handle of a fruit machine, bullying luck, one among the crowds in their uniform of humorous T-shirts in a casino across the border, his danger ticking for him, a parcel bomb left in a gold plastic bag of exactly the type their women carried. Her grip on the commonplace and eternal, taken with this earth that she handled, lost its meaning. It was only dirt her hands were coated in, as a black servant's hands are coated with white gloves when he waits at table in certain pretentious houses (Haberman's). Somewhere out there beyond her garden, a suburban burglar alarm went hysteri-

"Gerald has any number of flaws, but so far none have proved fatal."

cal and there was the flying wail of ambulances and police cars. The bulbs she had saved from the year before were going to be buried in this cloying, suffocating earth and would live again, but when a human being is at last shut in it, she will never break out.

She had begun to check the doors and windows before turning out her bedroom light at night. She held her breath, moving in Harriet's room, but the girl did not know she was there. She bolted the gate, which they had never bothered to do, and since she was sure to be awake first in the mornings, could unbolt it again before her daughter got up. Once, Harriet complained that her room was stuffy; she had found her window shut. Yes, her mother had thought she'd heard something—that old tomcat who used to jump in and had once pissed against Harriet's dressing gown—so she had got up in the night to close it. They laughed a little at the reminder of the dreadful cat.

"With the window shut, the smell still comes back."

"I'm sorry, darling. I'll shampoo that bit of carpet again."

If Harriet noticed that all doors and windows were locked now, she said nothing. One early morning when Pat went across the lawn in pajamas to slide back the bolt, the morning paper was not on the grass—it must have fallen backwards through the slot. She opened the gate. The paper was there outside, on the pavement; as she bent for it, her eyes were on a level with a bundle that had been left half concealed (if you had been upright, chances were you would have missed it) by the jasmine that incorporated in its thicket an old wire fence between the garden and a lane that divided their cottage from the next property. Placed, not left. The unisex clothing in a tramp's bundle was Harriet's jeans, the too big pair she hardly wore, the Mykonos fisherman's sweater from her trip, the men's thick socks it was a fad for young girls to wear with clogs. In just this way Harriet had put out milk for the fairies (or stray cats?) when she was a little girl. She had believed in the Easter bunny when on Easter morning she found chocolate eggs hidden like this. . . . The paper Pat held carried a report from reliable sources that the Russians had planned and executed the prison break and the three political prisoners were believed to be already in Moscow.

Whether Harriet had taken the offering back in again herself, or whether one of the white tramps or black out-of-works who frequented the lane had had a windfall, the bundle was not there two days later. Pat said nothing—just as, long ago, she hadn't wanted to make the child feel foolish.

ON the evening a man appeared at the open kitchen door, Harriet did not know who it was, but Pat Haberman recognized him instantly. Hiccups of fear loosed inside her. They were uncontrollable, but her body stood there and barred what was beyond the limit, more than could be expected or asked. He saw she knew him, drew down a smile in acknowledgment of the claim he represented, and, stepping inside, said, "You are alone?"

And at that, Harriet stood up calmly as if she had heard her name called, and went to close the door behind him.

Liquid flashes like the sweeps of heat that had gone through her blood at fifty took Pat to her bedroom. She locked that door, wanted to beat upon it, whimper. She went and sat on her bed, hands clamped together between her thighs. The walls that closed her in were observing her. She tried not to hear the voices that came through them—even a subdued laugh. She stood up and paced out the room with the hesitancy of anguish. To do something with her hands, she filled a tooth glass at the washbasin and, a prisoner tending his one sprig of green, gave water to the pot of African violets for what she had done, done to her darling girl, *done for.*

—Nadine Gordimer

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9. Reporting Requirements: Federal agencies and designated major operating components (as described in MD-702) are required to submit their sexual harassment plans to the Office of Government Employment, EEOC, 60 days after the effective date of this directive.—*Equal Employment Opportunity Commission management directive.*

Crazy.

OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS

PAINTING: A JOURNAL

On August 3rd [1894], the son reports, [George Inness] walked out to watch the sunset: "Just as the big red ball went down below the horizon he threw his hands into the air and exclaimed, 'My God! oh, how beautiful!' and fell stricken to the ground."—*Alfred Werner, "Inness Landscapes."*

JUNE 5, 1980

AT 6 A.M.

THE yellow window shade, pulled down, shivers with the breeze, flaps into the room, falls back, slaps against the sill. On its surface, floating shapes leap, contort, divide, coalesce, darken, fade. The sun is throwing shadows of a birch tree's branches. The leaves nearest the window transmit shadows that are quite precise; the more distant ones are pale and blurred—abstract. Wind shakes the tree beside the house: the shade trembles; the shapes skitter through new mutations. A branch scrapes the window screen—a sound like a paintbrush on fresh canvas.

In the grainy half-light, on this rectangle three feet by four, in these first moments of the day, there is already too much to see, and this is merely a window shade—one plane, one color, darker here and lighter there.

When the shade is raised—it flies, clattering upward on its roller—the new day bursts through the open window: a landscape ignited by the sun. Sliced into fragments by the birch, there are chunks of sky, clouds, trees, grass, flowers—a chaos of colors, values, shapes, contrasts, shadows, depths, and distances.

AT 7:30 A.M.

THE studio is down the road a quarter of a mile from the house. A five-minute walk. In the distance is the sea. The dog knows where the path is, and plunges into the undergrowth; disappears. The studio is nearly invisible from the road, although it's only twenty yards away. It is necessary to duck under low, overlapping, fanlike branches of shrubs, wade through wild mint and tall weeds heavy with dew, step over dead branches. The earth snaps and crunches underfoot: twigs; pink and brown leaves from many autumns. A dank smell; on either side of the path, the land turns to bog—skunk cabbage, ferns, mud, gnarled swamp maples, and blueberry bushes. The path widens. Streamers of sunlight slant down, catching the elephant hide of a maple, dappling the ground. It is like being on an ocean floor. Thirty feet above, wind is thrashing the treetops: the sound of waves. Down here, it is still, except for the pools of light idly shifting on the ground in response to the wind above. The path ascends, twisting between three small mounds of earth that are thick with wild grape, honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, and bull briar. Delicate tendrils, curling upward, have encountered the lower branches of a maple and attached themselves, braiding strangulations. As the path emerges from the tangle, the dominant color changes from green to blue: a full dome of open sky above a sandy clearing full of wild flowers, some waist-high, some in bloom, some not—yellow daisies, black-eyed Susans, asters, butter-and-eggs, poison ivy, yarrow, Queen Anne's lace, goldenrod, joe-pye. On the perimeter: bayberry, blueberry, birch. A mosquito whines by. The dog waits at the entrance door of the studio, a small wooden structure with a skylight. Vines have climbed the rough, splintery boards. White asters glow in the building's shadow. There is a soft slap-slap. Looking back through the woods, one sees moving fragments of pink and yellow: a jogger passes on the road.

THE STUDIO

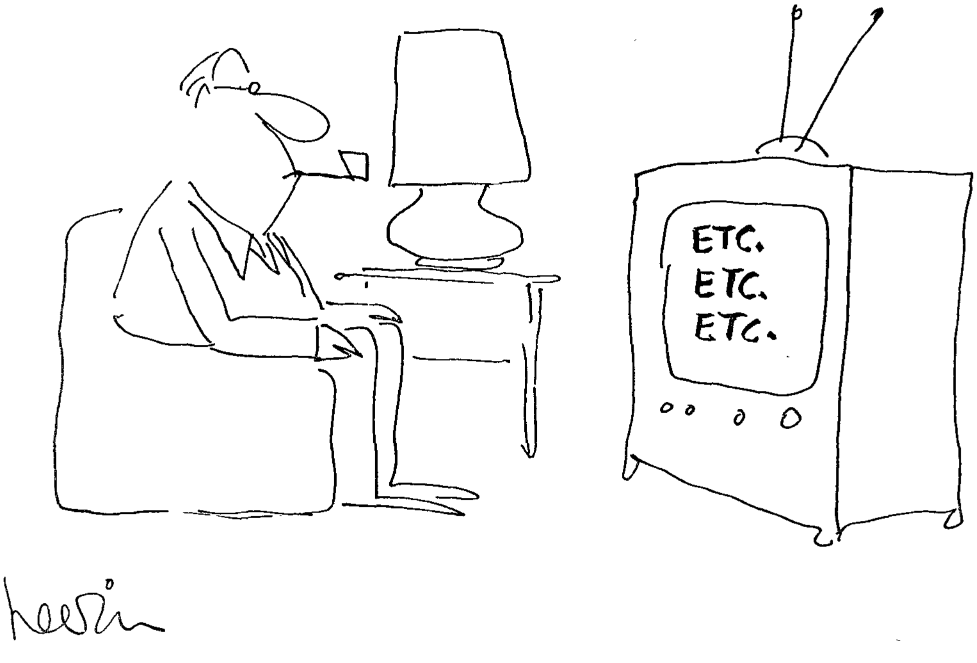
THE floor is plywood, four-by-eight-foot sheets, with grain like rivers: ripples, whorls, eddies, free-flowing in places, then gathering into agitated rapids, dividing around the knots, flowing on again. The walls are unpainted pine boards—more rivers—each one distinct in color and design. The rising sun finds the cracks between them, enters in dusty shafts, lays slats of light on the dim floor. At the northeast corner is a large glass sliding door giving on the east, and at the southwest corner is one giving on the west. Both doors have inner Venetian doors, and the northeast one, the entrance, is also screened. The skylight—eight by twelve feet—is on the west slope of the roof, above the exposed rafters. It is made of translucent material; from it a soft, diffused light descends.

THE CANVAS

AN empty white canvas, held in place by a nail below its wooden stretcher and a nail above, waits on the north wall.

SOUNDS AND SMELLS

THE room smells of turpentine—heavy, rich, mysterious, heady. Sounds: The dog's toenails on the



floor. Birds chattering outside. Screech of unscrewing the plastic cap on the bottle of turpentine. The turpentine glopping into an empty Campbell's soup can. The wooden handle of the brush clattering inside the tin can.

Hammer and Nails

The hammer and a bunch of nails lie on a table next to the turpentine can, brushes, palette, pencils, scraps of paper, sketchbooks, tubes of paint. You can't improve on a hammer or a nail. When, in the act of painting, one is depleted by the elusiveness of nature—nothing is flat, nothing is even, nothing is straight, nothing is black, white, or any single color, and the eye will always try hard to avoid passing this unwelcome information on—and worn down by the evanescence of color and light, and exhausted by airless introspection on symbol, ambiguity, and meaning, and frustrated by the failure of eye-hand coördination or by the simple inability to see ("It's white." White like flour? Ashes? Snow? Bone? Detergent? Milk? Whitecaps? Swans? Eggshells? Newsprint? Vanilla ice cream?), then one can take a new, empty canvas, hold it to the wall, grab the hammer, and drive some nails to hold it in place. *Slam! Bam! Bam!* The canvas trembles, the wall shakes, the room echoes, the bottle of turpentine jumps, the brushes jiggle, the dog wakes up, old paintings tumble from the walls: the crashing of a summer thunderstorm that, passing on, leaves a sparkling day.

Seasons

Cézanne said (and, since painting is a silent and solitary occupation, one may as well select the voices that one hears), "To paint a landscape well, I must first discover the geological foundations." Winter is the easiest time to paint. The geological foundations are more visible, the trees are leafless, the colors resonate under dark skies, and the whole may be unified by snow. Summer, on the other hand, is hell.

The Subject

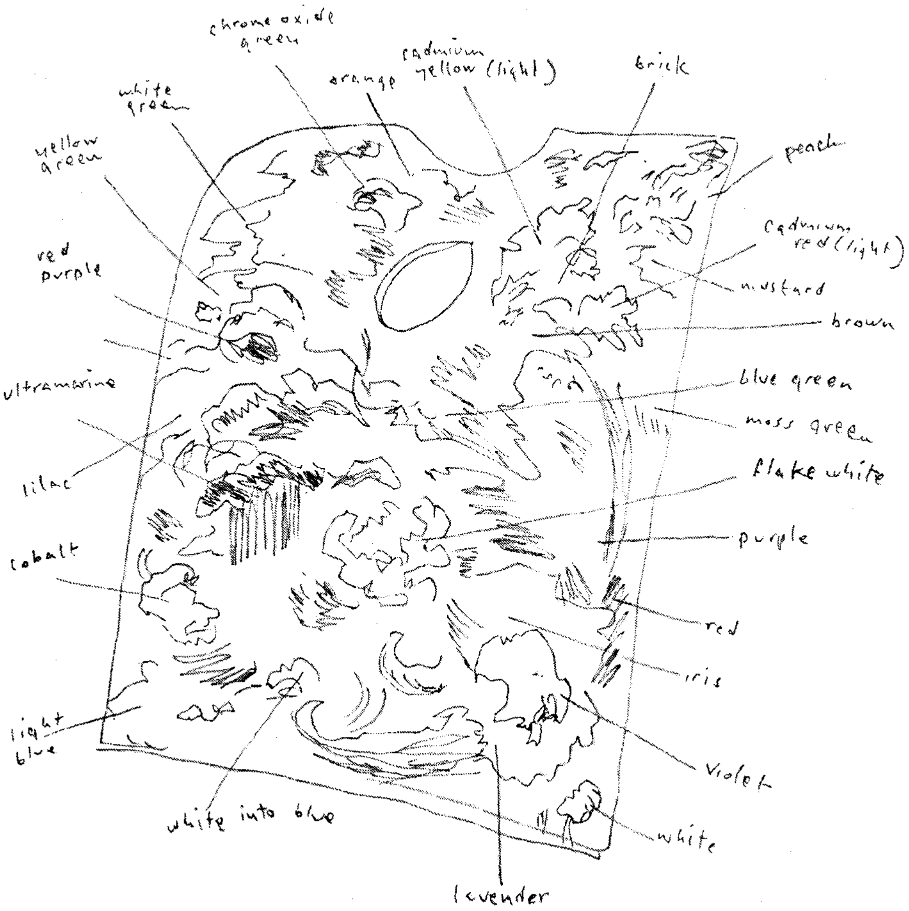
After a while, one begins to believe that everything in the world is a subject, and a damn good one.

Sketchbooks

Observations; notes; aids to memory. Until you draw a picture of something, you are apt to be dead wrong about what it looks like. (Photography doesn't help much; it shores up your initial imperception, and confirms it. If you don't see something the first time, you won't see it in the photograph, either.)

The Palette

The palette lies on the table: a moonscape of encrusted paint; hard lumps of muddy color. The once bright mountains of red, blue, yellow, and other colors have eroded, slid down toward one another, blended with white, and frozen into pools of uncertain hue. Yet when one opens a shiny tube of paint and squeezes out pure, gleaming color, curling it over the strata of old failures, there is a moment of hope.



Wipings

Next to the palette is a piece of paper for wiping the brush and testing colors. During painting, no attention is paid to this paper at all; it is simply swiped at repeatedly, unconsciously. It accumulates dozens of short strokes of various colors. When a picture is finished, it is saddening to discover that the canvas is dull, rigid, and lifeless compared with the small painting that has been inadvertently created at the same time; that this one displays all the excitement, brilliance, and vitality the other lacks.

Mixing Color

Most of the things we learn by rote (7 × 8 = 56; *eram, eras, erat;* Lexington, Park, Madison, Fifth; Mozart, b. 1756, d. 1791) diminish in relevance with time, but a few don't. *Red and green make brown.* That will remain absolutely magical forever. It was stunning news a long time ago, and it's news now.

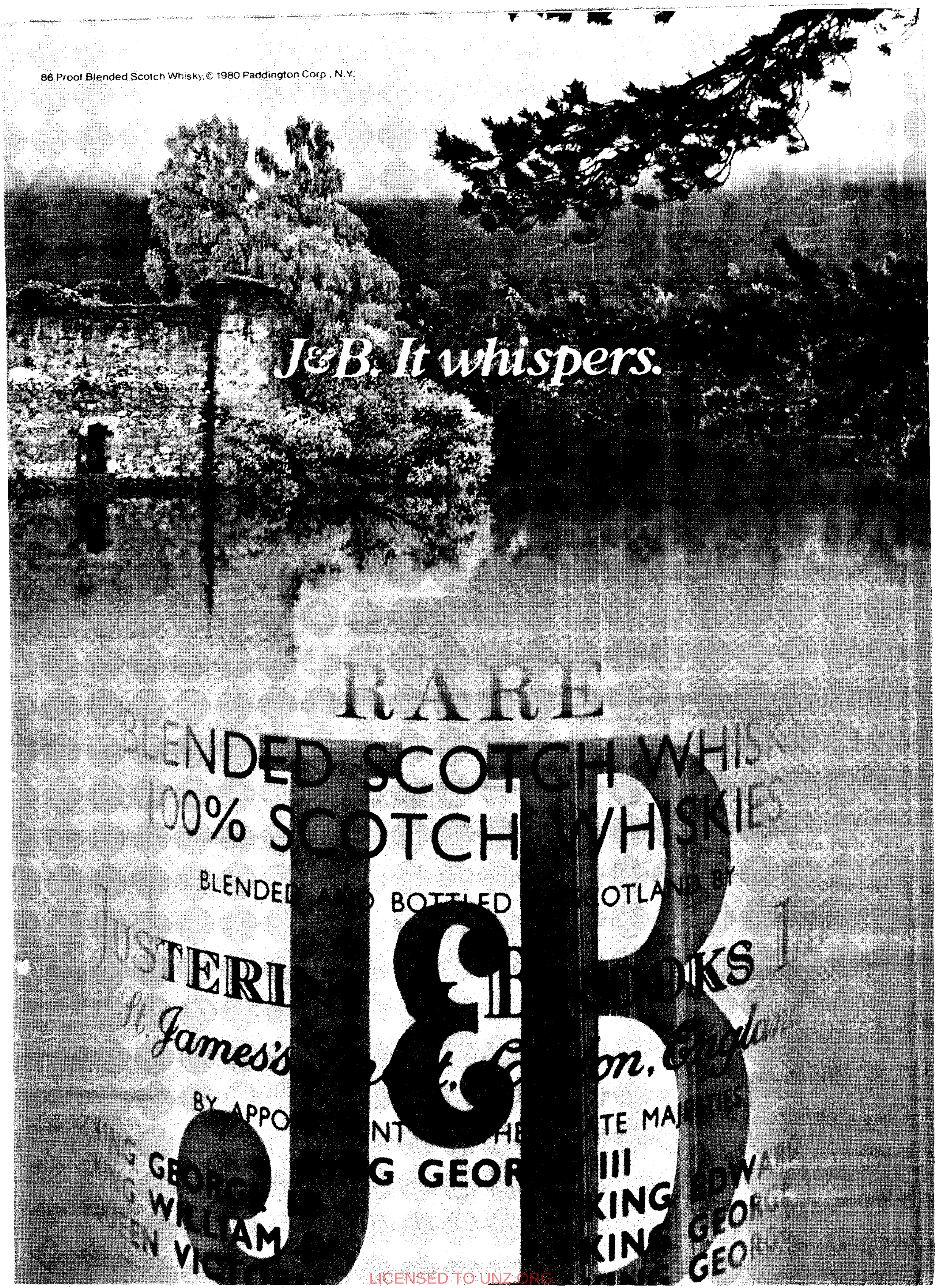
The Paint

Winsor & Newton; Grumbacher: old companions who have been in attendance at every painting. Yet who are they? Newton, one imagines, is probably the business one. Up four flights of squeaking, ill-lit stairs inside a tottery, fog-festooned brick building in Swackenham, old Newton perches at his high desk, a thick wool scarf around his trembling turkey neck, scowling down over tea-stained ledgers at his partner.

"Where *have* you been, Winsor, you bloody twit?" Newton croaks, tapping his pocket watch with a bony finger. "Some idiot has pasted 'Cobalt' labels on all the tubes of Alizarin Crimson."

"Don't let's be beastly, Reg," replies

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky, © 1980 Paddington Corp., N.Y.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Winsor loftily, tossing his boater onto a stack of Series 7 sable brushes. He has just breezed in from the country with a packet of still damp watercolors, depicting meadows and cathedrals, under his arm. "I happen to be an *artist*."

Meanwhile, in the Grumbacher factory in Berlin, rows of white-uniformed employees stand at attention, chanting "*Ja, Herr Grumbacher!*" as the burly, bald-headed owner announces the colors of the day:

"*Saftgrün!*"
"*Ja, Herr Grumbacher!*"
"*Kadmiumgelb!*"
"*Ja, Herr Grumbacher!*"
"*Cölinblau!*"
"*Ja . . .*"

A THOUGHT

AS one prepares to paint a picture, it is a temptation to feel that one is suiting up in the locker room of High Purpose High. When the subsequent painting begins to bog down, and the symbols precede the reality, and it all turns into a solemn, sweaty soul-wrestle in the spotlight of History, it is refreshing and consoling to pause and remember what a friend of Vuillard's once wrote about that marvellous painter: "In Vuillard's company, life smiled and took on its most peaceful aspect."

THE START

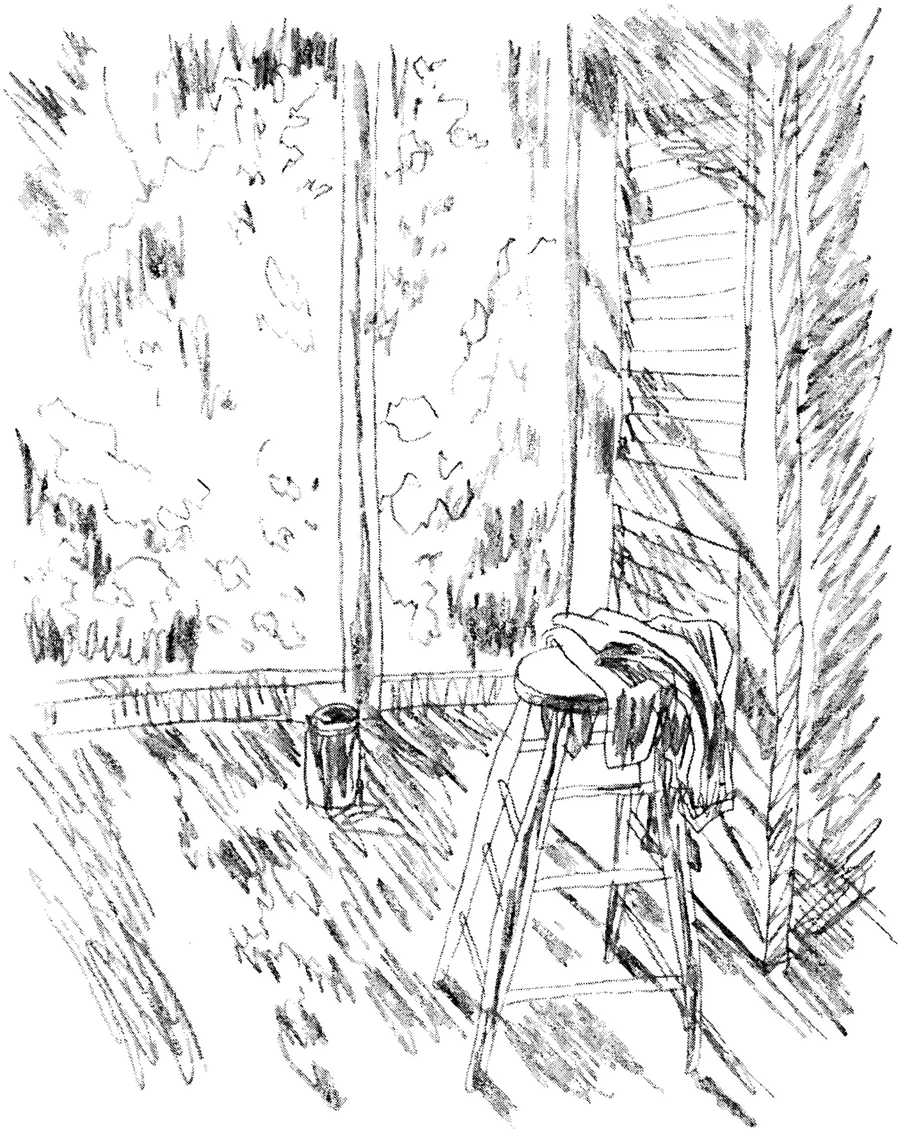
THE first sweep of the brush across the big white canvas is an act of intense sensuality: there is a scratchy, scraping, hollow sound as the brush moves over the slubs and bumps of the weave. A line of color follows the brush; the whiteness divides; a shape occurs. The brush goes to the palette, seeking colors. It is erotic, affirmative, joyful.

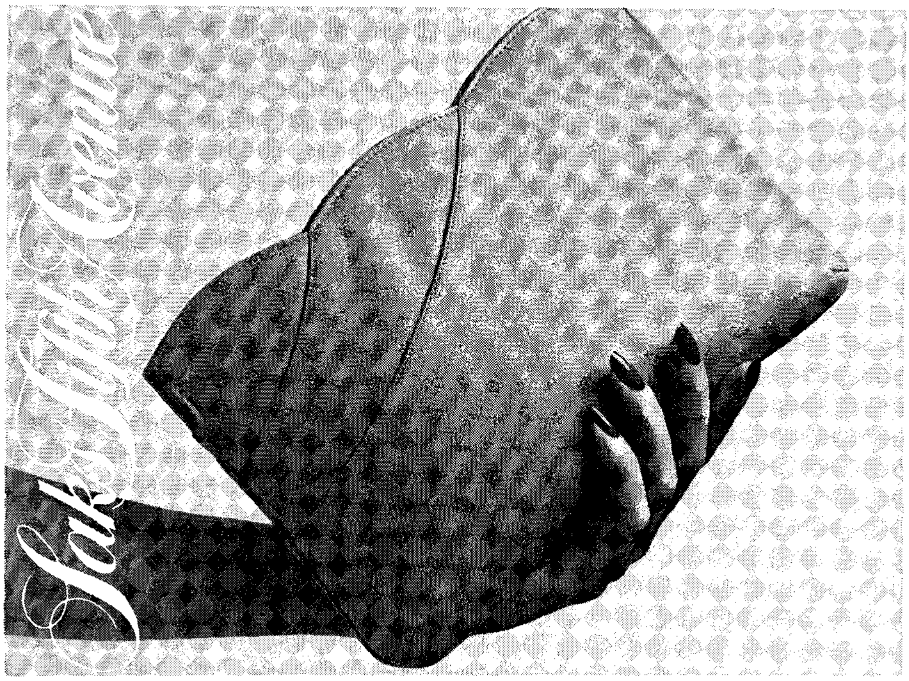
OLD PAINTINGS

HANGING from nails around the walls, resting on beams, leaning here and there are a dozen paintings or so, under surveillance. They alter with time. The one that once seemed bold now blusters. The one that was so subtle is merely timid. How about the rich, vigorous application of paint on that one? Clumsy and crude. Some of them improve. Others reveal surprises, accidents, lessons learned: the way leaves interact with sky; how branches emerge from deep shadow; how two colors seem right when they are placed together. Sometimes there is a painting that simply seems to work; why is a mystery. The only clue is the memory of the feeling one had while painting it.

THE DAY

THE light is changing second by second. The sun is rising through the trees, flaring through the highest branches. A moment ago, the floor was in shadow; now it is streaked with sunlight and the stretched-out mosaic of leaf shadows. The open Venetian door to the east had dark zigzag shadows at the sides of its slanted vanes, black vertical lightning—now they have disappeared, and the underside of each vane is dark. Part of the northeast glass door was fogged with dew, washing out the heavy blue-greens beyond it; the sun selected several bull-briar leaves—brilliant yellow-green—but the undergrowth was dark, and the trees, too. On the screen door now, there are patches of light, bringing out the pattern of the mesh, and on these areas there are shadows (gray? lavender?), and through the shadows is visible the foliage itself, both in shadow and in light. There is a frenzy of multiplicity: planes behind planes, shapes within shapes, colors over colors—all shifting, changing. The light pours into the room; the legs of the stool by the northeast door send long shadows across the glowing floor to solid shadow at the back. This solid shadow slides forward as the sun goes up, and the stool-leg shadows contract. Painting involves a swinging back and forth between intellect and feeling, order and impulse, knowledge and discovery, observation and intuition. The flood of sunshine through a door; the rigid doorway itself. The even seams of the floorboards; the tremulous shadows floating over them. In this room, the light comes in that





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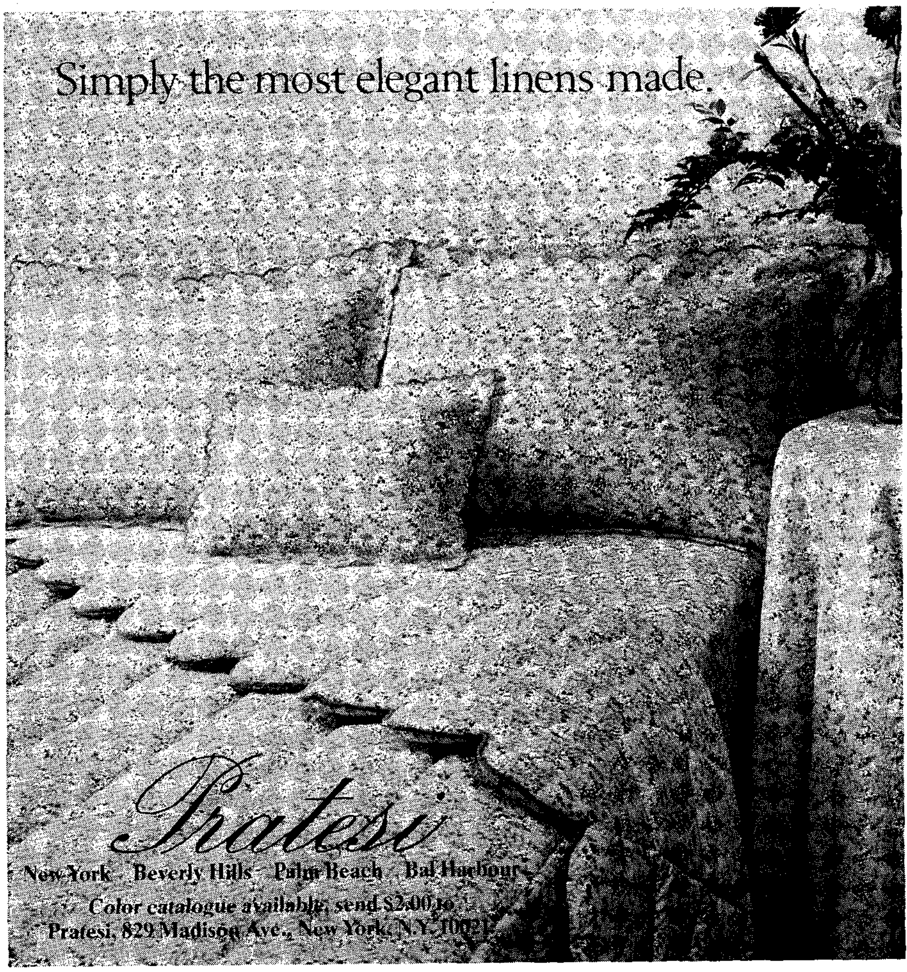

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northeast door in the morning; the sun moves overhead; the light retreats through the very door it entered by. Later, the light will come in the other door. The building will cast its shadow across the bushes to the east, a lengthening shadow. Over the day, an equity of light and dark will have taken place, and, in the dusk, resolution.

GOING HOME

THE dog is glad to leave, and leads the way. Above the road, enormous white clouds ascend an intense blue sky. The wind carries the smell of lilacs. Glistening yellow buttercups and white clover are flung at random over a green field. A glimpse of tumbling gray-blue sea between houses in the distance, whitecaps racing. Exuberance, disarray; reckless vitality. One thinks back to the pallid rectangle of canvas on the studio wall, its plodding design and tepid colors. A seagull floats out of the treetops and veers toward the ocean.

—JAMES STEVENSON

•

THE STRANGE DEATH OF RUPERT BROOKE

(WHAT SECTION OF THE TIMES D'YA READ?)

Though he was treated as a war hero, Brooke died of food poisoning before ever seeing action. As Mr. Lehmann points out in this very good book, he had, all through his life, very little resistance to infection. Like the world he was made to represent, he was too delicate to survive the 20th century.—*Anatole Broyard in the Times.*

Brooke's wanderings ended when he joined the 2nd Naval Brigade, wrote the five sonnets on which his reputation now rests and died on his way to the fighting, of sunstroke and blood poisoning that resulted from an infected mosquito bite on his upper lip.—*Doris Grumbach in the Times Book Review.*

•

> The highlight of today's proceedings came when the court played a tape recording of a speech Jiang made to the Peking Opera Troupe in September 1968. "I tell you, Liu Shaoqi is a big counterrevolutionary, a renegade and a trahtnr,&& Jh'nf b'n bd hd'rd tn r'x nn thd rbr'tbhx,f'ddd rdbnrding. "He deserves to be sentenced to death, to die by a thousand cuts."
>
> Jiang's sole response to the recording, portions of which were broadcast on Chinese television, was to acknowledge that the voice was hers. But she added, "I can't make out the contents of what I am saying."
>
> —*Washington Star.*

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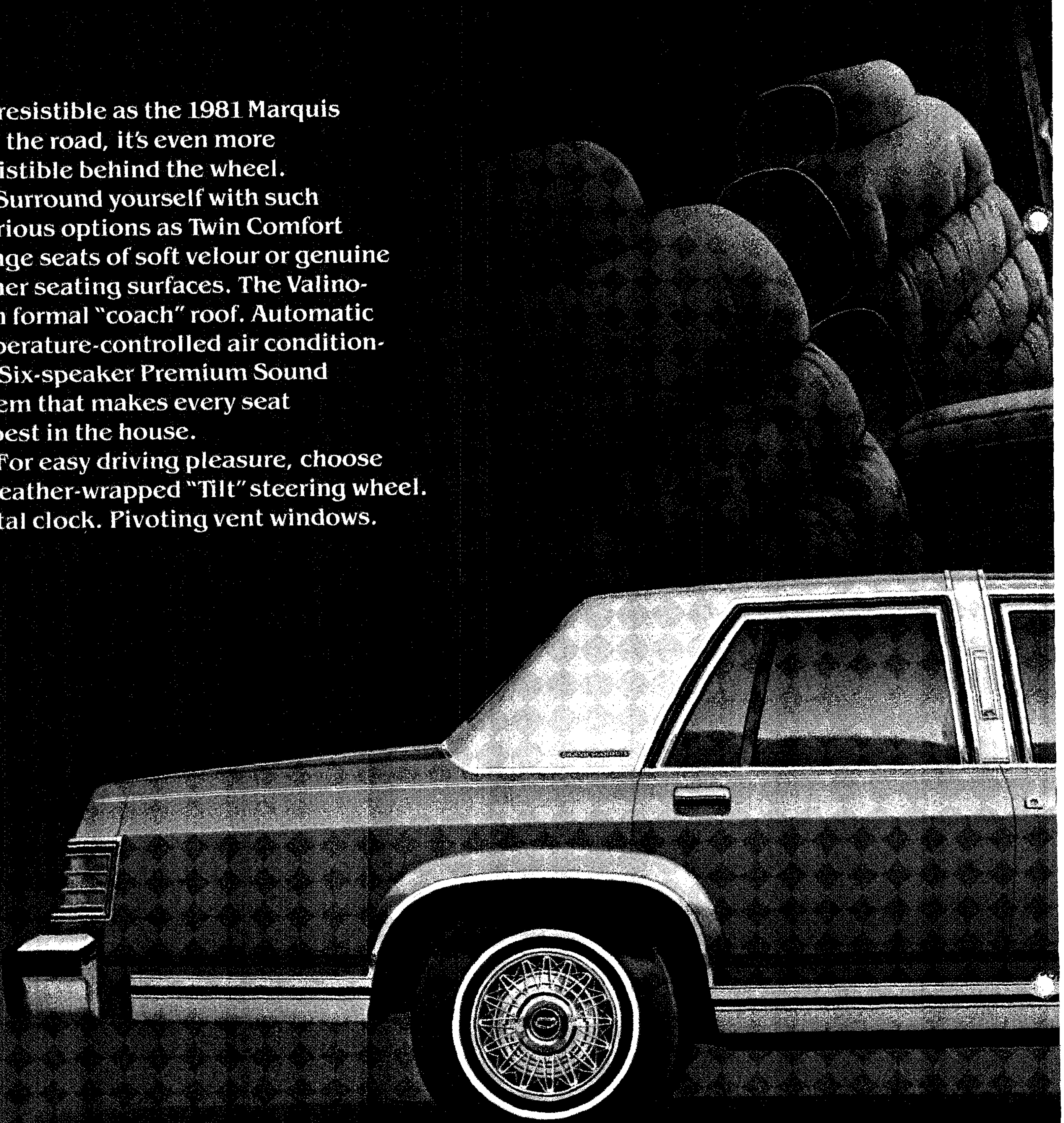

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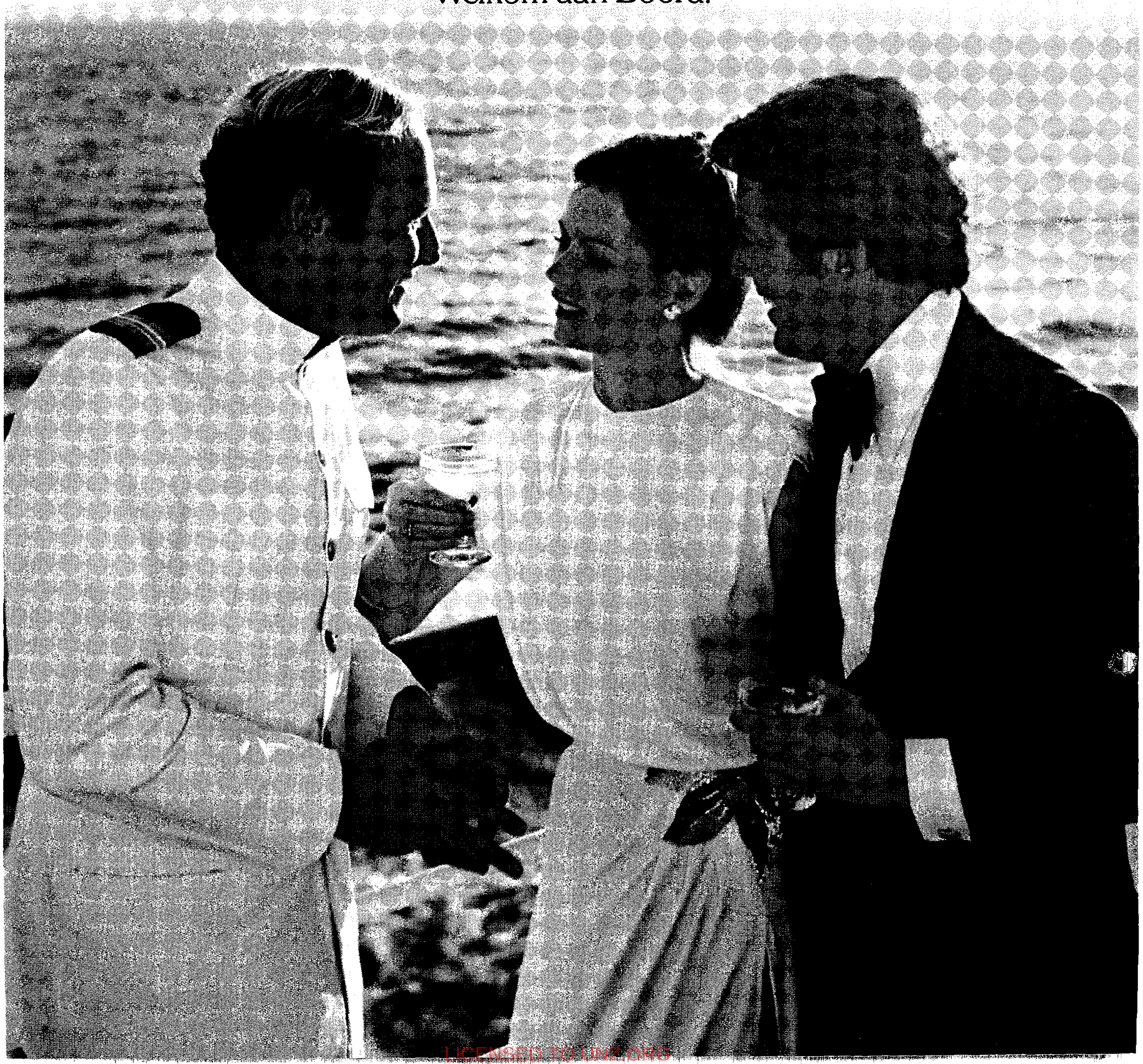


THE THEATRE

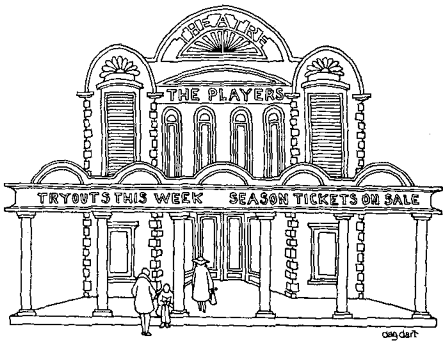
Kid Sparrow

THE celebrated French chanteuse known as Edith Piaf was born in Paris, in 1915, on a sidewalk in the slum district ironically called Belleville. Her real name was Edith Gassion; her mother was a café singer and her father an itinerant acrobat. At fifteen, she was already earning a grubby living as a singer in the streets and in music halls. She had a child, who died in infancy, and in 1935 she enjoyed her first considerable success at Gerny's cabaret, the proprietor of which nicknamed her *la môme piaf* (the kid sparrow). Soon she became a big hit on the radio and started performing throughout Europe; she paid her first visit to the United States in 1947, and from then until her death from cancer, in 1963, she was one of the greatest of international stars, whose innumerable personal tribulations—drugs, drink, automobile accidents, unhappy love affairs, and the like—were reported upon at length in the gossip columns of fifty countries. "Piaf," which opened last week at the Plymouth, is an extended gossip column by Pam Gems—a show-biz "This Is Your Life" documentary, dependent upon nothing more subtle than chronology to sustain our interest in a life that was nearly always more pathetic than tragic.

As a play, "Piaf" is rudimentary to the point of seeming an undergraduate parody of some lost original Greek drama; actors and actresses rush on and off the stage to convey critical items of information, but they have little existence except as messengers. The Second World War breaks out, and look! There are German soldiers (two of them, to be precise) in Paris. A few moments later, it must be peacetime again, because Piaf is screaming imprecations about the nature of her bookings in America. Thanks to the large cast and to the many crudely abbreviated scenes, dress, and not acting, becomes the means of characterization. A repellent caricature of Marlene Dietrich in drag sweeps into view and then vanishes, after a peremptory hug, and Piaf's most prized lover, the boxer Marcel Cerdan, fares no better—we deduce his occupation and his personality from the fact that he wears a boxer's robe. As for Piaf's woman secretary, she is surely a coldhearted prig—why else would she be wearing a tailored suit?

Inept as "Piaf" is as a play, it is made worse by the production it is receiving here. Miss Gems has chosen to convey a sense of the French street language that the young Edith Gassion spoke by writing the dialogue of the play in Cockney English, unrelievedly bespattered with obscenities. It is understandable that this device succeeded when the Royal Shakespeare Company put on the play in London, but it is grotesquely inappropriate to a New York audience, especially in the light of the fact that almost everyone in the cast except Jane Lapotaire, who plays Piaf, is an American and must simulate a Cockney accent. If Miss Gems' strategy in respect to translating argot is of any value, then Piaf and her fellow-Parisians should be speaking Brooklynese at the Plymouth, and not Cockney. But I have my doubts about the strategy itself, and they are increased by our knowing exactly how Piaf pronounced French in the many songs she recorded; having just listened to a dozen or so of these songs, sung in conventionally correct French, I wonder whether in real life Piaf continued to employ the gutter accents of her extreme youth. One thinks of Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward, and of how, never forsaking the robust vocabulary of the class into which they were born, they went on to speak an English even grander than that of their social superiors, who sometimes imitated them.

The reason to see "Piaf" in spite of its notable defects is, of course, Miss Lapotaire, who is an irresistible performer. Neither her appearance nor her voice resembles Piaf's, but it doesn't matter; she is able to convey joy, misery, and the bearable agony of love with an incandescence of spirit that reaches beyond the sorry material at her disposal. (With a single exception, even the eight or ten songs she sings are far from being Piaf's best.) She is given much aid by Zoë Wanamaker, who plays Toine, a lifelong friend, and, for a few moments toward the end of the play, by David Purdham, playing Théo, the last of her lovers. She is also aided by the bleak impoverishment of David Jenkins' setting (a microphone, a table, some chairs, an upright piano), by Beverly Emmons' lighting, and by Julie Weiss's costumes. As director, Howard Davies has had to confine himself largely to the management of an efficient pattern of traffic; a gridlock of actors has been adroitly outwitted.



What a life Piaf had! Perhaps someday a play will be written that does it justice. Meanwhile, and not least for the pleasure we may take in the elegance of the writing, let me quote an account of her death, by Janet Flanner, plucked from "Paris Journal, 1944-1965":

> Edith Piaf died at seven o'clock in the morning in Paris, and a few hours later on that same recent Friday her friend Jean Cocteau, in his nearby country house at Milly-la-Forêt, suffered a final heart attack, provoked by the news of her demise, and himself died at one o'clock. Yet at noon his incisive, familiar voice, already quasi-posthumous, was heard on the national radio among the hastily collected *hommages* to Piaf's memory, saying, "She died as if consumed by the fire of her fame." This epitaph for her had, in fact, been premature, originally prepared and recorded by him a few months earlier, when, as had been frequent lately, she seemed to be perishing and was given up as lost. . . .
>
> In their opposite places in the French entertainment world, Piaf and Cocteau were known to millions, and in many cases to the same millions, both being legendary *monstres sacrés* for which the French public, from its intellectual summit to its sentimental depths, tends to share an appetite. In her last Paris triumph at the Olympia Music Hall, all that was left of Piaf was all that had ever counted—her immense, infallible voice, which rose to the roof, carrying its enormous, authentic outcry of banal phrases of anguish over lost loves, and poignant despair of happiness that would never arrive. Ravaged, ill, bundled in her customary modest black dress, her pallid little moon face set in its sad, nocturnal smile, she tottered—her thin legs supporting her in faltering obedience to her courage—across the stage to the microphone, to which she clung, and then her voice, that great remnant of her life, burst forth.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

No Tears in the Bronx

"WEEP NOT FOR ME," by Gus Edwards, being presented by the Negro Ensemble Company at Theatre Four, is a portrait of a black family in the South Bronx whose lives are deteriorating as inexorably as the neighborhood they live in. Several stories are told to the accompaniment of ambulance and police sirens and the constant sound of a drill outside the family's apartment, where all the action takes place, yet the strength of the play is in its mood and its depiction of a kind of life in which people become so used to horrors—to drugs, rape, incest, and even murder—that they are almost casual about them. These are the sort of people who are often made the subject of worthy documentaries on public television, yet Mr. Edwards, writing with irony, humor, and understanding, insists upon their complexity and their humanity and, above all, their spirit. The members of the family are a retired Army sergeant named Jake; his wife, who makes a cuckold of him every night of her life; and her grown son and three grown daughters, whom Jake has raised from early childhood. The son, Willy, is trouble; a drug addict and a dealer in drugs, who is subject to crazy bursts of rage, he spends each night in the bed of one of his sisters. She is a wild thing, too—a pretty model, who makes one triumphant entrance carrying a magazine with her picture on its cover, to the boundless joy of all. Another sister, gentle and kind, has returned home after a bad marriage to marry a young man whom she has always loved. The third sister walks around in a kind of trance, still in shock from having been raped. Time after time, we watch these people tearing one another to bits, yet the family feeling is pervasive. The mother—who, by her infidelity (known to all of them), dropped the first stitch—is cool and pulled together. (Ethel Ayler has never looked or seemed more elegant.) Despite an incongruous stream of foul language that pours from her lips, she is sympathetic and reproachful when her children are rude to one another. (The language, by the way, is as rough as any I've heard on a stage, yet it is never used for cheap effect; one never doubts that this is exactly how these characters would speak.) Jake, subtly and forcefully portrayed by Bill Cobbs, is a study in despair and spiritual impotence; he has long known about his wife's lover, and he sees what is happening to her children, yet he is convinced—almost to the end, when everything explodes—that there is nothing he can do. "You are beyond redemption," he says at one point. "The whole place is going down like Germany." The play, for all its sad and harrowing and even frightening moments, is never grim; there are tender scenes and funny scenes. Nor is it short on plot and action—I feel I must tell you that a couple of guns are brought onto the stage—but its principal interest (for me, at any rate) is in its characters.

Although "Weep Not for Me" lacks the power and artistry of Ed Bullins' plays about slum life, and although there are a few lumps of undigested exposition, it has merit, and, under the expert direction of Douglas Turner Ward, every moment is believable and alive. Seret Scott, Elain Graham, and Phylicia Ayers-Allen are the daughters; Chuck Patterson is their troublesome brother; Sarallen is a woman friend and Brian Evaret Chandler her son; and Robert Gossett appears briefly as the mother's lover. Good scenery, lighting, and costumes, by Wynn Thomas, William Grant III, and Judy Dearing, respectively.

Richard Foreman's "Penguin Touquet," at the Public, is far more lavish than his "Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre," of some years ago, but it is not nearly as larky and entertaining. The show is a presentation of Joseph Papp, of course, and also of Mr. Foreman's Ontological-Hysteric Theatre, which has been in existence for a long time. ("Ontology," according to Webster, means "the science of being or reality; the branch of knowledge that investigates the nature, essential properties, and relations of being, as such." "Hysteric" means hysteric.) There are two principal characters—a woman named Agatha (Kate Manheim) and her psychiatrist (David Warrilow)—and the action, always abstract, can be considered a festival of surrealism and a celebration of the unconscious. The stage teems with tricks of sight and sound (mostly sight), all of them evidence of the inventiveness and iron whimsy of Mr. F. There are instant metamorphoses, as the supporting actors hold up masks or stagger around the stage on crutches or wear dark glasses and carry white canes; and certain objects—gold nuggets, plates of soup, rocks, trays carried by waiters—are seen and talked about throughout. There are also lines, some of them funny ("Penguins have history, soup doesn't") and many of them, as spoken by Miss Manheim, unintelligible. The non-stop activity is accompanied by recorded sound, which tends to get unbearably loud. Never is there a tentative moment; Mr. Foreman certainly seems to know what he is doing. General confusion is the idea. Indoctrination of a sort is at hand in a pamphlet that accompanies the program, but I suggest that you skip it and either enjoy this spectacle or not, without giving much thought to its intellectual content. I was this way/that way about it. In any case, out of sight, out of mind: twelve hours after it was over, I had forgotten most of it. But that's director's theatre for you—or, perhaps, that's theatre of the irrational, which has become a pretty threadbare convention by now. Although the words "penguin touquet" are spoken (clearly) by Mr. Warrilow a number of times, and a couple of giant penguins move on and off, I can offer no help on that title.

"The Captivity of Pixie Shedman," a minor disaster at the Phoenix, is drowned in words (non-vintage)—which are, by the way, very well spoken by the actors. It is about a man who must exorcise his ancestors before he can get started on his own career. He reads aloud from a journal of his grandmother's, in which she tells of her life with his great-grandfather, whose mistress she was; his grandfather, whose wife she was; and his father, whose mother she was—all of whom she viewed as her captors. Her ghost is present throughout the action, and so are theirs, and she never stops talking, in an awful poetic way. The hero is a writer (what else?), and I hope he improves on his grandmother—though I can't say much for his conversation, either. The performances are satisfactory; I especially admired Jon De Vries as Grandfather, Ron Randell as Great-Grandfather, and Leon Russom as Father. The roles of the hero and his grandmother are impossible, but William Carden and Penelope Allen do all that can be done with them. Scenery by Robert Blackman, costumes by Linda Fisher, and lighting by Jennifer Tipton.

—Edith Oliver

•

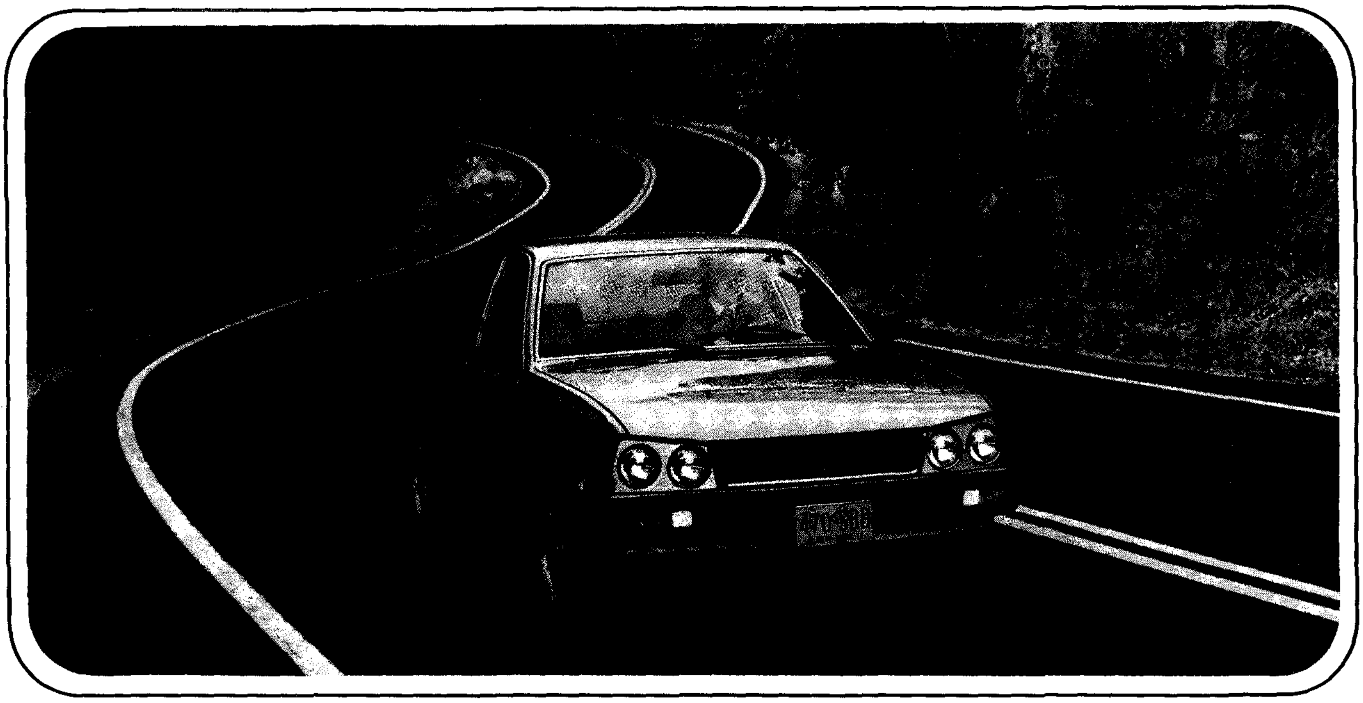
A quote from Evelyn Waugh says "Manners are especially the need of the plain. The pretty can get away with anything."

I read the quote Tuesday morning as I pondered the lead for a column in which I wanted to comment on the restoration of much of the good manners seemingly lost during the stress of the sixties.

Miss Waugh, of course, is half wrong. —*Bignall Jones in the Warrenton (N.C.) Warren Record.*

But we love her beautiful brown eyes.

PEUGEOT



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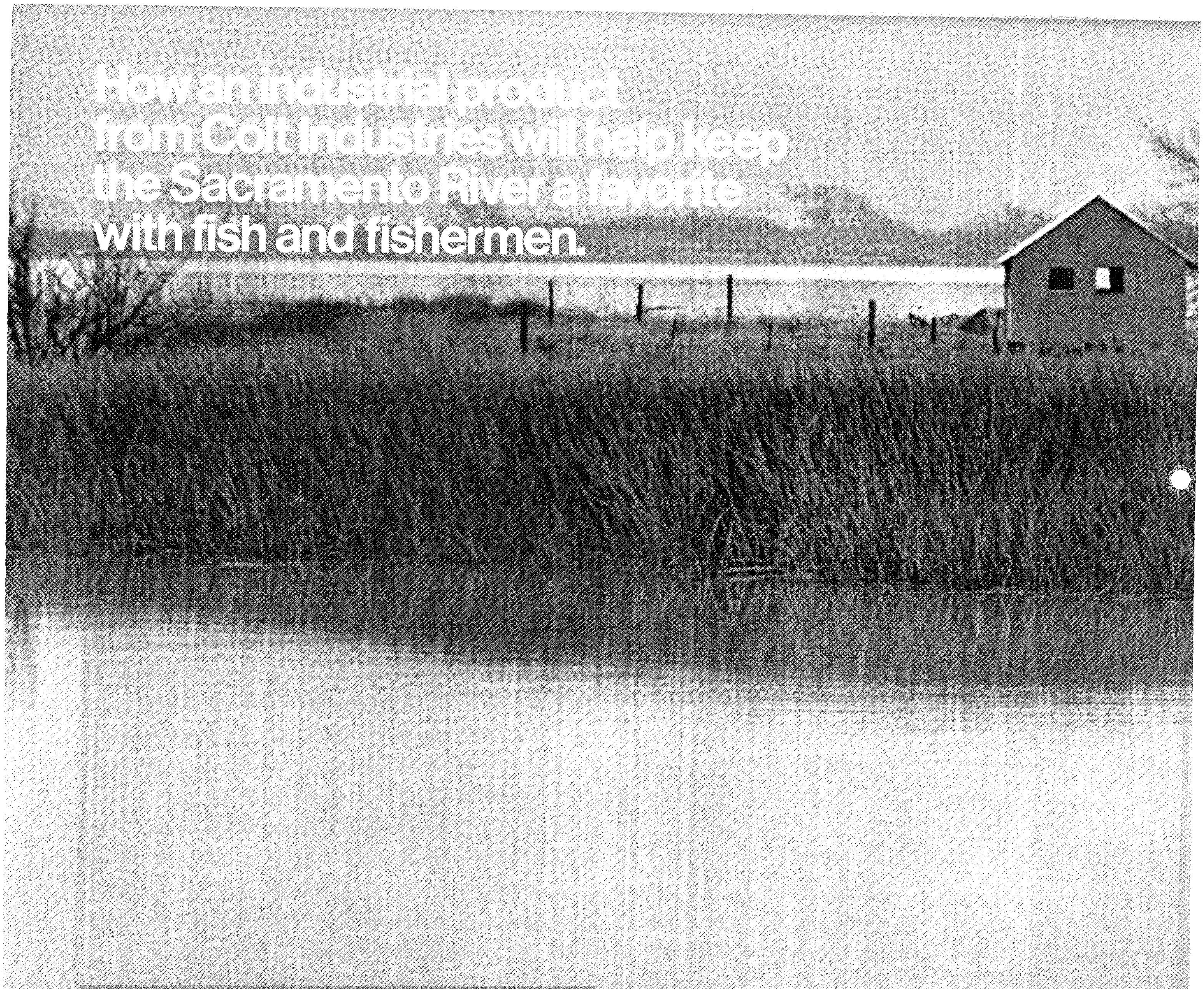

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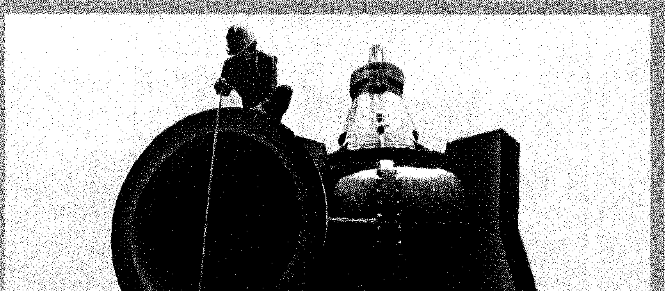

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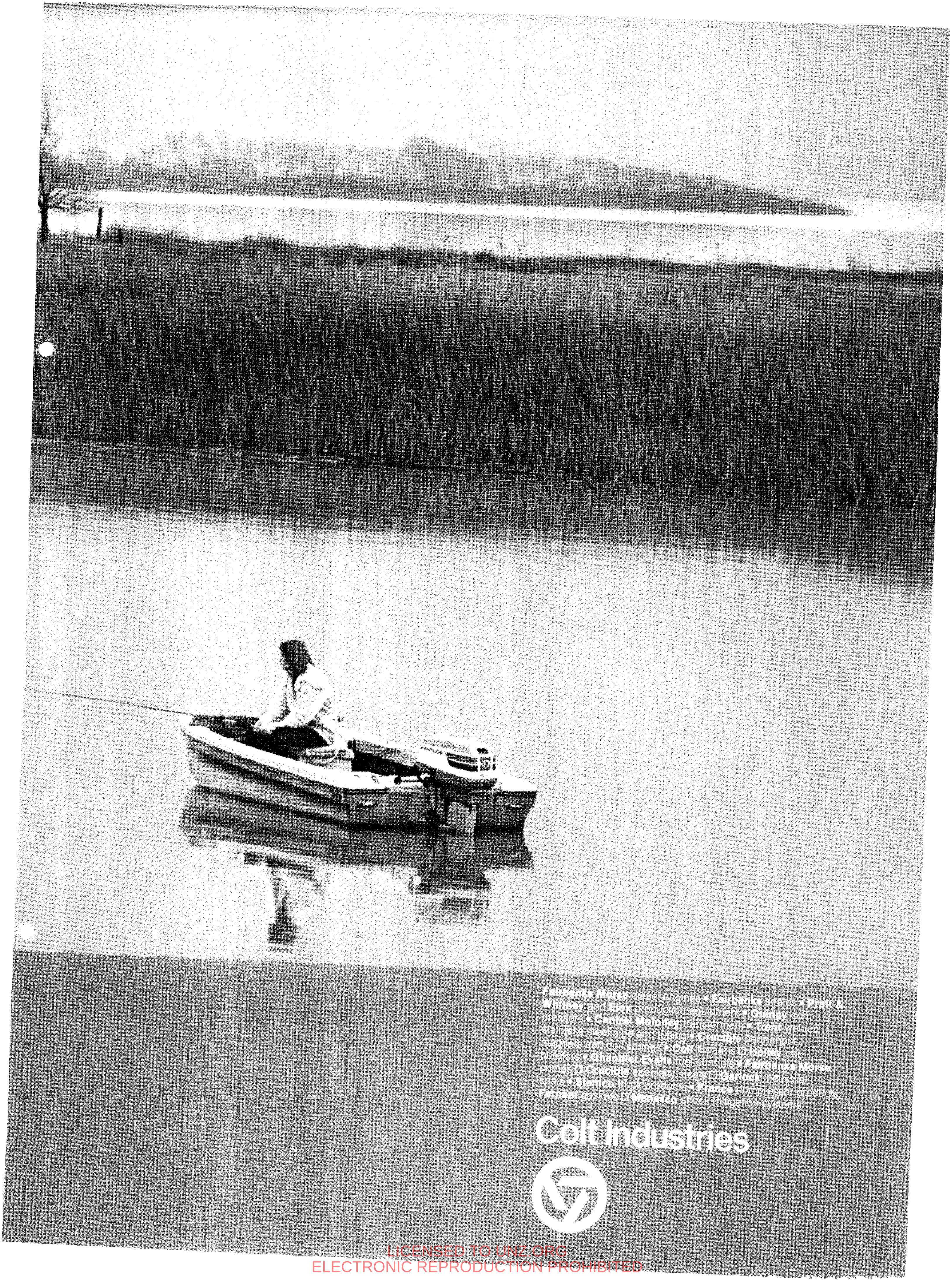

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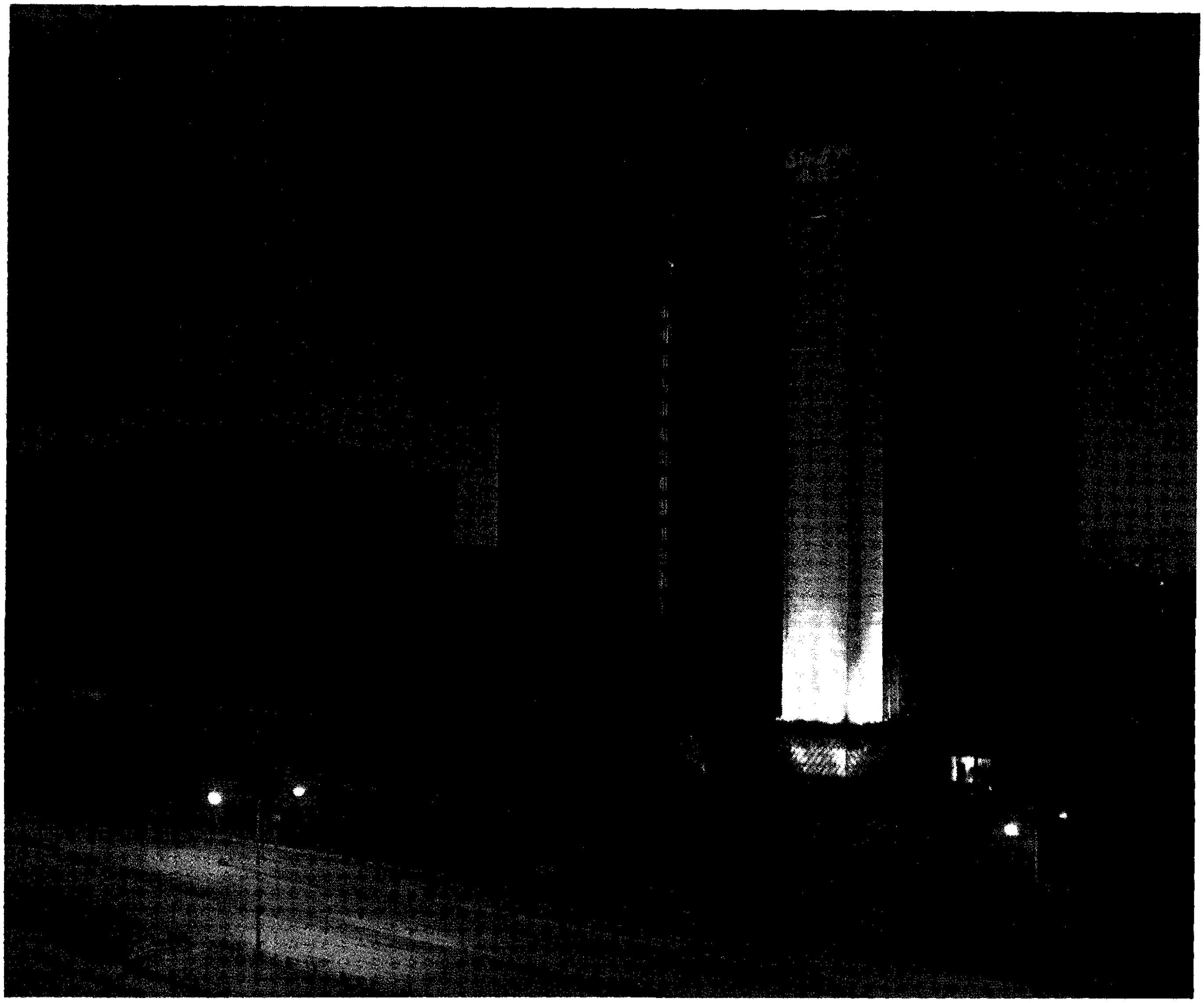

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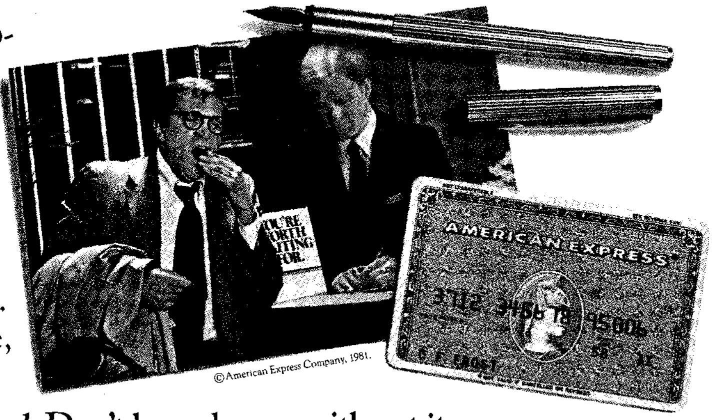

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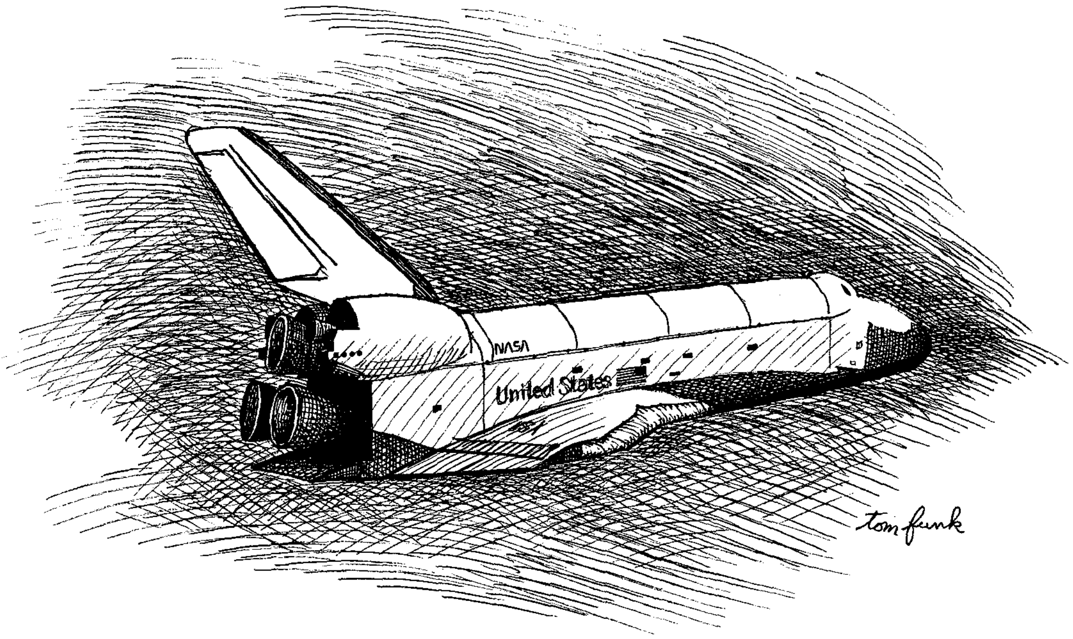
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SHUTTLE—II

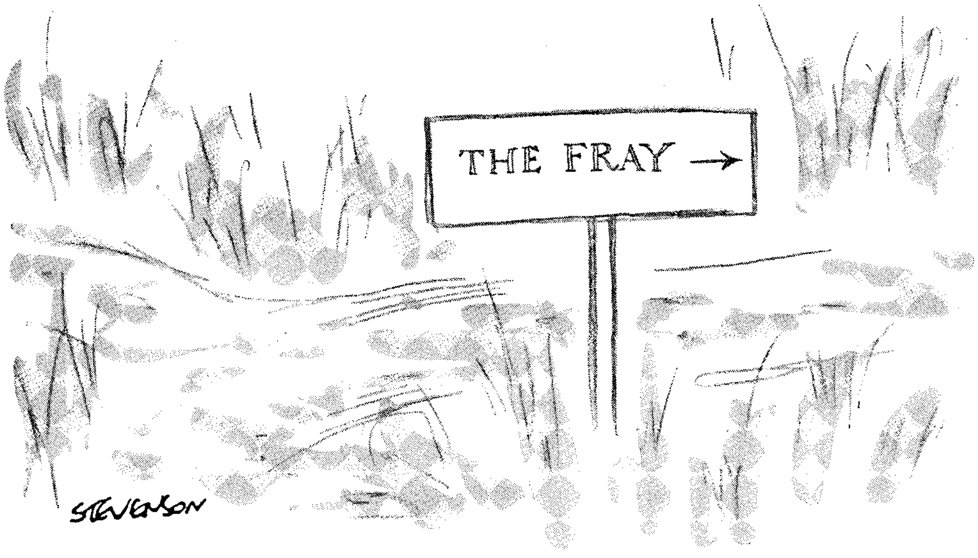


ONE purpose of the space shuttle—the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's first reusable spacecraft, which has a capacious cargo bay for carrying, among other things, satellites to be left in space, scientific instruments, and even an entire laboratory, called the Spacelab—is to offer customers, whether they are individuals, industries, government agencies, or entire governments, the opportunity to develop new technologies in weightlessness, or what has come to be called microgravity. (The term "weightlessness" is now frowned on, because no place in the universe is totally without gravity, which is to say totally weightless.) In theory, certain biological substances—such as those used in the production of vaccines—can be isolated, by means of a separation process called electrophoresis, with far greater purity, and in greater quantities, in microgravity than in gravity; however, in order to do this a new type of electrophoretic separator would have to be developed. Such an invention, NASA suggests, would be of great service to the drug industry. For one thing, impurities are the principal cause of unwanted side effects in many drugs, and the process could even lead to the development of new drugs. New alloys can be made in microgravity, because molten metals can also be made to combine with great consistency. While it is too early to say with certainty exactly what marketable products can be made in space, the more sanguine NASA executives—perhaps mindful that man's first industrial revolution, the Bronze Age, began with the development of a new alloy—hint that mankind may now be standing on the threshold of a profitable technological horizon that might be called the Space Age. American industry, however, has been notably sluggish about embracing these suggestions, in part because it suspects that NASA may be trying to sell it a bill of goods. Though over the years the government has sold such things as bonds and postage stamps, the fact that a government agency is actively trying to sell customers a product or a service, particularly one of such a commercial nature, so apparently unrelated to any usual function of government, is almost as revolutionary as the concept of manufacturing in space. To rent the entire cargo bay of the shuttle orbiter in 1982, the first year it will be available, will cost thirty-five million dollars; to rent the Spacelab that goes with it will cost at least thirteen million dollars more. In addition, there will be the cost of developing instruments and of the salaries of scientists and technicians over a period of several years. Space research is expensive. Most corporations don't have this kind of money lying around, and the ones that do aren't apt to devote it to a research project that might not bring a return for fifteen years, if then. Corporation executives who attended a series of conferences with NASA executives which were organized, starting in the fall of 1978, by the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics say that the larger an investment is, the sooner investors demand a payback; that the more unconventional a scheme appears, the less apt a company is to invest in it; and that in the present economic climate American companies are likely to look ahead shorter and shorter distances.

NASA does its best to calm these anxieties. It needs business as a partner, because Congress has not put up any major funding for materials-processing experiments aboard the shuttle. The total for fiscal 1981 is twenty-two million dollars; NASA wants thirty-two million dollars for 1982, but the Office of Management and Budget will undoubtedly cut this figure down. In response to a common fear voiced by businessmen that by the time a company has learned to make a product in space some other company will have learned to make it less expensively on the earth, one NASA executive recently protested, "Microgravity is fundamentally different from gravity. You can never duplicate its properties on the ground." In response to the charge of some businessmen that NASA got the shuttle before it knew what to do with it, NASA says that it does not see how it could prove the technological benefits of microgravity unless it had the spacecraft first. Maybe the attempt aboard Skylab (which went into orbit in May of 1973) to make a ball bearing in microgravity—a plan in which the space agency had invested great hopes—was a fizzle, NASA says, but then man's first attempt to make a bronze pot probably didn't look like much, either. Urokinase, an enzyme that dissolves blood clots, is produced in a small percentage of human kidney cells. An attempt was made to isolate these cells during the Apollo-Soyuz mission, in 1975. Unfortunately, there were problems with the apparatus used on the mission, and, in addition, many of the cells did not survive the return trip to earth. But these problems can be solved, and the project might be more successful next time. If throughout history man had been daunted by obstacles of the kind that industry throws up against research in space, some NASA engineers say, we would still be living in the Stone Age. They are distressed by what they regard as a "negative attitude" on the part of industrialists, the very people who could gain the most from developing technology in space. Some NASA executives attribute this attitude partly to the recent bad relations between business and the Carter Administration. One, who clearly felt that the space agency was taking flak meant for the Securities and Exchange Commission or the Food and Drug Administration, said not long ago, "Businessmen don't seem to understand that NASA is trying to offer them totally new opportunities." Another NASA executive said, "We want to show industry people what space can do—and encourage them to let their minds wander. It's frustrating, for we can see all kinds of potentialities and possibilities, which need all kinds of research, and no industry wants to do it." For a long time, NASA was particularly upset that no drug company appeared willing to work on the electrophoretic separator; in the space agency's opinion, the development of new drugs is applied research, not basic research, and is therefore industry's responsibility, not the government's. Beyond that, NASA argues that industry has a greater familiarity with its own products than the space agency has, and is therefore better able to improve old ones or develop new ones. Most inventions, it points out, are apt to come not from people outside an industry but from scientists or technicians within it. "With a separator, commercial firms would be able to generate research and development NASA never thought of," one NASA executive, upset by what he saw as foot-dragging by industry with regard to the separator, said some time ago. "*They* are in a better position to see extensions in space for their own research—how to make their own commercial product better in orbit. This is the sort of thing NASA cannot envision for them. Government research, of course, is basic research. But an industrialist might say, 'Let's put our product in the separator and see if we can bring the cost down by a factor of five.' " And Richard L. Brown, who is NASA's manager of commercial space-processing development, said at about the same time, "There is a general lack of knowledge among businessmen of what microgravity is and how it relates to industrial processes. Their thinking is one-dimensional."

NASA has been working hard to raise industry's consciousness. One NASA official who has been actively involved in selling space on shuttle missions is Michael Smith, of NASA headquarters, in Washington. Though the sales figures are disappointing in the light of NASA's plans—some five hundred flights in the next dozen years—Smith, a broad-shouldered, black-haired man with a generally jovial outlook, does not feel that the agency has bitten off more than it can chew. He is fond of recalling that when the first undersea telegraph cable was being laid, nobody believed there would be much use for it, and that three years after it was laid there was too much traffic. "What went wrong was that they had sized the bridge by the swimmers, and not by projecting the new business that would arise from the fact that it was there, and there was for the first time the opportunity to use it," Smith said recently. Clearly, he intended that NASA not repeat that mistake. Reaching for useful analogies, Brown has been making a list of the new technologies that have been most successful. One is the semiconductor industry, which didn't exist thirty years ago; now semiconductors are the basis of the entire computer industry. Another is the photoduplicating process. Brown points out that the first Xerox machine came on the market in 1960, and that in 1980 the Xerox Corporation did seven billion dollars' worth of business and employed a hundred and twenty thousand people. "If out of all space technology we came up with one Xerox, that would be a pretty good shot in the arm," Brown says.

Whatever the relevance of the Xerox Corporation's balance sheet to manufacturing in space, during the late nineteen-seventies Smith and Brown, in their search for new Xeroxes, tried many different approaches, among them the preparation of a variety of market-research charts and graphs. One graph that heartens them rises and falls like a great wave, to show how new ideas catch on in the population: at the very start of the wave are the "Innovators;" next, going about a quarter of the way up, are the "Early Adopters;" the greatest part of the wave, including the crest and a good distance down the other side, is occupied by two large categories, "Early Majority" (of users) and "Late Majority;" and at the tail end are the "Laggards." Some people at NASA have taken charts of this sort very seriously. "Right now we are looking for the Innovators and the Early Adopters," Brown explained, as though they had to be out there somewhere because the chart said they were. Smith has called these two groups Frontiersmen, and says they often turn out to be the heads of large corporations (as opposed to their vice-presidents for research and development), who pride themselves on their ability to make decisions single-handed. Smith and Brown have found the chief sources of Innovators and Early Adopters to be the aerospace industry and universities, both of which, for different reasons, tend to think in terms of space; indeed, NASA hopes that the interest of these two



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(Similar improvements have been incorporated into our DLC-8E model. It costs less, but has the same Large Feed Tube, same improved chopping blade, a larger than standard workbowl and, now, a more powerful, efficient motor.)

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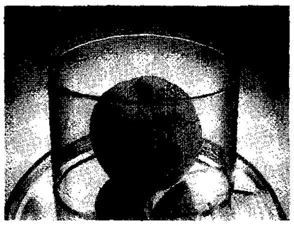

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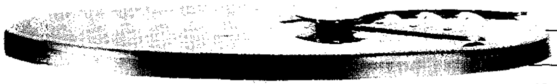

Solution: (Patented.) We moved the ridge way back so that the slice falls free without ever touching the disc. Result: far more perfect slices.

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And so one could find considerable irony in the fact that, even during the dog days of last year's crunch, the demand for BMW exceeded even the most optimistic predictions.

One could, that is, if it were not for the fact that the BMW is as appealing to those who know money as it is to those who know cars.

ENGINE TECHNOLOGY, A DECADE AHEAD OF THE COMPETITION.

In a desperate attempt to cope with the realities of the 1980's, many of the world's automakers have been forced to drastically rethink their engine technology.

Cutting cylinders, resorting to diesel fuel, tinkering with all manner of electronic devices.

Now, as any automotive expert can tell you, evolution is always preferable to revolution. So the fact that the engineers at BMW recognized the wisdom of such formerly exotic concepts as four and six-cylinder engines, sensible piston displacements and impressive power-to-weight ratios, literally decades ago, puts the BMW—and its owner—at a decided advantage.

In truth, the legendary performance capabilities of the BMW power plant are the result of years of evolutionary development—millions of miles of testing and refinement—on and off the great racecourses of the world.

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A standard five-speed transmission (automatic is available) affords the unaccountably unique opportunity to pick and choose one's own gears.

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Vital controls are within easy reach. The tachometer, speedometer and ancillary instruments are large, well-marked and totally visible.

RESALE: THE ACID TEST.

When all of the hyperbole has been expended, there is one brutally reliable way of determining a car's true value: how much of its original price it retains on the used-car market.

Seen in this revealing light no car in its category—not Mercedes 280E, not Jaguar XJ6, not Cadillac—equals the BMW.

According to the National Automobile Dealers Association's own 1980 used-car guide, for example, over the past 5 years the BMW 528i retained an astonishing 77.9% of its original price.

If you find the notion of owning a BMW more than a little intriguing, we suggest you phone your nearest BMW dealer and arrange a test drive at your convenience.

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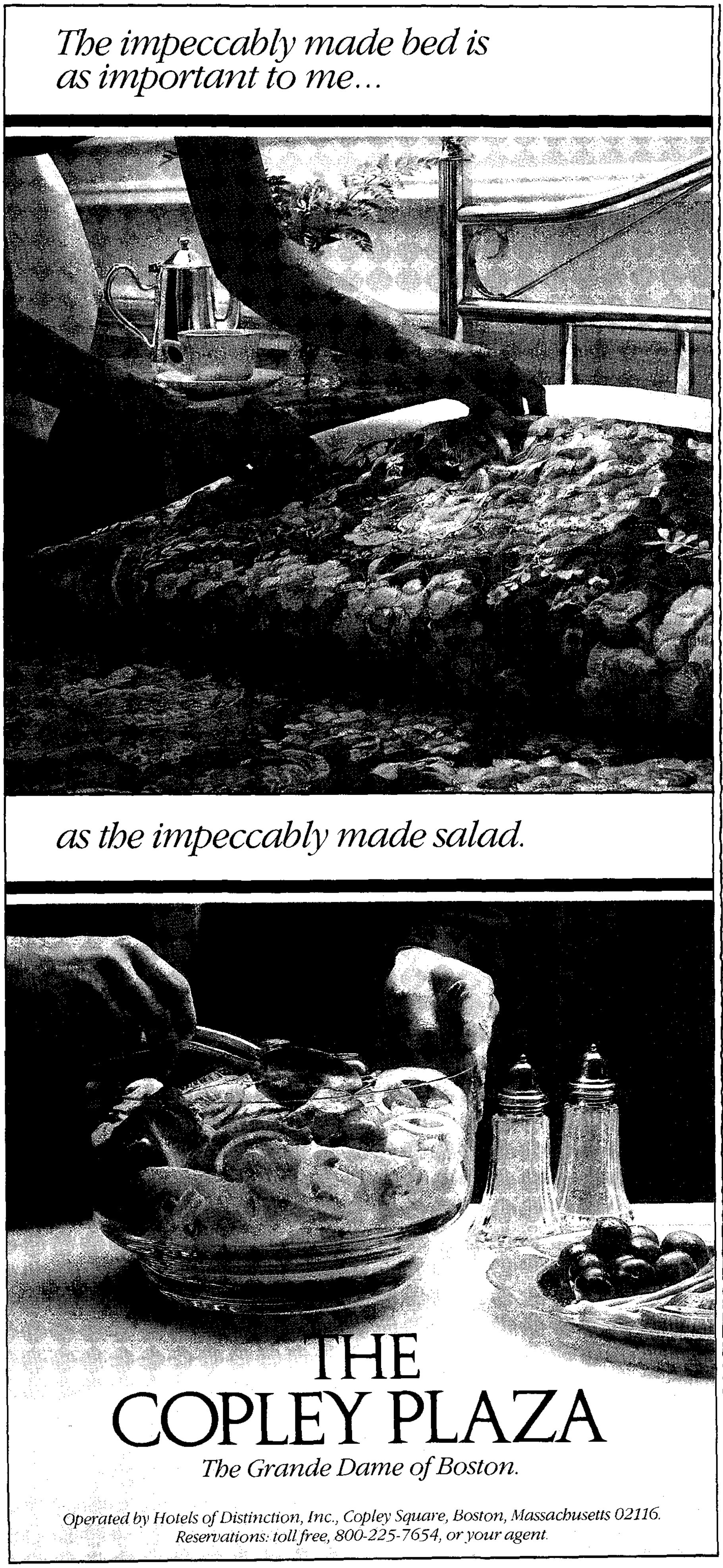

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groups will spread to the rest of society.

During the nineteen-seventies, Smith also sought out people whom he considered "innovative thinkers" in industry, such as George J. Abrams, the author of "How I Made a Million Dollars with Ideas," on the theory that if Abrams could make a million on the ground, he could make billions in the sky. Among Abrams' suggestions was that NASA consider applications in veterinary medicine; people might initially be less suspicious of drugs made in space if they were for animals; and, besides, curing animal diseases might also increase the world's food supply. Another of Abrams' ideas was that Smith make a list of all the products he could think of that, like urokinase, were valuable in small quantities (costing over four thousand dollars a pound, say), and ask if any of them could be made for less in space—where small size will be essential, at least in the early days of manufacturing in microgravity, because of the size limitations of the orbiter.

For the most part, American industry has successfully resisted Smith's and Brown's blandishments. "One of those guys was in my office recently, trying to sell me a trip to the moon or something," an executive of a pharmaceutical company said when he caught sight of the two men at an early A.I.A.A. conference. And the research chief of another large corporation said, "If the government built a room in the ocean five miles deep, at the bottom of the Puerto Rico Trench, it would doubtless have guys like these sitting around trying to think up new uses for it."

Smith and Brown had to listen to a lot of unfavorable comment at that conference:

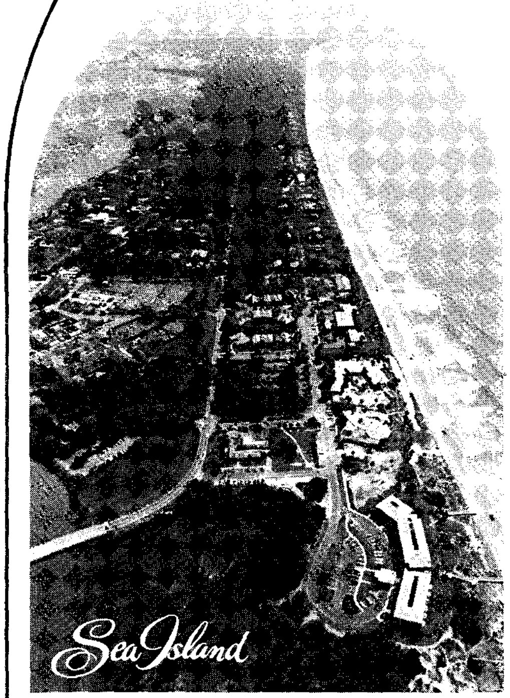
"Until you can quantify these things, you really shouldn't be using the words 'commercial' and 'benefits.' "

"I get the feeling that you've come to us to help fill up that gigantic cargo bay in the shuttle. You can't be successful in this sell. What you propose about experiments in crystal growing is interesting, but it's basic science. I think it's distressing that the federal government is not willing to maintain this work. If what you're asking us to be is a lobby to help you get federal support for this work, all well and good, but to ask us to develop experiments is just not realistic. You're kidding when you tell us that we ought to be interested in this stuff because it's eventually going to make dollars for us.”

“There is an unfavorable climate for long-term research in this country. Because of government policies, research is virtually stopping.”

“Understand something: We don’t spend anything on basic research. We’re spending less on all research and much less on long-term applied research. What we are spending is on short-term payoff stuff. Most of our time is going into defensive strategies to combat government regulations.”

More recently, however, there have been some signs that NASA and the A.I.A.A. have had a modicum of success in wearing down the resistance of business and industry to manufacturing in space. Although this has by no means been reflected in any stampede to buy laboratory space aboard the shuttle, there has been at least one significant development: McDonnell Douglas has teamed up with Ortho, a subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson, to develop an electrophoretic separator for space. The arrangement is being conducted under what is called a joint-endeavor agreement with NASA—that is, the companies will finance the development and the testing of the separator, and NASA will provide free transportation on the shuttle while the project is in the testing phase. (So far, NASA plans to allocate space aboard six shuttle flights for the project.) If things work out, McDonnell Douglas will have the right to patent the separator and, NASA hopes, will rent it to NASA customers; presumably Ortho, having been involved in its development, will be among its users. Reportedly, one other joint-endeavor agreement is in the works, between NASA and Microgravity Research Associates, a small electronics firm, to do experiments on crystal growing in space for semiconductors. And there has been serious interest in similar arrangements from Deere & Company, International Nickel, and TRW. Moreover, the A.I.A.A., shifting ground from its earlier conferences, which were held in New York and Washington, has been bringing businessmen—selected from companies on *Fortune’s* Five Hundred list—to seminars at the various space centers, where they can see more clearly what NASA has to offer. About a hundred companies have sent representatives, including Bethlehem Steel, Eastman Kodak, Exxon, General Foods, General Instrument, Monsanto, Standard Oil of California, Texaco, Union



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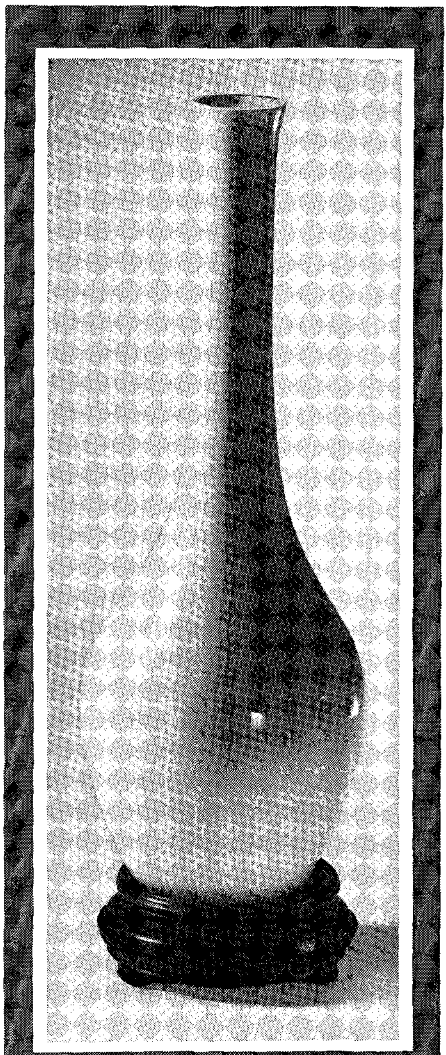

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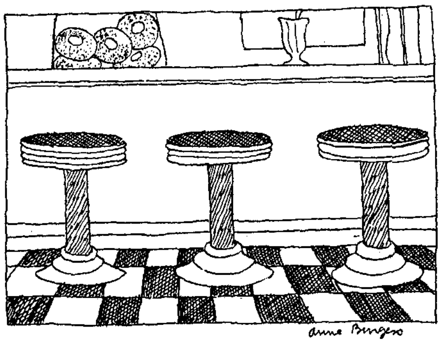
Carbide, U.S. Steel, and Xerox; many of the companies have begun investigations of their own into space processing, some having invested a few hundred thousand dollars each. This is hardly a major plunge, considering the size of the companies and what may be at stake; so far, none have rented space on the shuttle, other than some small containers for experiments called getaway specials. The A.I.A.A. believes, however, that it sees a glimmer on the horizon.

If, as NASA has found, American industry is reluctant to pursue new technology in space, the reason may be that most large corporations in this country are so well established and feel so secure in the way they have done things in the past that a new product or a new process—whether it is done in space or on the ground—is likely to be regarded less as an opportunity than as a threat. NASA executives point out that innovation may mean discarding expensive equipment the company has invested in. Rather than risk investing in new processes or products, companies would prefer to put their money into safer ways of maximizing profits, such as advertising, market research, automation, and an increased sales force; it is generally more profitable for a company to find a way of making its existing product more cheaply and marketing it more effectively than to go on to something new. Even the tax structure abets this, for the Internal Revenue Service does not give tax credits for research and development but does give a credit for investment in new plants and equipment—thus encouraging the manufacture of more of the same.

If American industry hasn't been diligently looking for new opportunities in space, foreign industry—particularly in Germany and Japan—has. One aerospace executive said recently, "After building the Spacelab and turning it over to NASA, the European countries should, logically, go in the direction of using it." The Spacelab, which is the virtual gift of ten of the member nations of the European Space Agency, may become a Trojan horse of sorts: if there are benefits to be derived from space research and manufacturing, the European countries may be the first to get them.

Whatever the case, the circumstances in the countries where industries are interested in the shuttle are quite different from those in our own. For one thing, West Germany and Japan do give tax credits for research and development. For another, in certain European countries, and also in Japan, the governments are taking the initiative for their industries; the West German government has made down payments on two Spacelab missions, and the Japanese government has expressed serious interest in one, which it would turn over to industries. Moreover, West Germany may well put up additional capital so that its industries can develop experiments. Such close coöperation in other countries between government and business prompted a participant in one of the A.I.A.A. conferences to suggest that, in view of the vast expense of the undertaking, some sort of partnership—he presumably meant one that would go beyond that of Ortho, McDonnell Douglas, and NASA—might be necessary in this country, too, if the United States was to explore further the possibilities of manufacturing in microgravity.

A number of people inside and outside the space agency have been looking closely at a precedent that could result in a partnership or, eventually, in a transition to private ownership; namely, COMSAT, the private corporation, chartered by Congress, to which NASA, once it had helped to pioneer the communications satellites, turned over all its information. Of the fifteen members of COMSAT's board of directors, the President of the United States appoints three. (The United States put up no capital for and owns no stock in COMSAT, though in a corporation set up to own the shuttle it might have to go in that direction.) Despite the uncertain condition of the shuttle's economics, Boeing—no more eager than the next firm to lose money—investigated the possibility of buying one or more shuttle spacecraft, or, at least, of becoming a major participant in some COMSAT-like company established for that purpose; though Boeing decided against doing so for now, the idea is still being actively pursued by another firm, William Sword & Company, of Princeton.



While the initial revenues from any such venture would come from launching and repairing satellites, this sort of corporate move could have a bearing on space manufacturing: Boeing and Sword feel that a private company would operate the shuttle more efficiently and competitively than the government, bringing down the price per mission so that more businesses could afford it and would perhaps be more tempted to experiment with manufacturing. Moreover, NASA itself feels uncomfortable operating the shuttle; according to the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958, NASA is supposed to be an agency for research and development, not for commercial operations, but in recent years about sixty per cent of its budget has gone to the shuttle. If NASA were spending less on future shuttle operations, it could be spending more on the kind of research and development that industry needs (and also on planetary science, a field whose practitioners, with longer and longer gaps between programs, have felt increasingly slighted). NASA does not believe, however, that the shuttle has yet reached the point where it is ready for a COMSAT-like transition to the private or semiprivate sector; for some time to come, the shuttle itself will be legitimately classified as research and development.

NASA likes to think that the bulk of American industry has by no means turned irretrievably against the shuttle but has simply adopted a wait-and-see attitude, which, the agency tactfully concedes, may even be justified for now. NASA bolsters its morale by declaring that once the shuttle starts making regular flights into space, attaining both public attention and credibility, American industry will begin to climb aboard. "Until industry can see something concrete, it is reluctant to step forward and invest money," said George D. Baker, another of NASA's chief salesmen. "We realize that we will have an easier selling job after the shuttle has flown and demonstrated what it can do." In the meantime, NASA executives also lift their spirits with a report submitted to the White House by the A.I.A.A. in January of this year, which cites the pharmaceutical industry, whose annual sales of prescription drugs are estimated at twenty-three billion dollars a year. "The fraction of that market which would be satisfied by space manufacturing has yet to be determined," wrote the report's editor, Jerry Grey, encouraging the inference that even a

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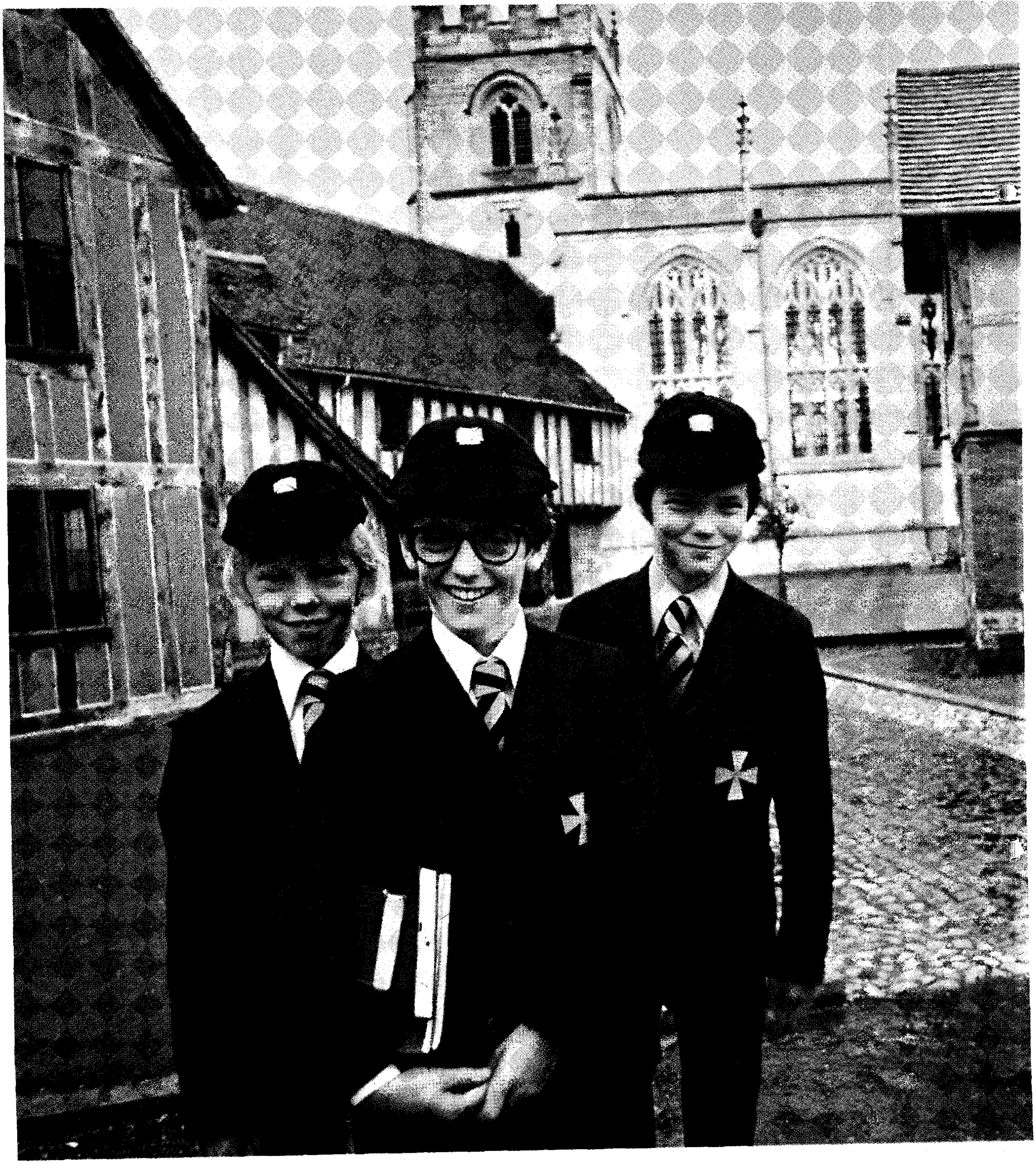

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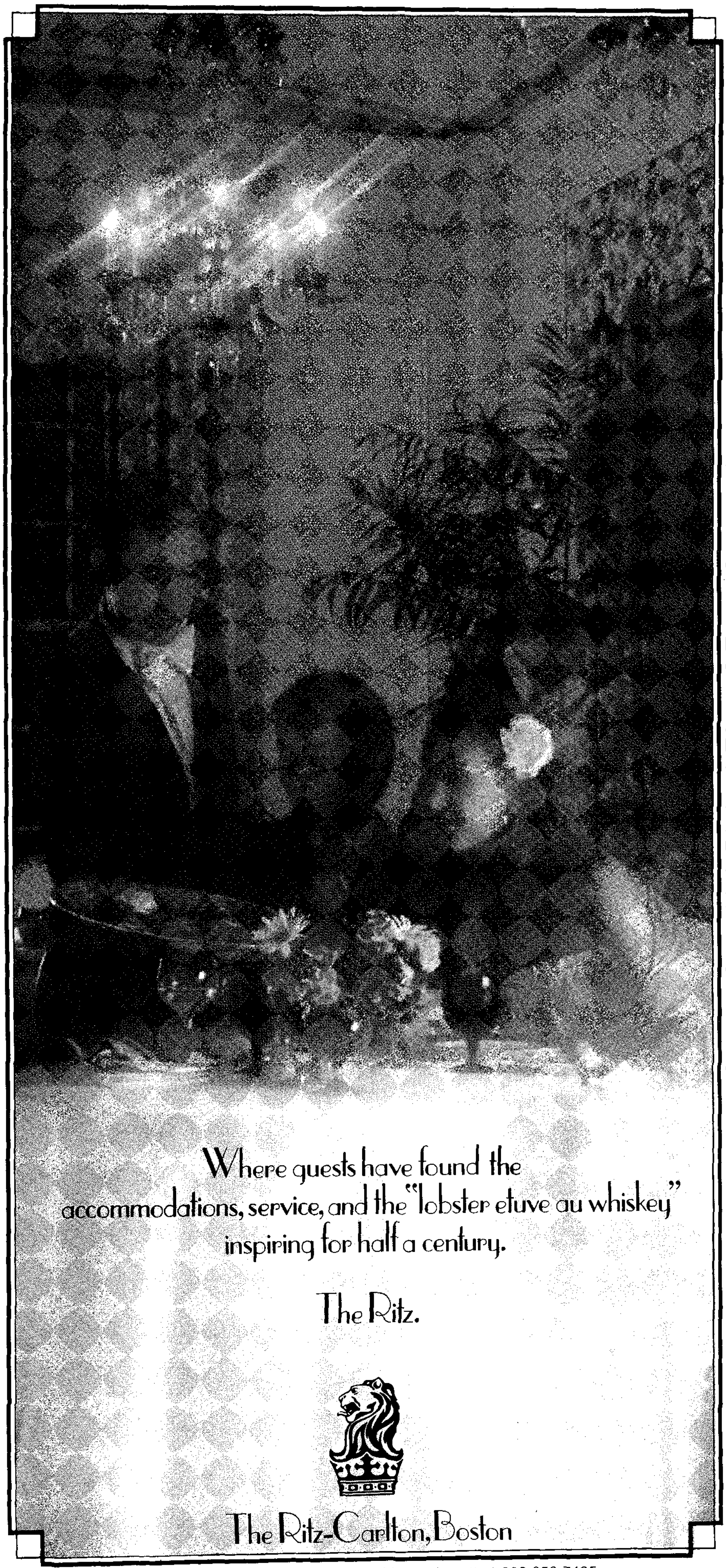
small percentage of that figure could be a big sum. The report is a little more specific when it comes to the possibility of growing crystals in space for the electronics industry, whose sales of electronic devices run about sixteen billion dollars a year. "Growth rate is estimated at ten to fifteen per cent annually for the next ten years," the report states. "There is some evidence that as much as half the growth increment could come from space products."

IF present-day industry has become *too large and complex, or is faced* with too many problems, for more than a very few major corporations to consider buying a Spacelab mission or renting a sizable amount of space on the shuttle, NASA has done a brisk business in renting small packages for payloads to companies, and even to individuals. If American industry is ultimately to get involved in space manufacturing it may well do so through this back door, which is open to almost anybody. Certainly this opportunity will go a long way toward making space more accessible. Officially called "small, self-contained payloads," the getaway specials fit into cylindrical cannisters, which come in two sizes: five cubic feet and two and a half cubic feet. The cost of space for a payload weighing up to two hundred pounds, or of one that would require the five-cubic-foot cannister regardless of its weight, is ten thousand dollars. For five thousand dollars, a customer can rent one of the half-size cannisters for a payload weighing up to a hundred pounds, and for three thousand dollars he can rent a half-size cannister for a payload of sixty pounds. The getaway specials are self-contained in that originally they were not dependent upon the orbiter for anything except transportation. This situation has now changed somewhat, for a mission specialist may be called upon to flick switches perhaps as often as three times per instrument—to turn equipment on when the spacecraft reaches orbit, for example, or to start a camera when an experiment is being done. Since the program's inception, in 1976, the getaway specials have sold well, although NASA cannot promise any of the buyers a firm flight date. The earliest any of the specials could go up is September of 1982, which is the projected date for the first operational shuttle flight. As of last January, NASA had sold three hundred and nineteen getaway specials; of



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these, a hundred and fifty-nine were bought by industrial concerns, eighty-one by or for schools and colleges (alumni are fond of donating them), fifty-two by individuals, and twenty-seven by the United States government. The biggest foreign client (as with the Spacelab) has been the West German government, which has bought twenty-five. Several British and Danish companies have also bought small packages, but most of the buyers have been American individuals and businesses. Some packages have been bought by large corporations, such as General Electric, Rockwell International, International Harvester, and General Dynamics. A couple of packages have been bought as publicity gimmicks: two magazines—one in Canada and one in the United States—are offering them as contest prizes.

The individual purchasers are a mixed bag. Some describe themselves as space buffs. Steven Spielberg, the director of the film "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," was given a getaway special as a present; he says he hasn't the faintest notion what he will do with it. Often, the people who buy getaway specials come from the aerospace industry. One is Stanton L. Eilenberg, a physicist and formerly an engineer with Rockwell International, who became so enthralled by the program that he is now working for NASA, at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, as a liaison between the program and the buying public. He has bought a five-cubic-footer, and is allowing space-minded students at California State University at Long Beach to design experiments for it. Another Rockwell engineer, G. S. Canetti, may try to make an aluminum bar filled with air bubbles, which could be the weight of a sponge yet quite strong—something that cannot be made on earth, where the bubbles would float to the surface. Like Spielberg, he isn't entirely sure what he will do; and, like many other getaway-special owners, he and his partner, Jim Matzenaur, an engineer with the Aerospace Corporation, gave NASA their down payment—five hundred dollars—and planned to figure out later what they would use their package for. In this respect, they may be no different from much else about the shuttle program. The general novelty and indecision have given rise to a new form of entrepreneur, an example being Frank Lenahan, a retired aerospace executive who lives in Cypress, California, and who has bought ten packages, which he hopes

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to sell, along with his own services as a consultant. He will help customers think up, design, and carry out experiments. He is planning to keep his fee low, but he expects to share in any patents later.

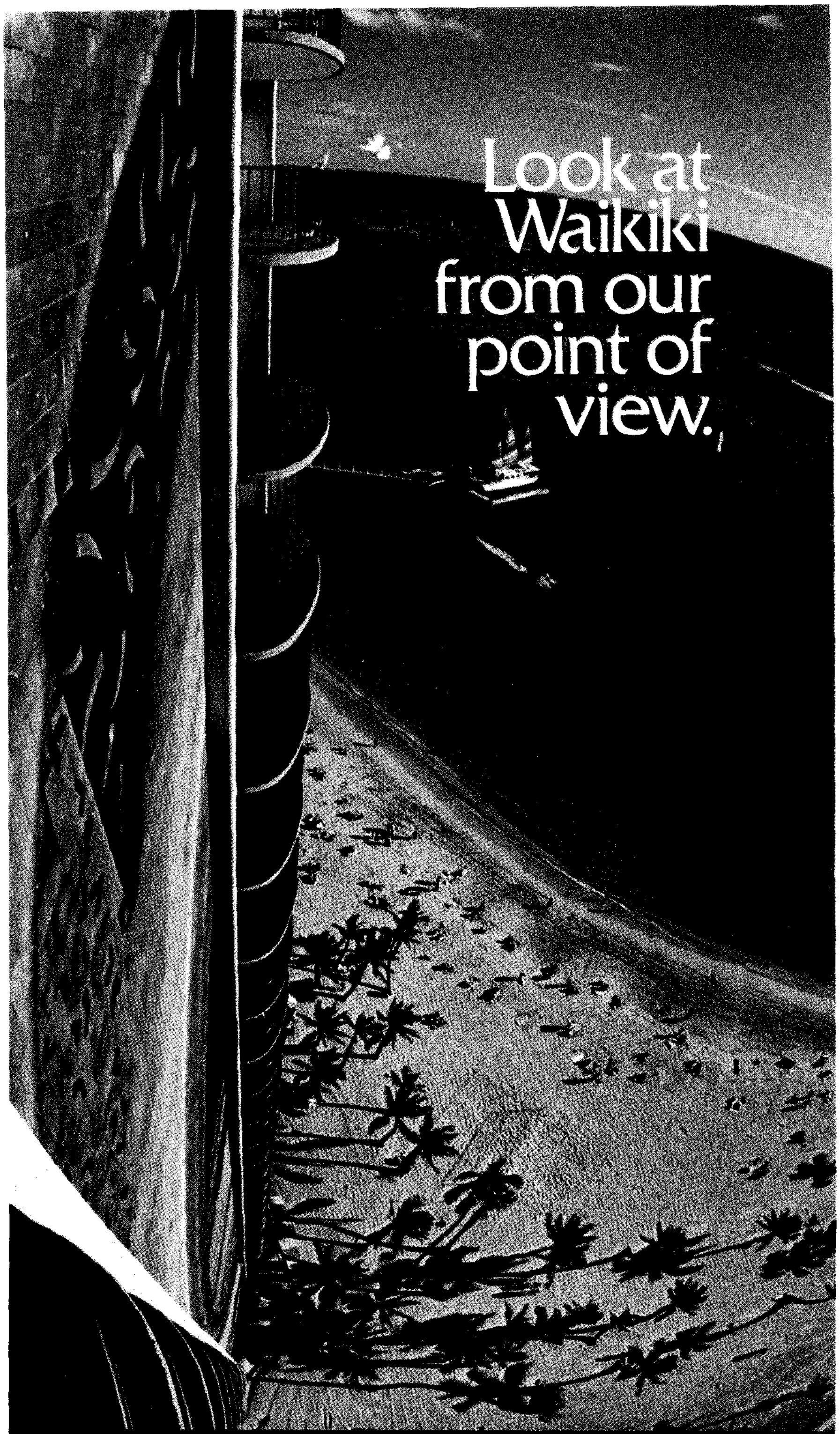
The first individual to buy a getaway special was Gilbert Moore, an executive of the Thiokol Corporation, in Ogden, Utah, which manufactures the shuttle's solid-propellant boosters and the cannisters for the getaways. Moore has taken up the small-payload program as a private crusade. For example, he encouraged NASA to set up a department to advise purchasers, whose enthusiasm about space was often matched only by their lack of experience with it. He plans to reserve half of his own five-cubic-foot container for experiments to be designed by himself, his two sons, and his daughter. With his own quarter of that half, he plans to experiment with manufacturing thin-film bubbles of photo-curing polymers, with an eye to future space construction of huge bubble structures. His older son, Walt, who is a research associate in the zoology department of the University of California at Davis, will test an automated mechanism for studying the potential effects of microgravity on successive generations of fruit flies, which he will later use, if it works, in a long-term space experiment. Bruce, a senior in high school, will send up some ten-thousand-year-old brine-shrimp eggs from the terraces above the Great Salt Lake. These eggs spring to life when immersed in brine, and Bruce wants to find out what a resurrection in space will do to them. Moore's daughter, Mary, is finishing her nursing degree at the University of Utah and is planning to study the clotting mechanism in blood in microgravity. Moore has donated the other half of his getaway special to Utah State University, where he is an adjunct professor of physics, and he has made down payments on four additional packages, for a program in which students from high schools and colleges in the area will send up experiments on the shuttle. Moore has invited scientists at NASA and elsewhere to share their ideas with students, on the theory that if students happen to take up research that proves useful to the older scientists the students will feel more closely involved with space research.

Moore's interest in space goes back to 1947, when, while still an undergraduate at New Mexico State University, he worked at the nearby White Sands Missile Range. He said recently, "Right now, I'm in my early fifties, which is typical of people in the aerospace business. There are not many new young people coming in, as a result of the disenchantment that set in after Apollo. Contemplate what's going to happen if, on the one hand, there is an enormous increase in our ability to do research in space, with the space shuttle, but, on the other hand, there are no young people with bright ideas coming along. In the late nineteen-eighties, when there may be one flight every week or so, people like me are going to be awfully old. That's why I'm starting out with these kids. If the students get comfortable with the idea of microgravity, then, I believe, that creativity will start to come out."

DURING the nineteen-seventies, NASA began to turn its attention to hardware and accessories for the shuttle. NASA engineers in Washington and at the Marshall Space Flight Center, in Huntsville, Alabama, and the Johnson Space Center, in Houston, are busy planning new projects, and such companies as the Grumman Aerospace Corporation, Rockwell International, General Dynamics, and Boeing have received contracts to work out in detail how the shuttle could be used for sending other structures into orbit, and even for building things in space —as well as the sorts of things that ought to be built there. And while NASA and its contractors have adopted what they think of as an evolutionary approach to future developments in space, NASA in fact has a master plan, which, although it is flexible enough to evolve from year to year and to allow for changes in the political climate, is clearly moving in one direction: toward the development of what Edward Gibson, who was the science pilot on the third Skylab mission, has called "a first-class space station."

One picture often found on the office walls of NASA officials these days is of something that looks like an immense, iridescent dragonfly: the power module. Before there can be much more activity in space, there has to be a way of supplying more electrical power in orbit; accordingly, the first step in NASA's master plan is to develop modules with arrays of solar cells which can be left permanently in space to convert sunlight into electricity—electrical outlets in the sky, in a sense. Since March of 1977, NASA has had a department at Huntsville studying various designs for power modules. The current favorite is a structure known as the PUP (for power-utilization platform). It is a roughly octagonal box with a large pair of solar panels that are designed to protrude from it like wings and also to fold up like wings, so that the entire module can be carried inside the shuttle. Inside the module are three huge wheels, called control-moment gyros, weighing about nine hundred pounds each; they will be able to hold the PUP and anything docked at it in any attitude. The PUP's solar panels—one hundred feet long by twenty-five feet wide—will generate sixty kilowatts, or about three times the amount that was generated by the solar arrays of Skylab. (Originally, in fact, power modules were adapted from a sort of tower on top of Skylab, called the Apollo telescope mount, which held three control-moment gyros and had four solar arrays radiating from it.) If the orbiter were docked at such a module, its own power and stabilization systems could be turned off. Consequently, its stay in space would be limited only by its supply of food, atmospheric gases, and water—whereas its present power capability allows a maximum stay of about six weeks.

Like many things in NASA's evolutionary blueprint, the power module can be adapted to a number of uses; NASA does not really see the module's principal function as giving electricity to the orbiter. In one early NASA drawing, a power module is left hooked up to a Spacelab while the Spacelab's orbiter returns to earth. Astronauts would not be left in the Spacelab (for one thing, if anything went wrong there would be no way of rescuing them—short of dispatching another orbiter, which could take a week or two to get ready); but certain long-term experiments could be kept running on their own until the Spacelab was retrieved on a later flight. The European Space Agency has looked into ways of increasing the Spacelab's shielding against solar radiation, so that it could remain in space without the protection of the orbiter's cargo bay; however, nothing changes faster than plans for the future, and present thinking is that it would be more economical simply to attach small, automated experimental payloads directly to the module. These would be brought up in the orbiter's cargo bay and could run by themselves for long periods of time without the services of a scientist or an astronaut; NASA feels



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that such experiments could lead to a big business in the future. Or the power module could supply electricity to a satellite. Conceivably, a number of satellites could be plugged into it, and if more power was needed a second module could be attached, and then a third. "If the power module is fruitful, it won't be a singularity," Joseph P. Loftus said recently. Loftus, a tall, soft-spoken man, is the chief of advanced planning at the Johnson Space Center. He went on, "The competition for it will be extreme, so there would probably have to be a great many of them." Loftus believes that the power modules will be in LEO—NASA's term for low earth orbit. LEO can range anywhere from a hundred and fifty to five hundred miles above the earth; the power modules will occupy the middle range—two to three hundred miles overhead. Their first orbits will be at low inclinations to the equator—the easiest orbits to establish, because anything launched into space along or near the equatorial plane gets an additional boost from the earth's rotation—and later, when the shuttle itself becomes capable of going into polar orbit, the modules will follow suit. Loftus sees such modules as providing power for, among other things, the construction in LEO of larger structures, some of which might be boosted to geosynchronous orbit, or GEO, an equatorial orbit twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the earth, in which an orbiting object remains stationary with respect to a point on the ground. (Actual construction in GEO may have to wait until the development of a new version of the space tug, which foundered several years ago as a result of budget cuts but is being resurrected now, in somewhat different form, as the orbit-transfer vehicle, which would go back and forth between LEO and GEO; one type, known as the C.O.T.V., would carry cargo, and another type, the P.O.T.V., would transport personnel.) "It'll be like the development of towns in the West as the pioneers developed their capacity to travel," said Loftus, speaking of the spread of structures to various orbits; like everyone else at NASA, Loftus seems irresistibly compelled to compare the evolution of the new frontier with that of the old. "At first, the distance between towns in, say, Ohio was a day's ride on horseback. Then, after the development of the railroad, the distance between towns farther west often tended to be the distance a locomotive could go before it

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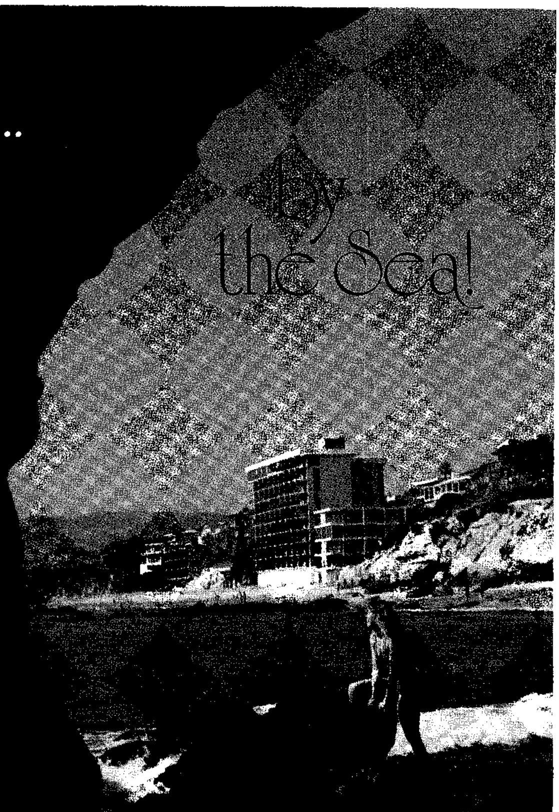

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needed water." Most likely, Loftus continued, NASA would own the power modules, while industries would own the payloads or the satellites plugged into them. "That's how the economy grew in this country," he said. "Companies don't own bridges or highways—the government does. The power modules will be like bridges, allowing other craft to do things they otherwise couldn't—to go farther or stay longer in space. To my way of thinking, for the government to build several power modules and send them into orbit might be the way to get some of these other things going."

The next step would be to get a space station. A good deal of thought has gone into the design of one—not only at the Johnson and Marshall space centers but also at companies like Grumman. Much of the construction of any new space station—initially, at least—will probably use prefabricated modular units, and a basic space-station module would be the largest cylinder that could fit inside the cargo bay of the orbiter. It could not be so large that it took up the cargo bay's full sixty-foot length, because room would be needed for the extra fuel required to get the module, which would weigh nearly fifty thousand pounds, into orbit. In one of the early Grumman designs, the cylinder measures thirteen feet in diameter by forty-three feet in length. Because of its great weight, the first space station is likely to be put into near-equatorial LEO. The Grumman drawing makes the space-station module look like a giant thermos bottle. One end of the big cylinder would be plugged into a power module for attitude control and electricity; besides the power module, there would be a supply module, containing the space station's consumables. In addition to water and gases, the supply module would contain food, and since it would have to be replaced periodically—probably every ninety days—it would be attached at the end of the space station. In the Grumman design, the power module is situated between the supply module and what NASA calls the habitability module—that is, the living quarters—and there is a passage through it.

The space station would also grow, as subsequent orbiter flights brought up additional space-station modules and power and supply modules to hook on to the ones already there. Some of the cylinders could serve as habitability modules, and others could be work-

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shop modules or storage space. Some could be laboratories similar to the Spacelab, a cylinder thirteen feet in diameter and eighteen feet long; three might be attached at right angles to the side of one of the long modules—one for biological research, say, and a second for manufacturing new alloys, and a third devoted to the production of crystals. At present, there is, of course, no funding for building even a single space-station unit of any design, but since NASA already has the shuttle, the Spacelab, and funding for studies of the power module, it may be that the space agency will be able to bootstrap into a space station. At NASA in these penurious days, bootstrapping into bigger projects is regarded particularly highly!

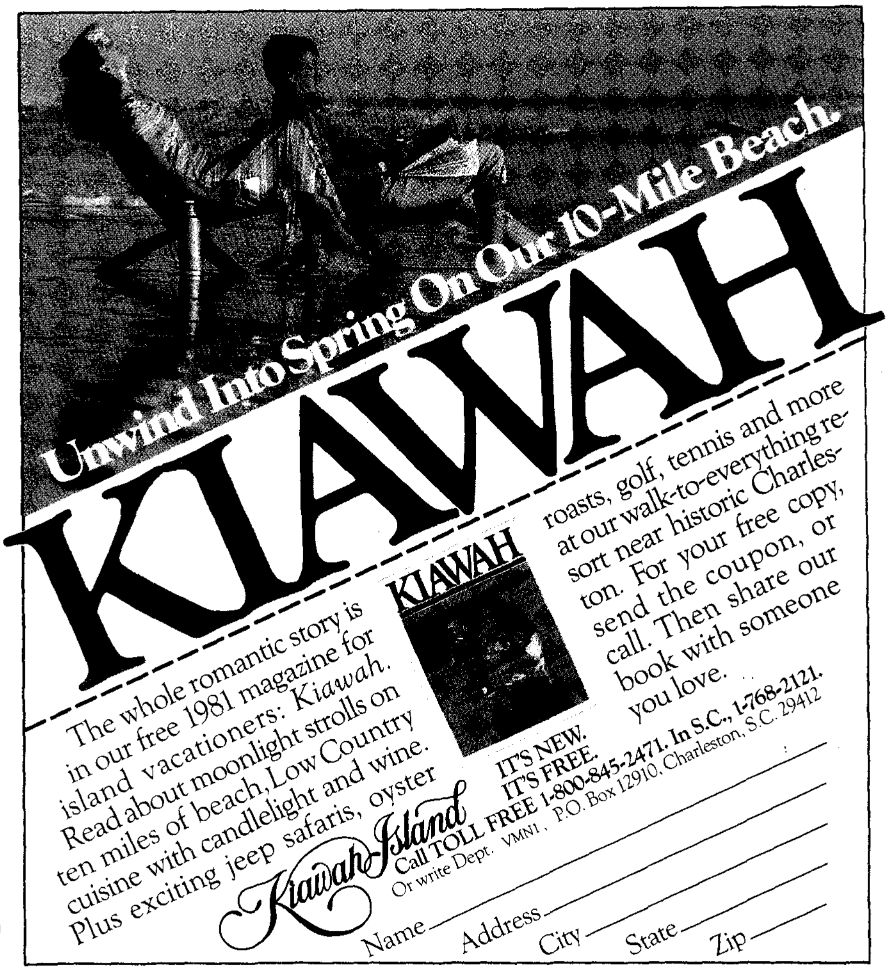
If such space stations do become a reality, they will soon need more electricity than can reasonably be produced by even a whole series of power modules plugged into them. NASA, never short on energy when it comes to envisioning the future, foresees the day when it will have to build larger arrays of solar panels in space, and for this it will need, in addition to the space stations used for manufacturing or research, space stations to serve as construction sites, like the ones Loftus imagines. The first construction sites will be in LEO, their orbits with low inclinations to the equator—not only because it is easier to get heavy loads into those orbits but also because LEO is the jumping-off point for GEO. "In history, cities grew up in particular places because there was a job to be done there. Because of transportation, they often tended to be built along rivers, like St. Louis or Pittsburgh," said Loftus, who clearly thinks of LEO as a sort of Mississippi or Monongahela.

An early space construction base, like any space station, could begin with the orbiter's bringing up a habitability module for four or five men, along with its power and supply modules. Another, similar module could be hooked to the habitability module to serve as a workshop; Grumman drawings of a few years ago depict such a compound structure. At the far end of the workshop—away from the power and supply modules, and marking off the construction base from other types of space stations—there are a couple of manipulator arms, which would be operated by a man sitting inside a transparent, pressurized bubble (providing what NASA calls a shirt-sleeve environment) jutting from the end of the workshop. The bubble and its manipulator arms would be positioned over a machine slung underneath that end of the construction base—a machine for building three-sided girders.

An automated beam builder—as such a machine is usually referred to—is the fundamental element in most of NASA's plans. Not to be caught short if the United States wants to move ahead speedily in the space construction business, NASA contracted with Grumman to build a prototype beam builder, which was delivered to the Marshall Space Flight Center for testing. It is a bulky, triangular affair with a big spool of aluminum ribbon at each of its corners and a magazine of aluminum cross-braces on each of its sides. A ribbon of aluminum six inches wide and only thirty one-thousandths of an inch thick unrolls from each of the three spools and runs through three sets of rollers. The rollers bend the three aluminum ribbons lengthwise into V-shaped strips, which constitute the three edges of the triangular beam. Every metre and a half, as the three V-shaped strips pass by the three magazines, three cross-braces, one metre long and already V-shaped for rigidity, are spot-welded to them at right angles, and three more are welded on diagonally. The result is a sturdy-looking girder. The welding of the cross-braces takes place so quickly that the girder, one metre across, doesn't have to stop; it grows at a steady one and a half metres a minute. And the only limit to its length is the amount of aluminum in the rolls—three hundred metres. When a girder has reached the desired length, three knives guillotine the unrolling aluminum strips, and these three ends can be brought together and welded into a point. (In space, this would most likely be done by an astronaut; he might also have to install some sort of fitting at each end so that the girders could be attached to one another.) Though the girder looks sturdy, it is very light—an eighteen-foot length weighs ten pounds on the earth. For most applications in space, a girder does not have to be strong; all it requires is rigidity, and this is supplied by the V shape of all the parts. Other designs are possible. General Dynamics has constructed a prototype that deploys a diamond-shaped beam from a flat pack. Other materials are possible, too. For instance, girders could be made of a graphite-resin composite, which expands and contracts with temperature changes far less than aluminum, and is also lighter. No decision about using this can yet be made, however, for this composite has not been tested in space for more than short periods.

In 1985, a beam builder—probably using a graphite-resin composite—may be sent up for a test run in the orbiter; the orbiter will be tilted upright to extrude a girder out of the cargo bay. With luck, enough girders will be made so that astronauts can assemble a small square platform; if they can do this, NASA feels, they can surely assemble structures of any size, including big solar arrays. The first primitive platform—a bare framework—need not go to waste, either, for several different satellites or antennas could be attached to it, so that they could share such services as guidance control and communications, which are expensive; indeed, NASA intends to use this principle on a larger scale in the future.

Before astronauts can make anything much bigger, they will have to build at the construction site a working platform or base to hold in place whatever is being built. On earth, construction men don't have to worry about the possibility that whatever they are building—a house, a highway overpass—might float away. The easiest way to provide the working platform might be to send up into space the external tanks from a couple of shuttles. These are normally jettisoned just before the orbiter reaches orbit. With a little extra fuel, they, too, could reach orbit, and a pair of them could be fastened together to make a working platform more than a hundred yards long, which could be hitched on to the end of the workshop module, so that the entire construction site would make a long, thin train. Before leaving the ground, the external tanks would have been fitted out for their new job; for instance, there might be latches for attaching beam builders, and there might also be a track running along the length of the tanks. The track would be for a sort of derrick on wheels called a cherry picker, which, like the beam builder, is to be a key piece of construction equipment in space; it is to be a mobile, improved version of the workshop's pressurized bubble with its two manipulator arms. The cherry picker is named for the kind of crane that on earth has a bucket at the top in which a man can stand not only to pick cherries but to saw limbs off trees or change bulbs in street lights. Similarly, in space the



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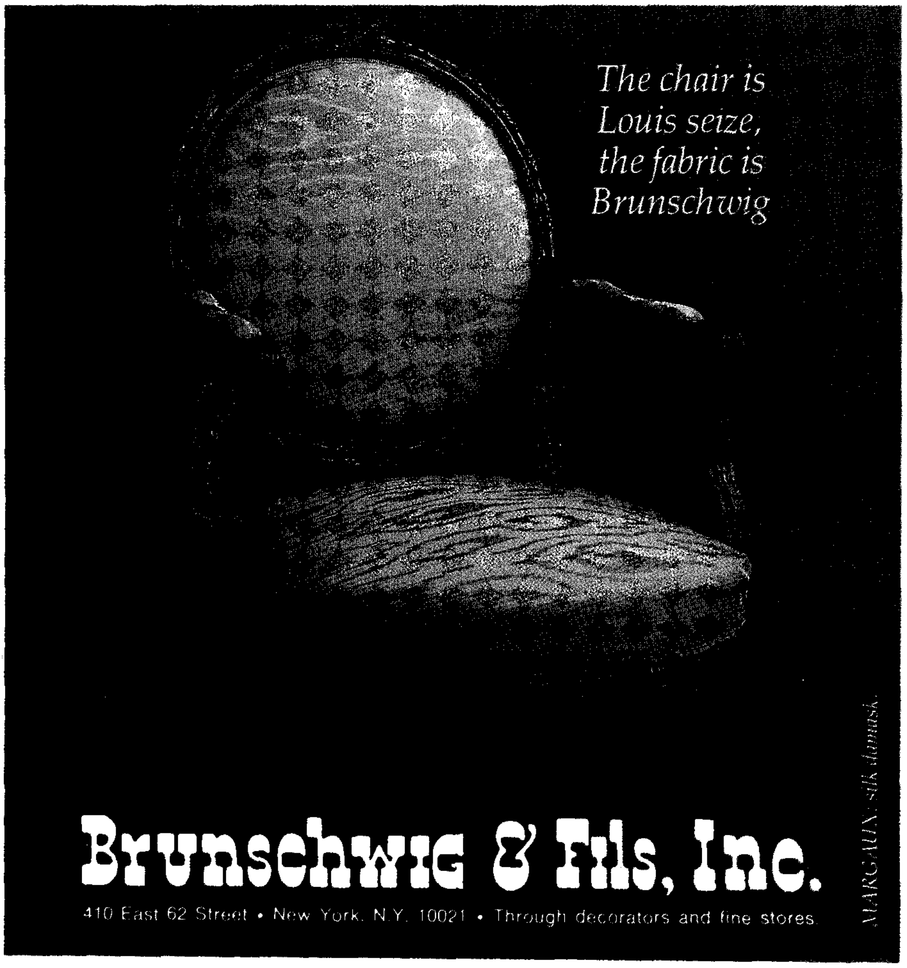

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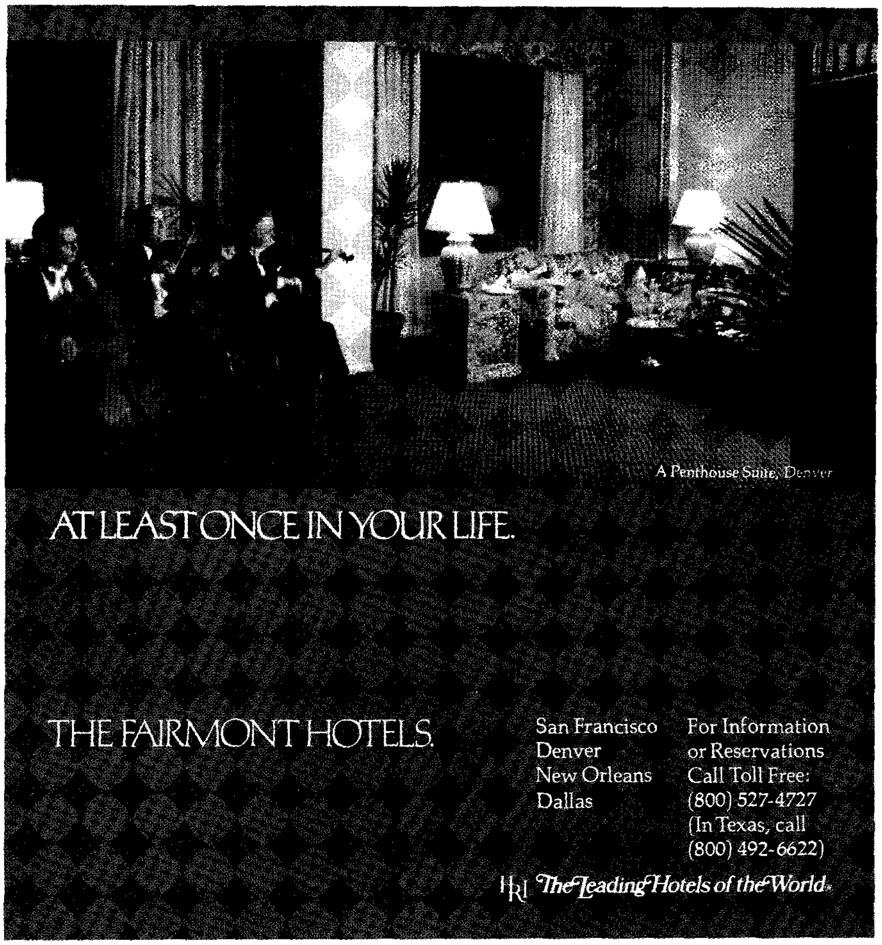
man would be brought close to the work he was doing—an important consideration, because manipulator arms are more economical and efficient if they are short. (There is a fifty-foot one in the orbiter, and it is expensive and difficult to operate.) The cherry picker consists of a bubble, inside which an astronaut will sit, at the outer end of a long boom, which would be hinged in the middle, so he could maneuver himself close to any task. In contrast to the cherry picker's long, articulated boom, the two manipulator arms reaching out from the bottom of the bubble wouldn't be much longer than the astronaut's own. He would ride the cherry picker along the track until he was over a beam builder, pick up the finished girder, carry it back, and put it in place. First, he would probably have to build a scaffold—what construction men call a jig. It might be little more than four long girders to hold the four corners of the solar array he was about to build. The array itself—as Grumman has pictured it—would be a giant rectangular frame, some hundred feet wide and two hundred and forty feet long. As the cherry picker hurried back and forth between the beam builder and the job, stretching as high as it could to fit a beam to the growing solar array and then racing back along the track to bend low and pick up another beam, the astronaut inside might find himself getting a little seasick; his bubble would be so far out at the end of the boom that he might sway, particularly if he changed direction quickly.

Once the frame for the solar array was assembled, the next job would be to install the solar cells, which convert sunlight into electricity; they would very likely come in long sheets, tightly rolled for storage in the spacecraft. The astronauts, or the cherry picker on its track, would make repeated trips to the cargo bay of the orbiter, docked at the other end of the construction base, to pick up the rolls of solar cells; they would unroll them side by side across the big rectangle, as if they were placing yards and yards of sequined gossamer across a flat in a stage set. In one NASA drawing, the finished solar array looks like a kite made from a square of dragonfly wing.

The new array of solar cells would be at the other end of the working platform from the habitability module; once completed, the entire complex would have to be aimed so that the solar panels faced the sun. The new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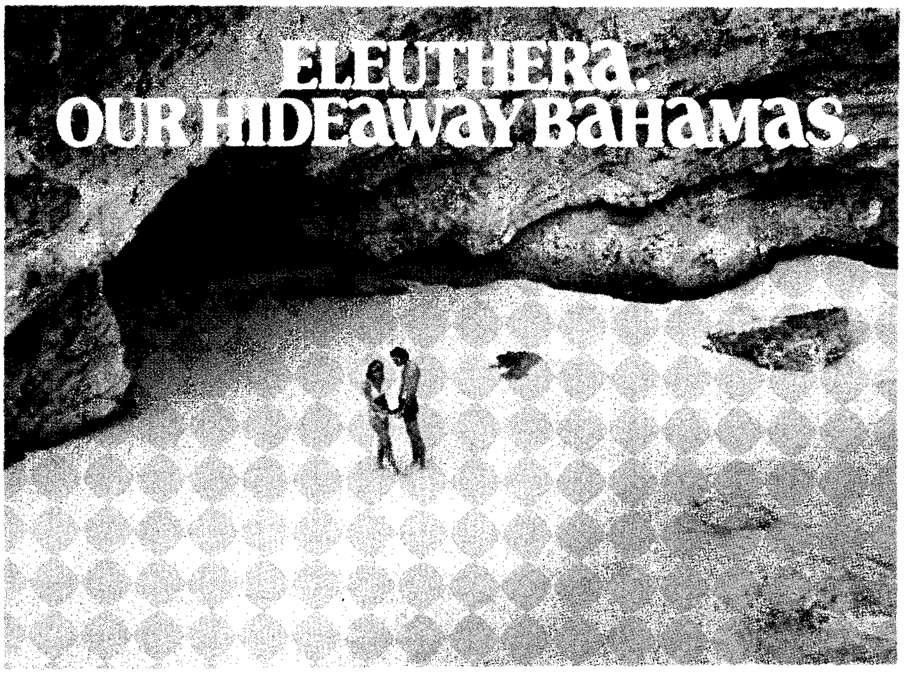
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solar array would be capable of generating about two hundred and fifty kilowatts, or more than four times the amount of the PUP. A construction base might have a great many of these arrays, and as soon as it began to produce them it would grow rapidly; it could take on more cherry pickers, more beam builders, and other equipment, for it would have a source of power limited only by the number or size of its arrays. With the addition of another habitability module and another workshop module, the space station might be big enough for ten or twelve workmen.

The astronauts at the construction base would be building these arrays not only for their own use but for the use of other types of space stations as well; the manufacturing ones, especially, would require a great deal of power. Obviously, if NASA builds more and larger structures in space, it will need to get more material into orbit than can reasonably be brought up in the cargo bay of the shuttle, or even of several shuttles. In addition to figuring out the steps in the evolution of larger structures in space, NASA has plotted the steps in the development of larger spacecraft; in fact, the evolution of the two is inextricably intertwined. The evolution of bigger launch vehicles starts with the shuttle: The first, and cheapest, way of increasing the amount of payload sent to space would be to replace the present orbiter with a big container, all cargo bay. The container would keep the orbiter's three main engines, but in this case they would parachute back to earth, probably to a dry landing. It would be pushed into orbit by small rockets similar to the two orbital-maneuvering-system rockets that straddle the orbiter's tail. This method could put a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of cargo in orbit—more than twice as much as the present orbiter can handle. The cost of the launch would remain about the same, however—and if larger structures are to be built in space this cost must come down. To replace the big solid-propellant boosters on either side of the shuttle cluster, which are costly and relatively inefficient (for one thing, they have to be retrieved from the ocean), NASA wants to develop a new liquid-propellant booster, with wings, which could fly back to the spaceport at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, or at Vandenberg Air Force Base, in California; it would resemble the booster that NASA originally wanted for the shuttle but

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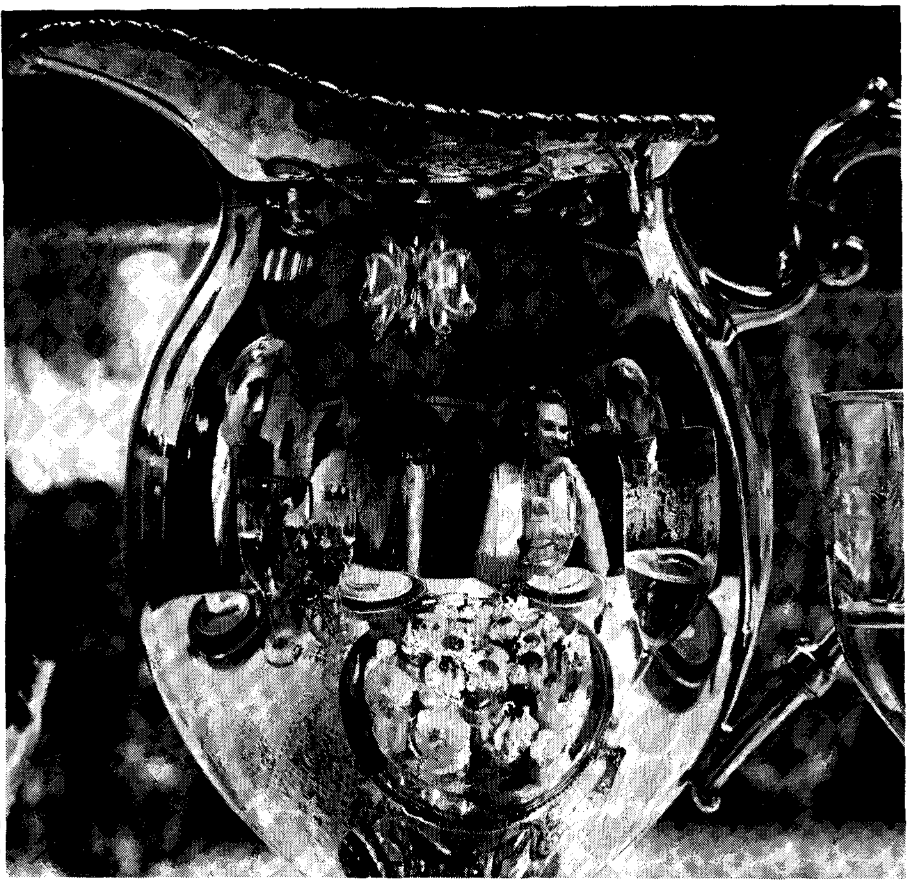

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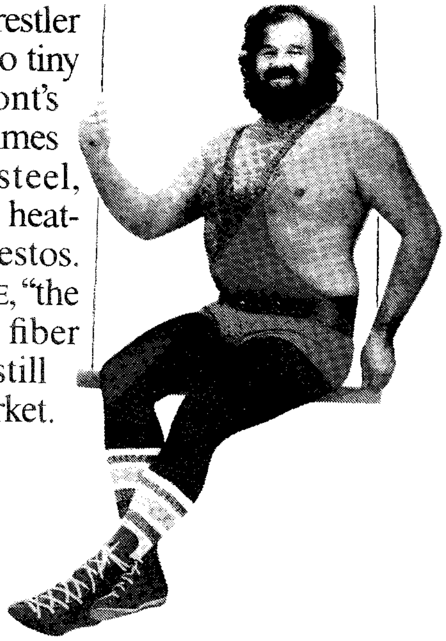

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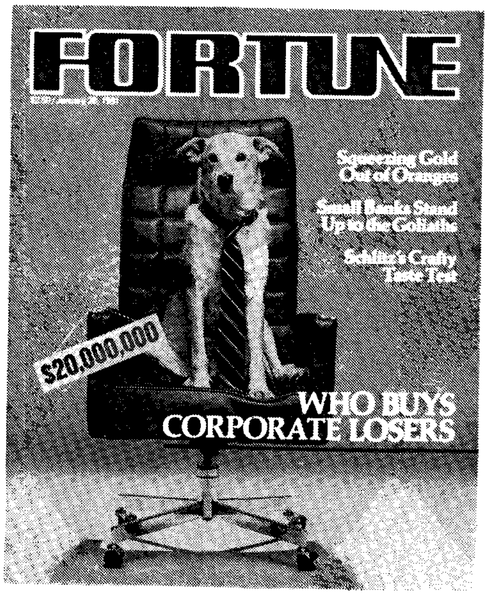
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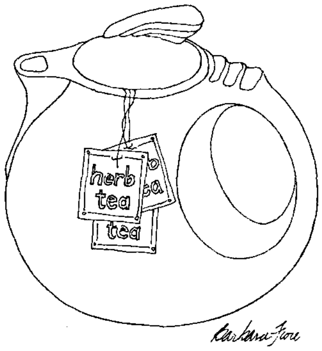
abandoned, because it would have more than doubled the shuttle's cost. NASA officials say that it would cost less now, for the new technology that went into the orbiter—for instance, into its thermal-protection system—could go into developing the winged booster. The main expense would be the development of a new, reusable engine, which would have a thrust comparable to that of the old, disposable Saturns. (NASA has some ambitious plans for this new engine.) The new booster could be used to propel the orbiter—if it does, the external tank might fit on the booster's nose, with the orbiter as a lopsided fellow-traveller, the two together looking like two geese in tight formation—or it could propel the big container. The payload would not be increased much, but there would be a saving in the cost per launch. The biggest advantage, though, is that NASA would be a little farther along the evolutionary track toward what it really wants—a huge space freighter known as the heavy-lift launch vehicle, or H.L.L.V.

With the big container and the winged booster making it possible to transport more material into space at a lower cost, NASA—or, later, industry—would be building, among other things, giant antennas. While large antennas can be brought up inside the present orbiter—Grumman is studying one that could be rolled up in the cargo bay and that would measure seventy metres across when deployed—such antennas could also be built in space. One method would be to put them together out of hundreds of prefabricated concave polygonal shells, which could be stacked in racks in the spacecraft. To build a seventy-metre antenna this way, the construction site would include a jig made of a single upright girder to hold the dish while a cherry picker picked the polygonal sections, one at a time, out of the racks, which it had previously taken out of the spacecraft. For an even bigger antenna—three hundred or even a thousand metres across—NASA might build a framework of girders radiating from a center and covered with a material like wire mesh. To make the dish concave, the big girders could be made to curve, by adjusting the beam builder so that one of the three spools unrolled at a different rate from the others. NASA has also considered a machine that would move in a slowly widening spiral, unrolling behind it an aluminum framework to form the antenna—as if it were a spider making a giant web. These antennas would have a number of purposes. Some might be used for radio astronomy, or even for listening for signs of intelligent life in other parts of our galaxy. Others might be turned on the earth, where different wavelengths could be used for making fine measurements of such things as the amount of moisture in the soil or the temperature of different parts of the sea—things that are now done with certain satellites but with the giant antennas could be done far more precisely.



The use that especially appeals to NASA at the moment, when it is trying to impress the country with the usefulness of the space shuttle, is what it calls the public-service platform: a group of several of the biggest antennas and their transmitters—one perhaps for radio, a second for television, and a third for various types of data transmission—all bolted together so that they could share the same solar array and attitude-control system. Communications through space have been largely passive, with the communications satellites serving mainly as relay stations in the sky; the transmitters and other active components have always been on the ground, because there has never been enough power in space to operate them, and also because complicated equipment couldn't be reached for repair. The shuttle could begin to change all this. With the power source and the big transmitters in the sky, the situation would be inverted: the equipment on the ground could be small and very simple. People could have wrist radios and could communicate with one another all over the world via the public-service platforms; NASA brochures show hunters in the woods calling home to say they will be late for dinner, and sailors in small boats getting the latest word on the weather. The space agency hopes that all these services and many more will be supplied by industry, which—once NASA has proved the concept—might own and operate the platforms. Businesses

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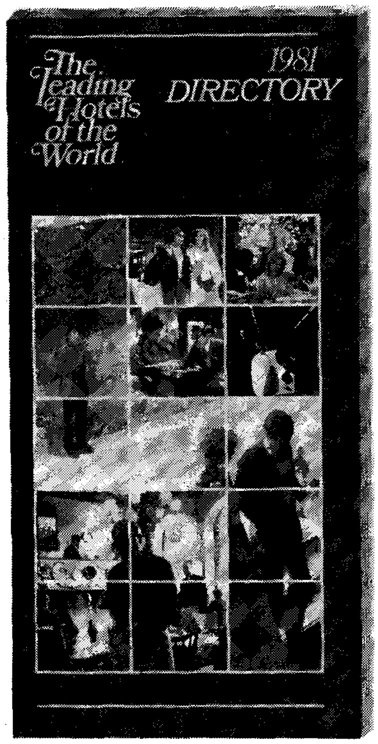

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might make money out of burglar alarms monitored from space, or alarm systems for frontiers between countries. With a little more power in space, there could be wrist television, and even a global mail service conducted electronically; NASA likes to think that someday every house will have its own communications center, where people can send and receive electronic letters or talk long-distance on television screens. With a little more power (and power is something that NASA hopes to have plenty of in space), the public-service platforms could transmit holographs—three-dimensional images—so that the person you were talking to in your communications center might appear to be sitting right opposite you. One NASA drawing shows a performance of the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow projected in three dimensions onto the stage of the Kennedy Center, in Washington. NASA even has pictures of an airplane powered by laser beams generated in space and aimed at its turbines. The plane would use laser power only when cruising at very high altitudes—between thirty and fifty thousand feet—and would carry conventional fuel for use in takeoff and landing. Of course, the laser beams would have to be directed with pinpoint accuracy. The plane would be equipped with a receiver that would include a fail-safe mechanism to insure that a beam would be turned off if it wandered from its target.

Because NASA is putting forth ideas like these, not all of which have been entirely thought out, some of the agency's critics have said that it appears once again to be shooting from the hip, as they implied it did in the case of some manufacturing ideas—as though it were so eager to find things for the shuttle to do that it would seriously suggest almost anything. This may be less true now, with the first fifty-odd flights booked solid, than it was in the past. Nonetheless, not long ago one aerospace engineer, who worked under contract on a variety of designs for public-service platforms and space stations for NASA, said he was somewhat confused by the diversity of forms these structures might take—the different sizes and shapes of the antennas and the modules, the different ways they could be put together—until he realized that what a platform or a station looked like was a function of what it did, and the trouble was that NASA wanted the designs before it had decided precisely what to do with them, just as it did with the shuttle itself. Right now, ideas for missions other than launching satellites (far and away the major part of the shuttle's present bookings) are still very much at a premium.

SINCE at the moment NASA gives the impression of having no specific task—simply going into space to do a myriad possible things may not be enough—many people at the agency feel that it needs a single, unifying mission, such as it had with Apollo. During the nineteen-seventies, NASA planners thought that they had found one not only as spectacular as going to the moon but also more productive: the conversion of sunlight to unlimited power, by solar-power satellites, for use on earth. Responsibility for studying the idea was removed from NASA and, because it was considered an energy option, turned over to the Department of Energy, where it has been shelved for the time being. However, even though NASA is officially unable to work on the plan, it still lives in the imaginations of NASA planners and others, outside NASA; given the off-again, on-again nature of politics, as well as the determination of the plan's adherents, something of the sort may yet be built. The power-satellite concept was patented by Peter E. Glaser, a slight, intense-looking man, who is vice-president of Arthur D. Little, Inc., in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Glaser first published his idea in an article in the magazine *Science* in 1968, and while the details have undergone many changes, and will probably go through many more, the basic concept remains the same. Studies on the feasibility of producing energy by means of these satellites are being carried out not only in the United States but also in Canada, Japan, the Soviet Union, and a number of European countries. Glaser feels strongly that such an undertaking should be international in character and global in scope. One plan that the Department of Energy studied for use in this country and that was used as a reference system—that is, a model everyone could agree to discuss in order to elucidate economic, technical, and environmental problems—envisions constructing in space sixty giant solar-power satellites and placing them in geosynchronous orbit. Each would have an array five kilometres wide and ten long, and would be capable of producing five gigawatts of power. (One gigawatt is a billion watts. Cal-

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ifornia has a generating capacity of about thirty-eight gigawatts of electricity; Con Edison, which powers New York City and Westchester, has a nine-gigawatt capacity; the entire United States has a generating capacity of about six hundred gigawatts.) The power could be transformed into microwave energy by klystron or magnetron tubes, which take a direct current, modulate it with a low frequency, and emit it as microwaves. The microwaves would be beamed to the earth by a transmitting antenna, one kilometre in diameter, on each satellite. The power would be received at antennas on the ground called rectennas, each an oval about ten kilometres wide and thirteen kilometres long, where the microwave energy would be rectified, or converted back into electricity, and then fed into a local power grid.

NASA, which would still like to have a share in such a venture (presumably, the same share it has had in the shuttle—the research and development, including construction and testing), has seen power satellites as not only ending the energy crisis but making available so much energy that the standard of living would rise all over the world. NASA thinks that if the depletion of the world's fuel resources were no longer a problem, the feeling that there are limits on our future would be replaced by a new expansiveness, which NASA, for one, would find more congenial to its way of thinking. Although it sounds utopian, this kind of planning has been the work of men who are indistinguishable from any other businessmen or government officials. The most common pictures on the walls of NASA offices in recent years have been of various designs for solar-power satellites—glassy and silvery against the black of space, ethereal as kites despite their giant size. One NASA official has said that during the nineteen-seventies the idea of the solar-power satellite was the "driving force" behind much that NASA was doing—particularly the space shuttle.

The sun, of course, is the source of all the power (except nuclear energy) we use on earth. As NASA and others have found, it is more efficient to tap the sun's energy directly than to mine it in the form of coal or oil, which are polluting, expensive, and secondhand. (Ever since ecology groups adopted NASA photographs of the earth from space as their symbols, NASA has been trying to associate itself with them—not only through solar power but through the development of other clean-energy sources, like windmills.) NASA officials are scathing about nuclear power: they are quick to tick off the hazards—the accidental release of radioactivity from a big atomic power plant, the problem of nuclear wastes, the danger of the proliferation of nuclear materials, and the risk of hijacking by guerrilla groups. All these hazards could be avoided by drawing on the sun, which is a safe and nonpolluting source of energy; it is, in fact, clean nuclear energy, with the power plant so far away that no guerrilla group can get at it. Exactly how clean solar-power satellites using microwave beams would be is another question.

NASA representatives and other power-satellite proponents have pointed out that people who are now generating electricity from sunlight on the ground are on the right track, but that collecting sunlight on the surface of the earth would not be practical on a large scale. The maximum amount of the sun's energy that reaches the ground can be collected only when the sun is directly overhead on a clear day. Factors such as bad weather or the haze that surrounds urban areas reduce the amount of energy; night, of course, occludes it altogether. Mornings and afternoons, the sun is low in the sky, and its effect is greatly reduced; a further difficulty is that the solar panels must be movable, in order to track it. Tracking can be done with a small array on a roof but would be a major engineering feat for an array large enough to provide power for a medium-sized city—an array that might cover hundreds of square kilometres—even if it were divided into small units that could move separately. And exactly where the most electricity is required for light and heat—the North in winter, for example—the sun is so low in the sky that moving the arrays to follow it wouldn't do much good. Storage batteries, which are harder to charge in winter, when the need for them is greater, might help tide a small home over a few sunless hours, but they would be ineffective on the large scale needed for a city.

All these problems could be avoided, NASA and others have said, if sunlight were gathered directly in space, where its energy is stronger, and where keeping solar arrays aimed continuously at the sun would be a simple matter. The success of the plan depends not on the intensity of the microwave beam

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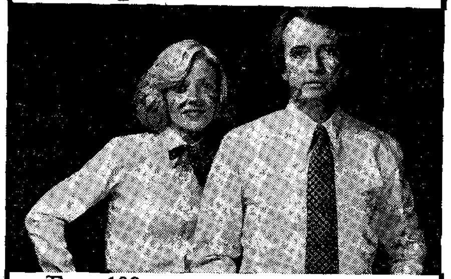
(the energy received at the rectenna would be only twice what could be generated there by an earth-based solar array if the sun were directly overhead) but on the fact that the maximum energy would be generated continuously. As a result, according to power-satellite proponents, solar-energy conversion in space would be about ten times as effective, on the average, as a ground-based system.

To the bleak side effects of nuclear energy, NASA officials pose the (to them) beneficial spinoff of the power satellites: their development would greatly enhance mankind's capacity for going to space. To build the satellites, NASA—or whoever makes them—would have to go there in considerable force. Even though a five-gigawatt array, almost enough to power New York City, might occupy an area of *only fifty square kilometres in space* (as opposed to several hundred on the ground), anything that size represents a remarkable quantity of material to be transported into orbit—fifty thousand metric tons of solar cells and light-weight graphite-resin composite for girders (more, of course, if the girders are made of aluminum). And the Department of Energy scenario calls for sixty five-gigawatt power satellites—enough to supply three hundred gigawatts, or about half this country's present generating capacity. While it is probable that by the time solar-power satellites are actually deployed their configuration will be completely different, there is no doubt that vast amounts of material will have to be put in space. In any event, to get enough material into space for the Energy Department's model—three million metric tons for the satellites alone, to say nothing of what would be needed for space stations and equipment for the workmen—NASA would have to develop the heavy-lift launch vehicle. The cost of sixty power satellites, including the cost of all the necessary space vehicles and construction platforms, is estimated at anywhere between five hundred billion and five trillion dollars, a trillion being most estimators' favorite number. But NASA claims that to bring about the same increment in power—that is, to increase the United States' present generating capacity by half—by all ground-based means, including coal, oil, and nuclear power, the cost would be around a trillion as well. The cost of electrical power now ranges from two to ten cents a kilowatt-hour, depending on where the user lives. The



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cost of electricity from the power-satellite system (as described in the Energy Department's model) has been estimated—in today's pennies—as roughly six cents a kilowatt-hour. At that rate, Boeing, which has done a good deal of work on the economics of power satellites, expects that such a system would begin to show a profit after fifteen years. Of course, such estimates are extremely tentative, given the many variables involved, but once the initial investment was paid off the future would be very promising; sunlight is an unlimited resource, and the maintenance cost of power satellites should be low.

Again, as with manufacturing in space, NASA hopes that corporations—utilities, banks—would underwrite a large part of the cost, with the government meeting the rest. But if American business is skeptical of the value of manufacturing in weightlessness, its reaction to power satellites is outraged incredulity. "How can NASA know whether it will be feasible to build these huge structures and generate electricity in space?" Herbert Hollomon, a former manager of General Electric's Central Engineering Laboratory, who is now a professor of engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said recently. "If NASA goes ahead with this, I bet Arab oil at forty dollars a barrel will seem cheap." In reference to some of the figures floating around NASA, another industrial engineer said, "It's quite possible to make calculations in an area nobody knows anything about and then say, 'Now, show me that that's not a good figure!' Yet I flatly don't believe the numbers. So many new techniques and new materials are involved. Nobody has any idea about their reliability."

The power-satellite proposal is made even more controversial by certain technological and environmental problems that even its proponents agree would have to be solved before it could be carried much further. One technological problem is that the solar cells used in space at present are both short-lived and expensive: their manufacturers currently guarantee their lifetime to be only ten years; and they cost about thirty dollars per peak watt, which works out to around a hundred and fifty billion dollars for five gigawatts' worth. Once there is a very large market for them, a less expensive means of mass-producing them, possibly in sheet form, will come, NASA is convinced, noting that when they were

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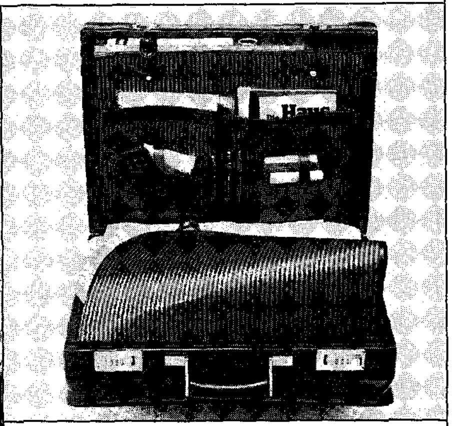

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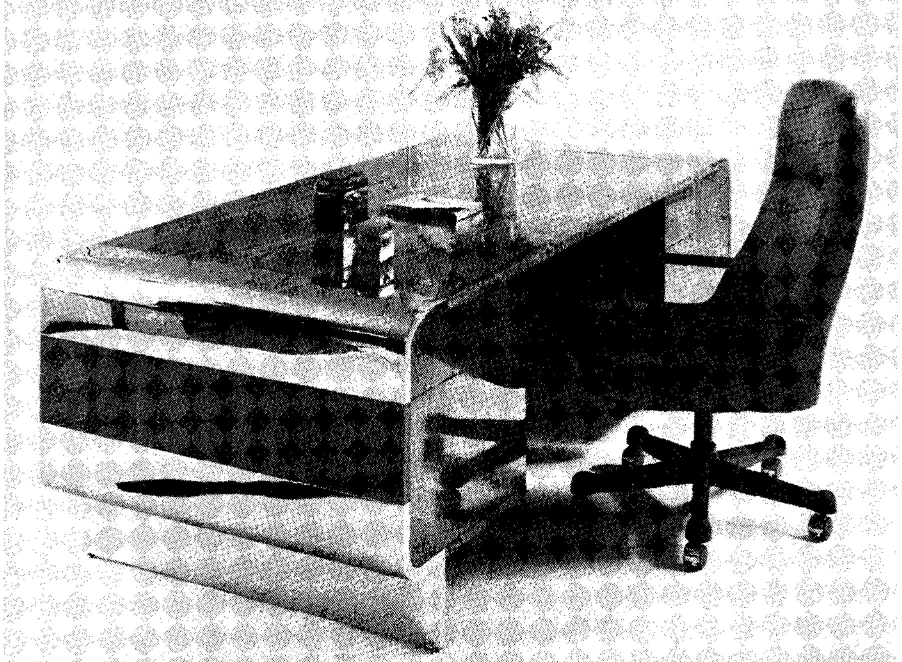

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first marketed they cost about three to five hundred dollars per watt. The solar cells now in use are cut from silicon; solar cells made of another material, gallium arsenide, would last longer and be more efficient, and they could also be produced in a kind of film a tenth as thick as the silicon cells, and so easier to transport and install. So far, however, these cells have been produced only in a laboratory. In the meantime, the life of the present silicon cells can be lengthened greatly by annealing them periodically to eliminate or reduce the damage caused by radiation. The annealing could be done easily in space by means of a laser beam.

Another technical problem is that transmitting power by microwave has not yet been tried over a distance approaching what the beams would have to cross between GEO and the ground; in fact, the longest distance covered so far is a mile. This occurred in June of 1975, when the deep-space antenna at Goldstone, California, lit up some light bulbs connected to a rectenna on a hillside a mile away, in an experiment designed to show how much energy would be lost in the process of converting the microwave beam into electricity. The beam was converted at the receiving site with some eighty per cent efficiency, and although no comparable test was run to show what energy loss might occur at the transmitting end, it is expected that an over-all conversion efficiency of seventy per cent could probably be achieved, with better magnetron tubes, by the time the power satellites are in space, if they ever are. There is, apparently, no other form of transmission now known that is worth considering except laser; one difficulty is the fact that laser beams are dispersed by clouds.

The environmental problems may prove more serious in the long run than the technological ones, though Department of Energy studies claim to have answers to most of them. One worry is that the microwave beams might heat up the ionosphere, perhaps affecting the weather and impairing certain types of radio transmission. In a recent experiment, however, when a microwave beam was transmitted upward from the radio-astronomy antenna at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, it produced less of an effect on the ionosphere than had been anticipated. A second worry—about which not much is known yet—is how adversely the atmosphere might be affected by the ex-

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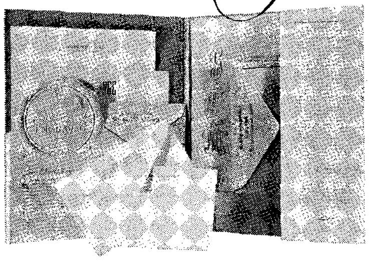

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haust products of the transportation required to emplace and maintain the power satellites. A third worry is that the beam, which has to be aimed with an accuracy of a few seconds of arc, might wander and hit, say, New York City. This would be impossible, space-agency officials have said, for the beam will be on only while the antenna in space is receiving a signal directly from the center of the rectenna on earth, and it can receive this signal only if it is aimed precisely right; if the antenna did not receive the signal, the beam would disperse. Regardless of the efficacy of such fail-safe devices, NASA has pointed out that the beam would not be damaging for short periods anyway: the intensity at the center would be twenty-three milliwatts per square centimetre, and the dosage accepted as the level of safety in industrial and military work by the United States government is ten milliwatts per square centimetre. Naturally, nobody is expected to stand in the center of the beam, yet if someone did so for a short time it probably wouldn't affect him. An early NASA drawing even showed the soil beneath a rectenna—an open grid twenty or thirty feet above the ground—being farmed; the microwave beam cannot penetrate the grid, so the beans would not be cooked on the vine. The intensity of the beam, of course, drops off as the distance from the center increases. However, studies in the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries have brought to light adverse biological effects other than those related to microwave heating—effects that are due to long-term exposure to very low levels of microwave energy. The countries involved in the studies have therefore imposed a level of safety of one one-hundredth of a milliwatt per square centimetre, or a thousandth the American standard—a figure that power-satellite-design studies now have to take into consideration. In the Energy Department's model, the intensity of the beam would drop to the Soviet limit seven kilometres from the center of the beam; obviously, much would depend on exactly where the fence around the rectenna was put. If there were enough rectennas—sixty, say—the leakage could be everywhere, though in minuscule amounts: a little more than the radio and television waves that already surround us. Still, the fact is that no one knows the precise intensity at a given distance from the center or the precise level of safety. In the meantime, in the latest drawings the

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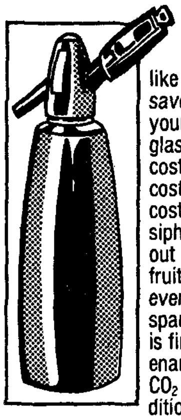

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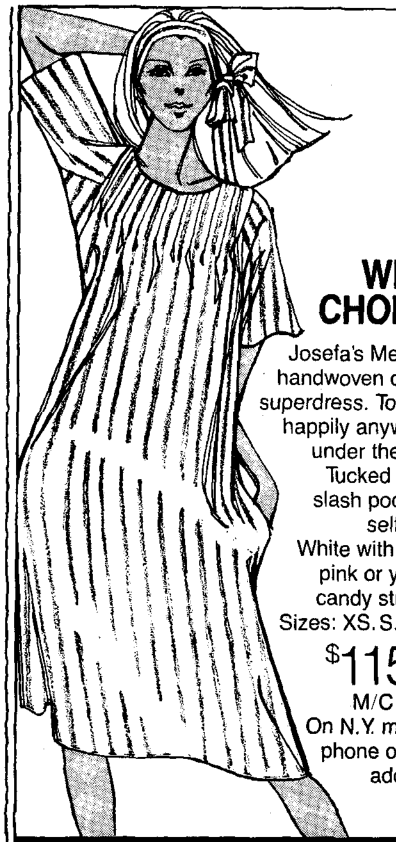
rectennas have been moved out to sea.

So far, the greatest obstacle to solar-power satellites has proved to be political. In the eyes of NASA officials, nuclear energy has competed all too successfully with the satellites for government funding. The decisions concerning America's future energy needs are made by the Department of Energy, which is a reincarnation of the Atomic Energy Commission, and until very recently the department has been concentrating almost all its efforts on developing nuclear energy, particularly fusion, whose partisans are a strong lobby. In 1977, when responsibility for solar-power satellites was turned over to the department, it devoted less than half of one man's time to them. In the spring of 1978, the House Science and Technology Committee voted thirty to one for the Department of Energy to speed up its research on solar-power satellites. Later that year, and again in 1979, a bill authorizing twenty-five million dollars for the study of the concept passed the House but both times died in the Senate. Meanwhile, prodded by the action of the House committee, the Department of Energy had begun devoting about six million dollars a year to studying the satellites—a negligible sum compared with what it was spending on fusion. Proponents of solar-power satellites see themselves as being victimized by what one aerospace executive has called an atomic Mafia. "All we want for the power satellites is the legitimacy of being considered a viable energy alternative," this man says. It might take NASA thirty years to get sixty power satellites into the sky, after an initial research-and-development period of twenty years. By then, according to some estimates, the United States will need four times its present energy resources—in other words, in addition to existing facilities both nuclear power *and* solar-power satellites, as well as something else, it seems, will be needed.

During the last year of the Carter Administration, this kind of reasoning cut no ice. Last December 1st, the division of the Department of Energy responsible for power satellites issued a report—the result of three years of study—which was generally favorable to them (to the surprise of many of its authors, who had started out somewhat hostile to them), and which concluded that there were "no insurmountable barriers that would pre-



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clude the solar-power satellite from being part of a future energy-alternatives plan." According to ground rules established at the outset of the report, this should have been sufficient to recommend that studies of power satellites be continued, and the authors of the report were said to be willing to recommend that the work be financed at an increased level of between five and twenty-five million dollars a year. However, there was no money for the satellites in the Department of Energy's final budget recommendations, and, according to the suspicions of certain aerospace executives, this was the work of department partisans of the fusion program, for which Congress, last summer, had authorized twenty billion dollars over the next twenty years. There is currently a movement in Congress to authorize money for further study of the satellites; the Senate is expected to be more agreeable this time around. The Congressional Office of Technology Assessment and the National Academy of Sciences are also studying power satellites, and their reports are due shortly. Meanwhile, NASA is unable to move ahead with its favorite pipe dream—though, as one official in its office of advanced space technology said recently, "Some of the things that will be going on might have a bearing on it."

IN its planning, NASA has been infinitely flexible—it is, for example, able to bide its time in the hope that it gets funding for the next step. In the meantime, it is overseeing studies of methods of producing cheaper and longer-lived solar cells; although these are for conventional satellites, the resulting technology could be of benefit to power satellites. In the future, during an unfavorable political period the space construction bases could continue constructing the little two-hundred-and-fifty-kilowatt arrays, useful for powering various types of space stations. The space stations would allow NASA to develop skills and technology, and could easily be expanded if NASA should ever get the nod for the big solar-power satellites. Their evolution from the smaller arrays would mean taking several more steps, but NASA engineers have maintained that each step would be self-sufficient, providing a convenient stopping place if the United States decided not to proceed any further for a while. NASA executives have said they put great stock in the notion that you invest a penny before you invest a dime,

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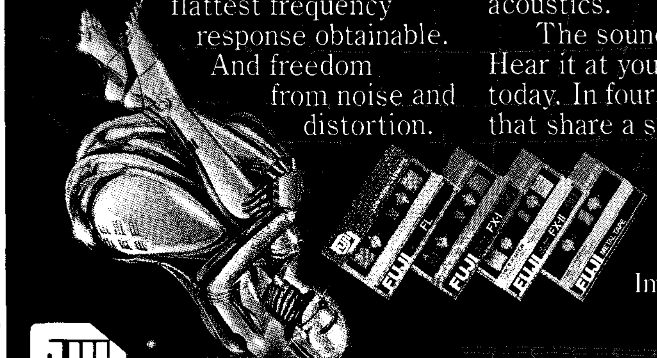

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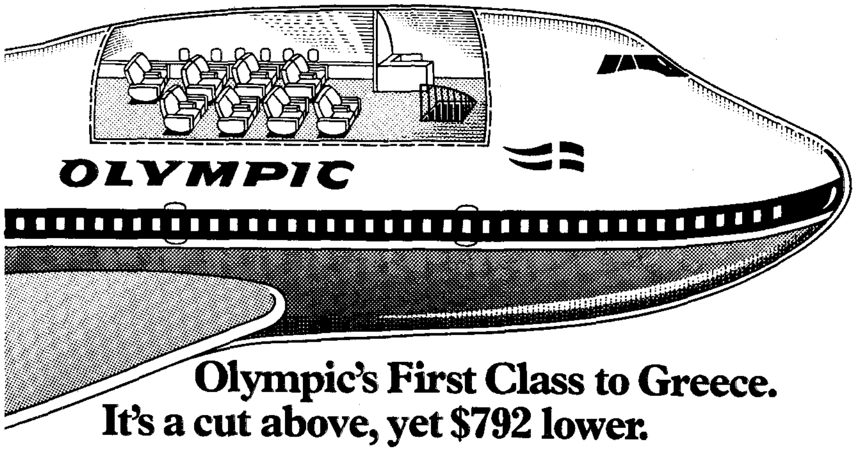

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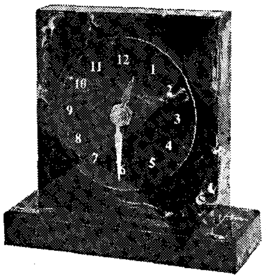

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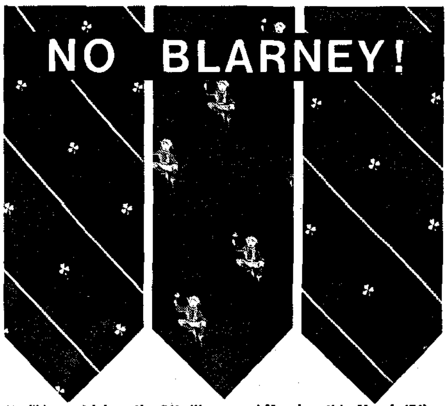

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and you see what happens to the dime before you invest a dollar.

The next step, if NASA (or anyone else, for that matter) got the go-ahead, would be to test the concept of transmitting power through space by microwave. This could be done in a number of ways, the simplest being to attach a one-hundred-kilowatt or two-hundred-kilowatt power module to one section of a transmitting antenna; a receiving element would be placed a few kilometres away in space. Possibly in the nineteen-nineties, if the political climate changed, NASA might construct a small version of the solar-power satellite called the solar-power-development article, to test not only the feasibility of transmitting power but new construction techniques as well. These would lean heavily on the old techniques, using the same beam builders and cherry pickers; however, if the arrays were ever to be ten kilometres long—some solar-power-satellite plans call for *twenty*-kilometre arrays—they would need greater rigidity than could be supplied by the one-metre girders. NASA's solution is to use these girders as struts in a far bigger girder—one that could be as much as twenty metres across. Because the construction of big girders would require more beam builders and more cherry pickers, more men would be needed to operate them; the work force might have to be increased from a dozen or so to a hundred. But NASA sees no problem in stringing together space-station modules to house as many as a thousand workmen. Thirty or forty shuttle-loads of material would go up. Because the twenty-metre girder would be triangular, like its predecessor, three beam builders, arranged in a triangle, would extrude the old one-metre girders synchronously; every thirty metres or so, they would stop, so that cherry pickers could install cross-braces, twenty metres long and a metre across, at right angles to the main girders. These cross-braces would have been made earlier by the beam builders and would already be the right length. When the cross-braces had been fitted to all three sides, the three beam builders would extrude another thirty metres, and more cross-braces would be put in. As the girder lengthened, wires would be laced around it to give it greater torsional strength. It would take a lot of these girders, connected by cross-braces, to make a platformlike solar-power-development article. A development article three hundred and seventeen metres wide and five hundred

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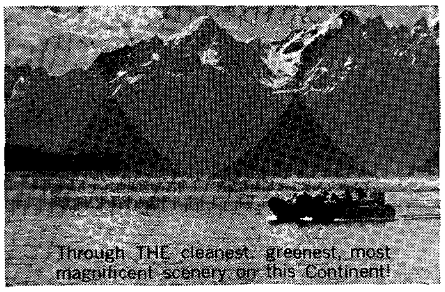
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and ninety-three metres long would generate fifteen million watts of electricity, or fifteen megawatts. (Grumman and NASA have many different sizes of development article in mind; the biggest would be almost two kilometres wide and six long, to generate five hundred megawatts, or enough to supply a small city.) When the frame for the fifteen-megawatt array was completed, sheets of silicon cells would be unrolled over the flat surface. Alternatively, the array, instead of being flat, might be rippled like a gigantic washboard, to make a series of troughs whose flat bottoms would be lined with sheets of solar cells, while the sides would be lined with thin sheets of Kapton, a reflecting material that would concentrate sunlight on them. This way, only a third as many cells would be needed, so both the cost and the weight would be reduced. Such an arrangement would be possible, however, only if the gallium-arsenide cells could be mass-produced, for the silicon cells would overheat in the reflected sunlight, losing efficiency. At the moment, NASA believes that the cost of the silicon cells would be so low that it would be more economical to cover the entire area with them. Either way, when the test article was finished it would probably be boosted up into GEO—the final destination of the big power satellites, and therefore the essential place to try out the test article.

So far, the H.L.L.V.s are still nothing but a gleam in NASA's eye, and the modest new, returnable winged booster—the one that could propel either the shuttle orbiter or the cargo-carrying container—would be sufficient for sending up material for the test article. But if it proved to be a success, and if the country then favored raising the ante from a dime to a dollar, a whole new order of launch vehicles would be needed, because for a five-gigawatt power satellite, as it is now envisioned, the material alone would weigh about fifty thousand metric tons. Accordingly, the next step would be to replace the old orbiter (or the old cargo container) on top of the winged booster with a new, upgraded orbiterlike craft, which would carry its fuel inside instead of having an external tank, and hence, being completely reusable, would enable costs to be cut further. If this craft was a success, both physically and fiscally, the size of both the upper and lower stages would be increased. The result would be the H.L.L.V. Its lower stage would be

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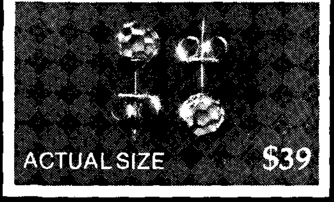

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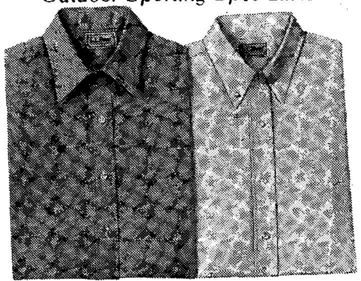

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All this power and capacity is essential if the material for a five-gigawatt power satellite is to be put into orbit economically. With the current generation of expendable launch vehicles—Delta and Atlas Centaur rockets—the cost of launching one pound into LEO is in the thousands of dollars; with the shuttle, it will be around three hundred dollars; and with the new space freighters it could drop to between twenty and fifty dollars. As with the original shuttle, though, these savings would be realized only if the craft was used a great deal, because the development of the H.L.L.V. would cost somewhere between ten and fifteen billion dollars—roughly double what it cost to develop the shuttle. NASA claims that the greater part of its cost will have been absorbed along the evolutionary path; for instance, the space freighter's thermal-protection system would benefit from technology developed for the shuttle orbiter, and the freighter would have improved versions of the engine developed for the winged booster. However, the projected cost of each additional H.L.L.V. is about a billion and a half dollars, and if a full-scale power-satellite program was started there would have to be a whole fleet of H.L.L.V.s. But in that case they would be exceedingly cost-effective, for they would be in use practically all the time. Even though each H.L.L.V. would have a capacity of about four

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hundred metric tons, or four times that of the shuttle upgraded with the cargo container, it would still require something like a hundred and twenty-five flights just to take up the material for a five-gigawatt satellite, and a hundred and fifty more flights to take up provisions for the men, supplies for the space stations, and other equipment—a total of two hundred and seventy-five flights for a single solar-power satellite. (If the gallium-arsenide solar cells were used, the figure could come down.) The scenario that envisions sixty of these satellites also suggests that they be built at the rate of one every six months, which would require more than five hundred launches a year. NASA does not feel that this is excessive. It would be the same as running a large airline—one the size of, say, Eastern. (And it would pollute the atmosphere a lot less, NASA has said, for the propellant would be made up of hydrogen, oxygen, and methane—all compatible with the biosphere. Peter Glaser, for one, though, would like more evidence on whether the sheer quantity of rocket effluents could have an unbalancing effect on the weather.) If operating the equivalent of an airline seems like a tall order, especially when it would make no profit during its first fifteen years, NASA argues that it would nonetheless be a bargain when it was weighed against the return: increasing the present generating capacity of the United States by half.

If Congress, the White House, and the country saw it this way, the fleet of H.L.L.V.s could start delivering to construction sites in LEO more beam builders and cherry pickers and more habitability modules. The workers would be sent up not in H.L.L.V.s but in P.L.V.s—personnel launch vehicles. They would be similar to but larger than the present orbiter, with a passenger module in place of the cargo bay, and they, too, would use a returnable booster. (Quite possibly, the satellites would be built in GEO, in which case the construction workers would build staging centers in LEO; they and the necessary cargo would then move to GEO by means of the orbit-transfer vehicles. At present, it is thought that the giant satellites could be built in sections in LEO and assembled in GEO.) Because of the larger dimensions of the H.L.L.V.'s cargo bay, the habitability modules would be approximately seventeen metres in diameter and twenty-three metres long; that is, they would be about four times the diameter

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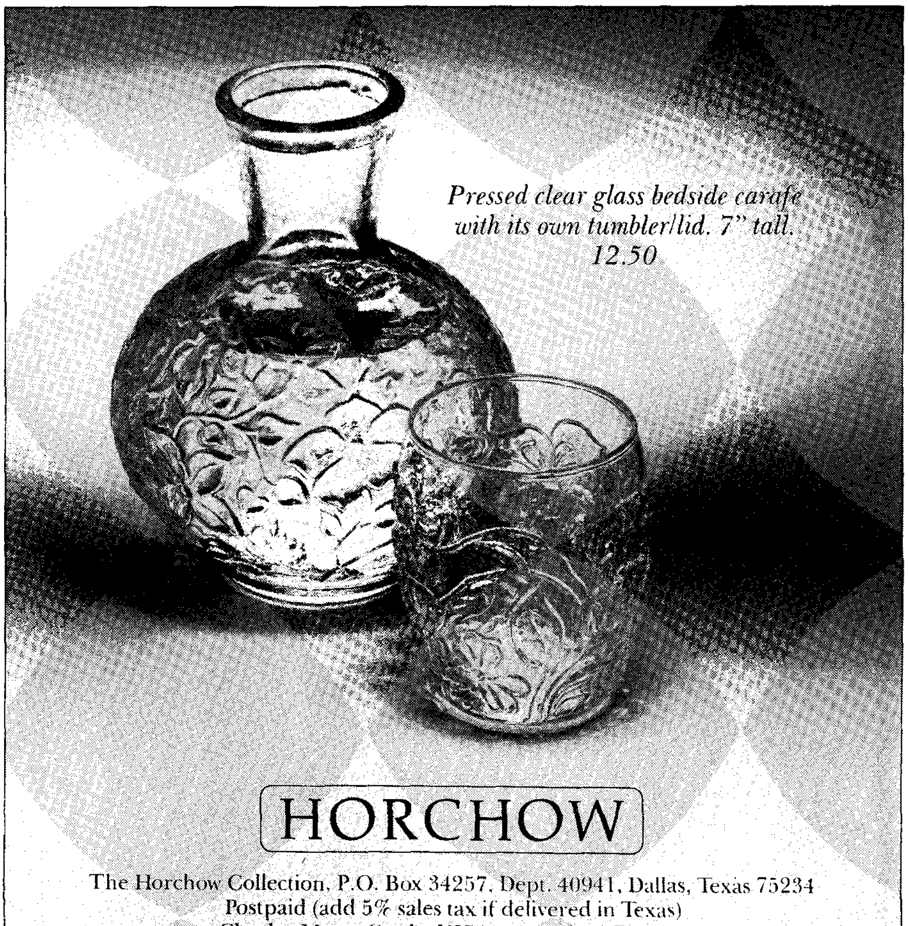

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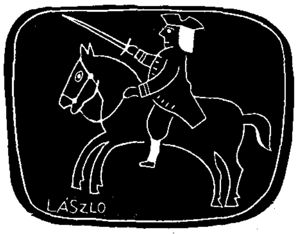
and double the length of the earlier ones, and so would have about thirty times the capacity. Each might house a hundred men, and there might be as many as seven hundred men at each construction site. Next would come vast quantities of tightly rolled graphite-resin composite for the beam builders and tightly rolled sheets of solar cells, which would have to be provided with some sort of warehousing in orbit. The logistical problems would be tremendous. Each H.L.L.V. might spend only a couple of hours in space—long enough to unload—before returning to earth for another cargo, and its turnaround time on the ground might be only a couple of days. (The turnaround time for the shuttle, after it becomes operational, should be about two weeks.) NASA drawings of all this construction—it probably wouldn't happen before the year 2000—contain many details: some show dozens of beam builders extruding girders simultaneously, scores of cherry pickers attaching cross-braces to them, H.L.L.V.s arriving and departing, and everything evidently going like clockwork against the same colorful background of stars—a motif that implies great punctuality and precision. Of course, the more complex space construction gets, the more likely it is that things will go wrong. As delays increased, the space freighters would be kept waiting on the ground, or possibly in orbit, like planes at a bottlenecked O'Hare—a situation that is never depicted in NASA artwork. The launch schedule would break down. There would be a congressional investigation.



Among them, NASA, Grumman, Rockwell International, and Boeing have come up with a number of designs for power-satellite systems. Basically, the satellites would be rectangular, and would be constructed in separate sections—their surfaces either corrugated or flat. The sections, or units, would be made of components developed earlier; for example, the twenty-metre-thick girders that were made for the solar-power-development article might become the elements of even larger girders—the main members of the solar-power satellites. These supergirders, like their predecessors, would be three-sided affairs, but now each edge would be a twenty-metre-thick girder, and each supergirder would be two hundred and thirteen metres across; the cross-braces—also twenty-metre girders—would be four hundred and ninety-three metres apart. One unit of a power satellite designed by Grumman, using gallium-arsenide cells in troughs, would be made of two of these girders, each of them almost fifteen hundred metres long, placed side by side—their bases separated by about two hundred and fifty metres and their apexes by almost five hundred metres. The gap between their bases would be bridged by more twenty-metre girders, to form a continuous platform almost fifteen hundred metres long by almost two hundred and fifty metres wide, and this would be covered with sheets of solar cells. In this corrugated array, just the space between the giant girders would be covered with cells, and the sloping sides of the girders with the reflecting Kapton. Enough units, held together by the twenty-metre girders, would be assembled to make one power satellite about thirteen kilometres long by five kilometres wide. There are as many designs and dimensions for solar-power satellites as there are people designing them. Power satellites using silicon cells would, of course, be flat; they would be constructed of a giant gridwork of beams. However, the size always depends on the efficiency of the solar cells; if the efficiency can be doubled, the length, whatever it is in the design, can be cut in half.

At the construction sites, the workmen, who might be rotated home every two or three months, would have to assemble about a million pounds (earth weight) of material every day. Their jobs would be easier, though, for the beam builders would now be capable of turning out twenty-metre-thick beams directly; these would no longer have to be assembled from the one-metre beams. The jigs would be half a kilometre wide, and one construction site could accommodate an entire power-satellite unit at a time. The construction site itself, with several jigs in use simultaneously, would be about one and a half kilometres wide and almost three kilometres long. There would be new tools as well. Cherry pickers powered by rockets would be capable of carrying girders long distances and installing them; they would be operated by remote control, so that no one

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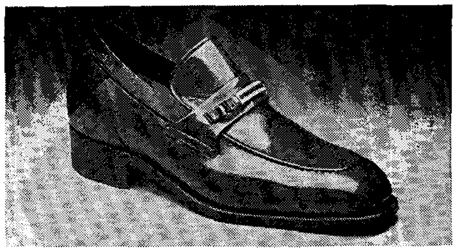

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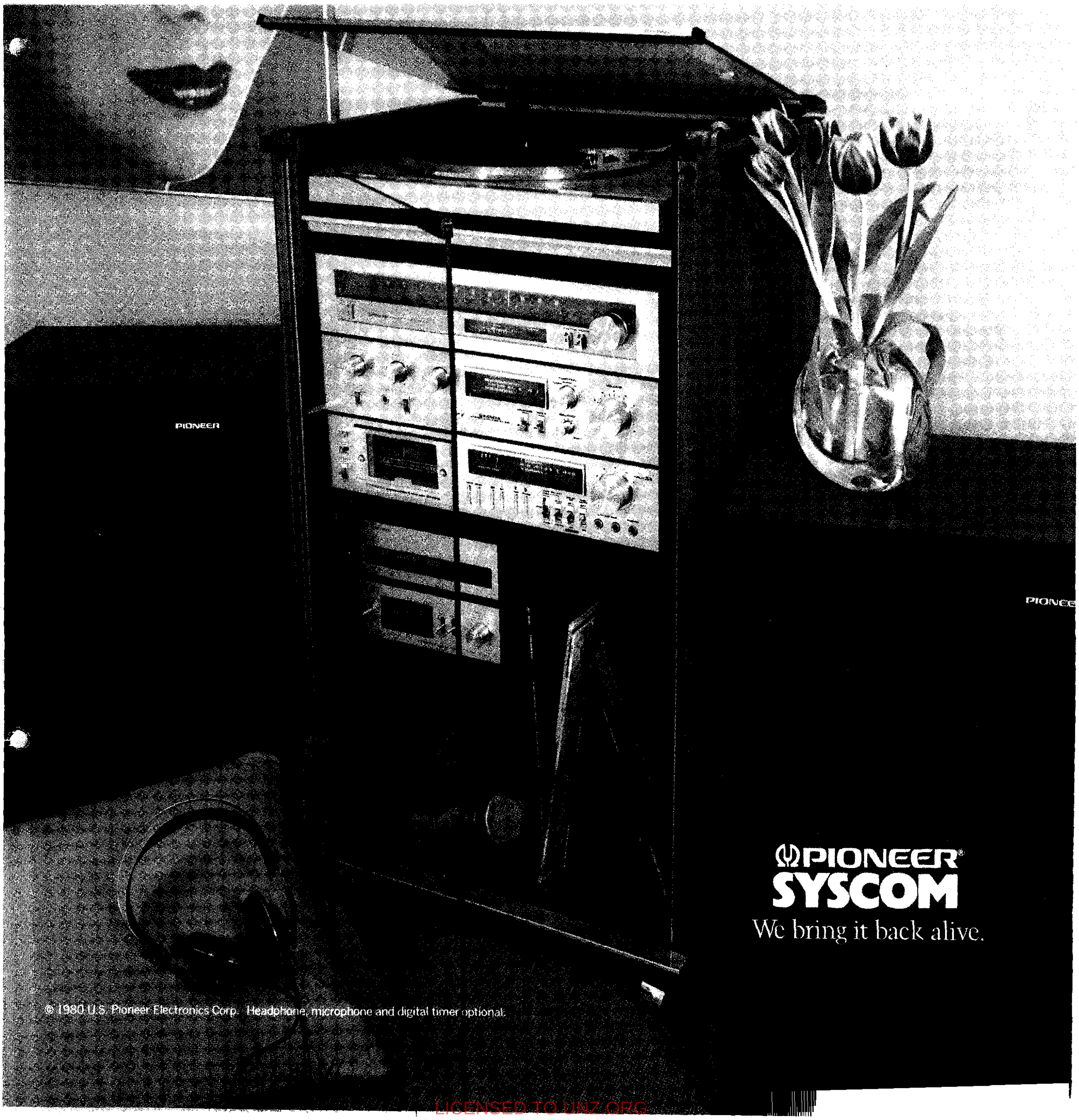

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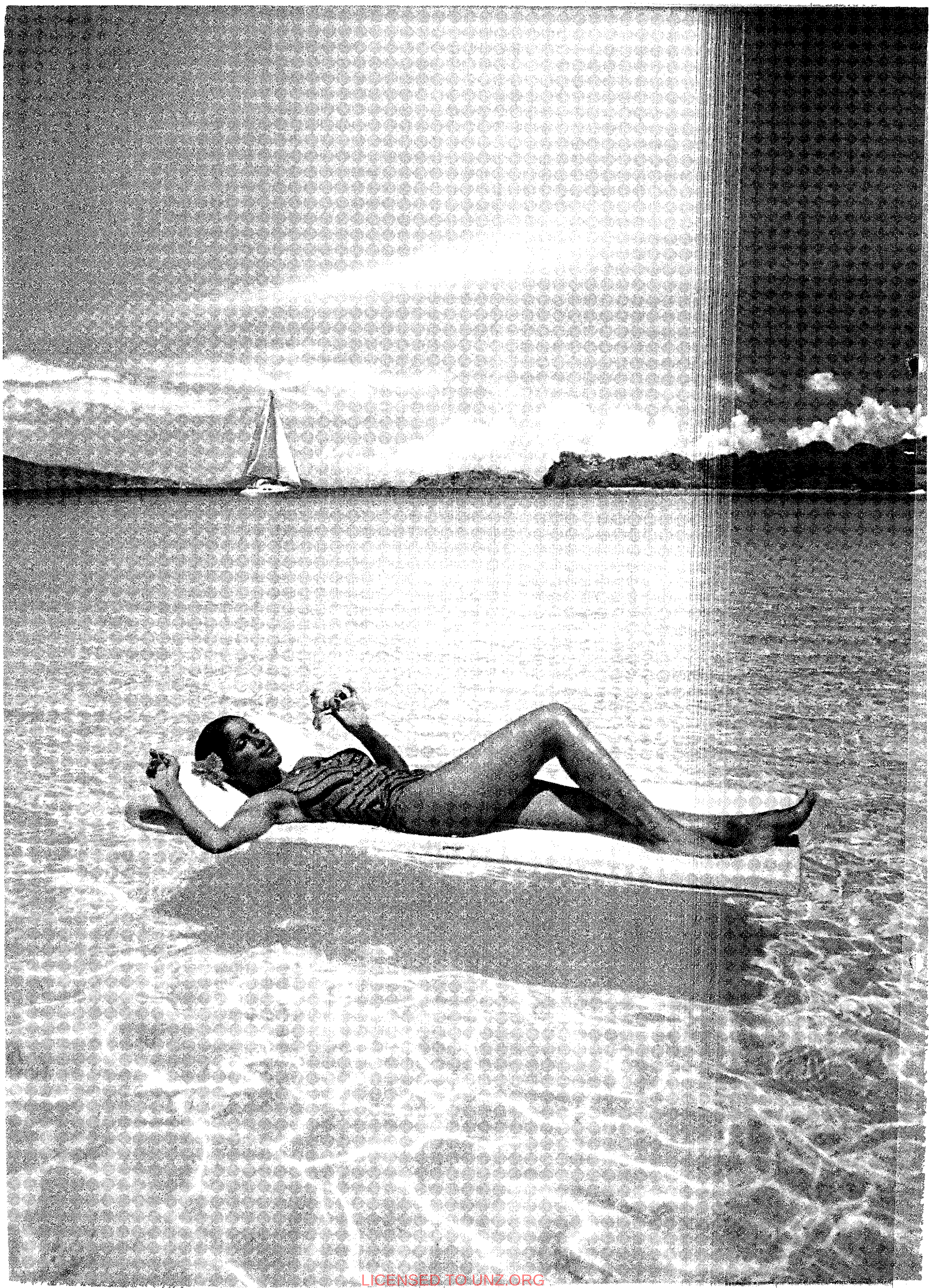

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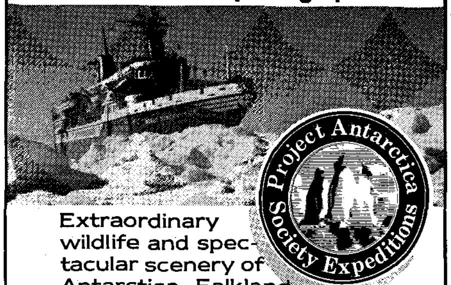
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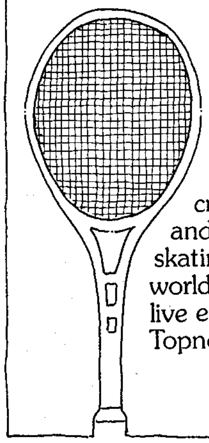
would have to ride in them. Unlike the earlier cherry pickers, they would have legs as well as arms, so that they could sit on the girders; they would look like rather tubby construction men.

As the power satellites were assembled, and grew longer, they would increasingly tend to fall into a vertical attitude in relation to the earth, for the earth's gravity, which gets stronger closer to the planet, making what is called the gravity gradient, would act to pull one end down; the difference in this force at the upper and lower ends of an array ten kilometres long would be strong enough to hold it in a vise-like grip, almost as though it were secured to a giant jig. Because the two ends would be in different orbits, the structure might bend a bit. There are other hazards of building in LEO; any structure the size of such a satellite stands a good chance of being smashed not only by meteors but by one or another of the almost five thousand pieces of man-made debris from previous launches which are circling the earth. Building in GEO would be safer, of course, and with the development of the orbit-transfer vehicles for cargo and personnel, the C.O.T.V.s and the P.O.T.V.s, this can be done. (The greater power of the H.L.L.V.s and the P.L.V.s is not needed to make inter-orbital flights.) Workmen would be transferred in the smaller, cylindrical P.O.T.V.s, using conventional—that is, chemically powered—rockets; there would be two stages, the first to get into an elliptical orbit, the second to circularize the orbit at GEO. The front section would have room for seventy-five workmen. However, moving the C.O.T.V.s—or even the sections of solar arrays built in LEO—up to GEO would not be done by conventional rockets, for the amount of solid propellant required, plus the amount required to get that propellant from the launch site to LEO, would just about double the propellant requirements of the project. Instead, a C.O.T.V.'s journey would be made under the power of small thruster rockets—a new type, called ion engines. Because they would require considerable electricity, the C.O.T.V. would look like a huge solar array, with the cargo—in cannisters or on pallets brought up by the H.L.L.V.s—on racks at the center. Sections of arrays for the power satellites could go up under their own power, the frames dotted with the small ion engines; since the structure would naturally be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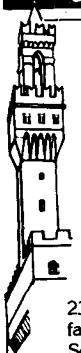
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quite flexible, a few big engines could not steer it. The fuel might be argon gas, and not much of it would be needed, for it would be ionized thermally, by means of electrical energy from the solar array, the ions providing the propulsion. The giant framework would turn so that its solar cells were toward the sun, like the sails of a ship toward the wind, and it would move slowly forward, with streams of ionized atoms shooting out behind. These engines would be weak but long-lasting; their contemplated use in interplanetary travel depends on a cumulative effect, for they build up great speed over long periods—something that would not happen over the several months it would take for them to carry the sections to GEO. Though the cost of this means of transport would be relatively low, there would be other drawbacks: part of the lifetime of the solar cells would be used up, and they would be further degraded by their passage through the Van Allen radiation belts, where they would be bombarded by electrons. (One advantage of using gallium arsenide instead of silicon is that it is more resistant to the types of radiation in space which degrade solar cells. If silicon cells were used, the framework would probably be sent up with only enough of the cells exposed to power the craft; the rest would be automatically unrolled when it reached GEO.) If the entire satellite were built in GEO, the solar cells could be installed there, but there would obviously have to be a GEO construction base. This might be preferable to letting the power-satellite sections lurch slowly twenty-two thousand miles to GEO while stockholders—individuals, banks, utility companies, possibly; governments, more likely—wondered when, if ever, they would get a return on their money.

In GEO, the finished satellites would look like a fleet of floodlit banners on a dark sea. Though GEO imposes fewer stresses than LEO, there would still be forces at work on the power satellites. When they were eclipsed by the earth's or the moon's shadow, which would happen about one per cent of the time, the temperature could plunge as much as two hundred degrees Kelvin, and a satellite that was built of the graphite-resin composite might suddenly shrink between five and ten metres; the abrupt change could also set off oscillations in the structure, so that it might pulse like a plucked string. (A power satellite made of aluminum could shrink between fifty and a

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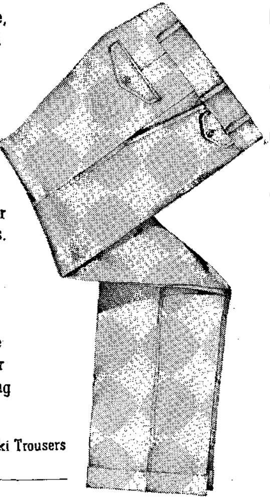

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hundred metres—a major reason for preferring the composite. The amount of shrinkage for both types of beams depends on the size of the array and on its structural design; most designers feel that the degree of shrinkage can be kept insignificant.) More important, the gravitational action of the earth, the sun, and the moon would always be at work on the satellites, muscling them this way and that, bending them a bit, like ships in a gentle swell. In addition, the pressure of solar radiation on the vast expanse of each satellite would be the equivalent of fifty pounds; and aerodynamic drag would have to be considered even at that distance from the earth. Though these forces may seem weak, they would have a combined effect in space, where even large structures weigh practically nothing; if the satellites weren't rigid enough, the combination of forces could cause them to undulate like long, thin ribbons. Thousands of ion-powered rockets—joined to a central guidance system—would be continually counteracting any motion, damping any oscillations, and nudging the craft back into shape, like tugboats worrying at a ship in a storm. A little flexibility and motion might not matter, for the arrays need not be aimed precisely at the sun. However, the transmitting antennas would be a different matter: they must always aim the microwave beam accurately at the rectennas on the earth. The antennas could not be fixed rigidly to the gently wafting main structure of the satellite, lest they waft, too, and their aim be thrown off; and in order to remain fixed on their targets on the earth they must swivel in a complete circle, in relation to the rest of the satellite, once a day. Unlike the main structure, the antennas must retain their shape—a constant problem, for the same forces acting on the main structure would be acting on them, too, with further complications. They would not always be pointing the same way in relation to the sun, so the heat on them would be uneven. Parts of the antenna would be expanding while others contracted. In addition, the microwave beams would recoil against each antenna with a pressure of five pounds. Because of these difficulties, the antennas would be composed of smaller units that could be aimed separately, though in harmony with each other; each unit would receive a fail-safe signal from a rectenna below. With this arrangement, the antennas could send their beams to more than one rectenna on

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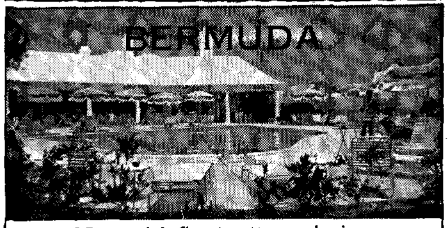

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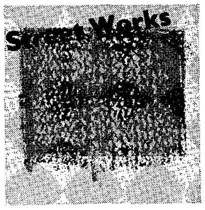

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earth, and so facilitate the distribution of the power.

All this would require some servicing. The ion engines would have to be checked. Solar cells knocked out by micrometeors would have to be replaced. (The danger from meteors big enough to damage the satellite's structure is, statistically, much less.) If the solar cells were made of silicon, they would have to be periodically annealed. Even improved or annealed solar cells would eventually have to be replaced. A small crew might be engaged constantly in repair work, in the manner of workmen painting a vast bridge. With proper maintenance, a power satellite should last hundreds of years. The men living in lonely habitability modules attached to them might well think of themselves as lighthouse keepers. Like lighthouses, the satellites could be seen from a long way off; from the earth, if and when they were in place—around 2030, say—they would be visible at night in a straight line over the equator, forming a new constellation, brighter than any other and looking like a row of light bulbs in the sky. That is what they look like in one of NASA's drawings, at any rate.

While there has been a good deal of talk around the space agency about the "evolution" of the design of solar-power satellites, space stations, and space freighters, real evolution, of course, is a blind process. What NASA has done in its preliminary planning is closer to genetic engineering—guiding the little, incremental changes in such a way as to make them follow a preconceived pathway. Despite obstacles, it is still a route that the shuttle could take.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*]

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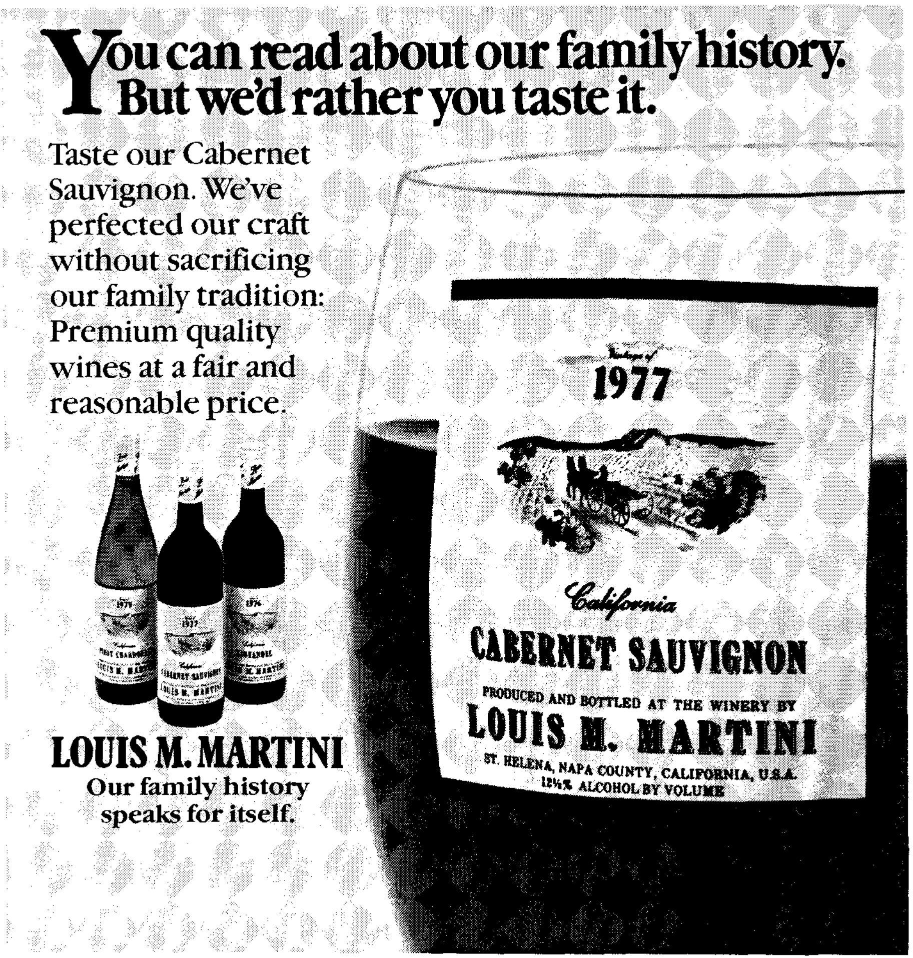

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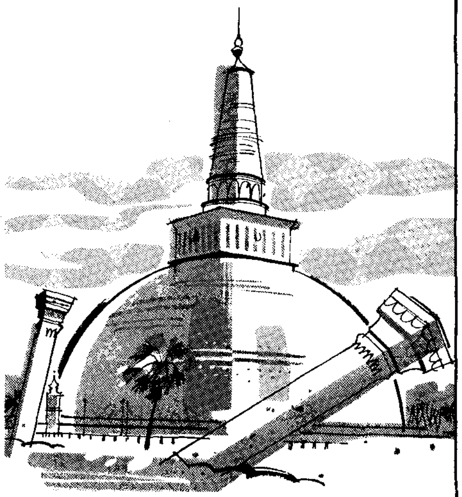

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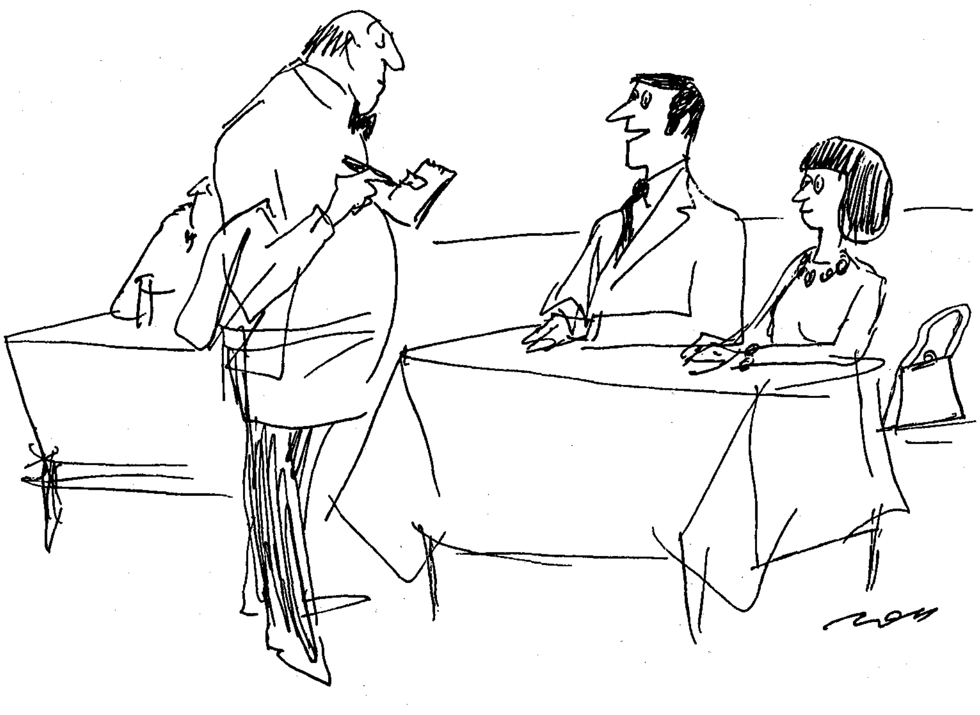
Abel Gance

ABEL GANCE'S art is the art of frenzy, tumult, climax. He dashes toward melodramatic peaks and goes over the top. The result is overwhelmingly literary, highfalutin, romantic, and foolish. His corn is purple—and it makes you gasp with pleasure, because he achieves his effects by the most innovative means. He's like an avant-garde De Mille. Gance has a nineteenth-century theatrical sensibility, but he's also obsessed with the most avant-garde film techniques, *and he uses these advanced* methods to overpower you emotionally. When he succeeds, you're conscious of the humor of your situation—you applaud, you cheer, because the exhilaration of his technique freshens the stale, trashy ideas, gives them a grand lunacy.

In Gance's greatest film, "Napoléon," which had its première at the Paris Opéra in 1927, and was presented at Radio City Music Hall in a reconstructed version at the end of January and the beginning of February, Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. In the opening section, a fortress-like military school is in the distance, while in the foreground the courageous twelve-year-old Napoleon commands his outnumbered troops in a snowball fight. The camera seems to encompass miles of landscape, yet there's so much activity within the shots, and the movement of the boys is so quick and darting and funny, that the effect is of your eyes clearing—of everything becoming bright. Gance cuts from the long shots to closeups, and adds superimpositions, and then the cutting becomes fast and rhythmic, with Napoleon's face flashing by in one frame of every four, and you realize that the principal purpose of this jazzy blinking is to give you a *feeling for speed and movement*—and for the possibilities of the medium. Gance doesn't dawdle; he starts off with pinwheels, sparks, madness.

Back in 1927, a lot of people must have got off the carrousel right there, saying, "It spins too fast, it makes me dizzy—and it's stupid." And maybe when Francis Ford Coppola, who served as impresario for the New York showings, opens the film more widely, some new people will. Years ago, when I was managing theatres, each time I ran an Abel Gance picture there were intelligent, highly educated people who would patiently explain to me how freakishly moldy the ideas were. I would impatiently respond that they weren't allowing themselves the goofy rapture they might feel if they could just give over for a little while. I said that Gance's technique transcended his ideas—that there was a fever in his work which came out of love of the medium itself, and that this love was the real subject of his movies. (I didn't convince anybody.) The problem for these people wasn't that Gance was avant-garde—it was that he was avant-garde and old-fashioned. This is a mixture that some moviegoers just can't swallow.



"*We'll have the 'average-couple special.'*"

"NAPOLÉON" was originally made as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. Gance intended this work—thought *to have been twenty-six or twenty-*eight reels—to be shown in two-hour chunks on three successive nights. But even at the 1927 Paris opening (under the title "Napoléon vu par Abel Gance") it was, instead, abridged and run in one night. The six-hour original played briefly, on a three-night basis, in eight European cities; then the film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. He estimates that twenty to forty minutes of footage are still missing; and a subplot of about fifteen minutes has been cut for the new American opening. At Radio City, where the film was run at twenty-four frames per second (it was originally run at approximately twenty frames per second), it lasted about four hours. (There's a simulation of the original color for an instant at the very end.) Gance actually intended his six-hour movie, which ends with the young Napoleon leading his army in Italy, to be just the first ("Première Époque: Bonaparte") in a cycle of six Napoleonic films.

THE opening "Youth of Napoleon" section includes the revenge of Napoleon's enemies—the boys who have lost the fight in the snow. The subtitles tell us that both the masters and the pupils feel an antipathy to this proud, fierce child, and that his only consolation is his pet eagle; after the fight his enemies let the eagle out of its cage, and the bird flies into the night. Not knowing which boys are responsible, Napoleon goes from bed to bed, systematically challenging every one of them; he takes on the whole dormitory. The brawl turns into a pillow fight (the ancestor of the celebrated

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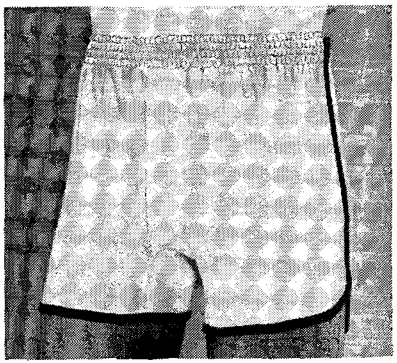

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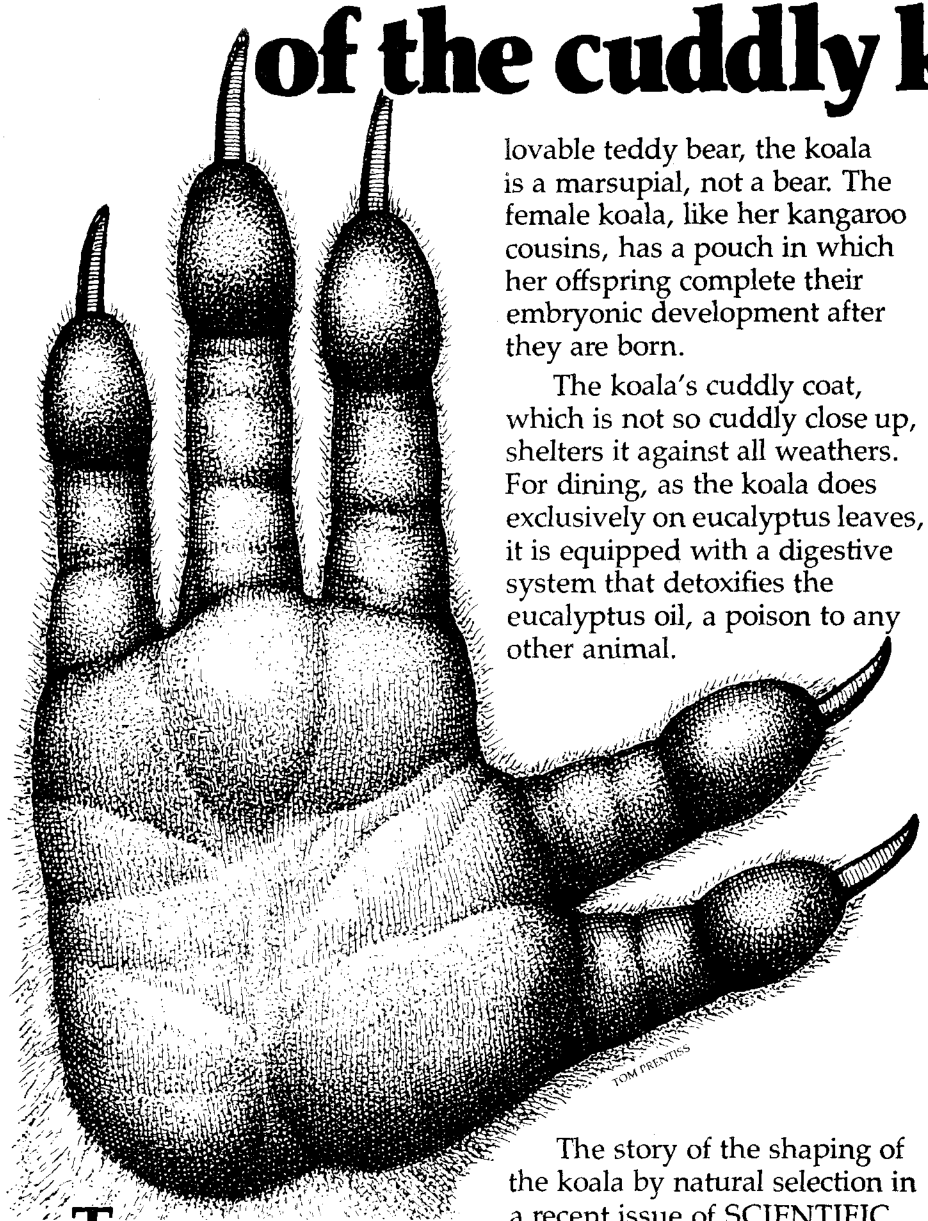
lyric, feathery sequence in Vigo's "Zero for Conduct"), and as he fights them all and the feathers start to fly the screen divides into four separate shots, then into six, then into nine. And with all nine images in motion the screen becomes a fantasia of boys, pillows, feathers. There's so much movement that the separate images dissolve in the whirling mass. The fight is broken up by the masters, who punish only Napoleon, sending him to spend the night outdoors; he has fought with honor, though, and as he huddles alone in the cold his eagle returns to him. The audience applauds the gaudy, romantic inevitability of the bird's return. (The eagle will be Napoleon's totem throughout the picture.) This early section has a charm that is reminiscent of Mack Sennett and Chaplin, and even the small touches are likable. During the snow fight, a scullion who admires Napoleon's courage warns him that his enemies are putting rocks in their snowballs. After the pillow fight, a stinky little boy (one of the two who let the eagle out) lies snug in his bed; he snores, and a bit of down puffs out of his mouth.

GANCE works directly on our senses. When images that are no more than a few frames long are intercut repeatedly in a fixed pattern, there's a flickering, blinding effect, like a strobe. And when he divides the screen into multiple images, so that we see seething forms, he's obviously trying to affect us at a subconscious level. I think Gance always meant to be a prophet showing mankind the Way, but he's a prophet only in terms of movie techniques. As a thinker, he is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush.

It's amusing to see the boy Napoleon treated as a Genius, but in the next sections—Napoleon and the French Revolution, and then the Italian Campaign—when the young man Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution, you know you're in the grip of a crazy. There are certain subjects that pose special hazards for great moviemakers, and they are just the ones that attract them the most: the Promethean conquerors, the mad kings, the Men of Destiny, the visionaries. The imaginative moviemaker knows that there are no limits to what is possible in the movie medium, and belief in his own omnipotence rises in him like sap. Imperial moviemakers can't settle for less than the imperial subjects that have no clearly defined limits. (It's no accident that Welles wanted to do "Heart of Darkness" or that Kubrick wanted to do a "Napoleon.") The trap of these subjects is not merely that they grow to excessive length, that they become misshapen, or are unfinished because funds run out, or that they get mutilated, but that the moviemaker, who begins with a sense of holy mission, winds up not knowing what he meant to say, and the scale of his epic makes the utopian humanistic message he settles for look puny. There's an incoherence that seems almost integral to visionary epics: the bravura techniques have everything to do with exploring the medium, but they have nothing to do with the filmmaker's "statement" about pacifism or revolution or tolerance or a world nation. There's a kind of Pyrrhic poetry about Coppola's having put up more than a quarter of a million dollars to reopen this film in Radio City Music Hall, and with his father, Carmine Coppola, in the pit, conducting the sixty-piece American Symphony Orchestra. Back around 1920, it was D. W. Griffith who arranged for the American opening of Gance's 1919 film "J'Accuse."

GANCE's life has been a tragedy of waste. When "Napoléon" opened, he was only in his mid-thirties, and he has spent the rest of his life (he is ninety-one now) mainly on commercial subjects and unfulfilled grand projects. This cannot be completely blamed on tightfisted, shortsighted businessmen. The fact is that most of Gance's epic ideas reek of nineteenth-century grandiloquence. He isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. When Gance tries for simple, ordinary feelings, he's usually at his worst. It isn't that he treats the simple moments as filler and pays little attention to them but that he makes something kitschy and embarrassing of them. He layers them with obvious ironies, whole-hog patriotism, facetiousness. For him, common experience is comic relief. In "Napoléon," during the Terror two government clerks try to save people they like from the guillotine by chewing and swallowing their dossiers, but one of them keeps gagging. Josephine's son (about twelve) sits in a room where Napoleon is courting his mother, and the kid

Is this the hand of the cuddly koala?



This powerful, clawed hand does indeed belong to the koala. It testifies to the rigorous adaptation of the animal to its tree-top habitat.

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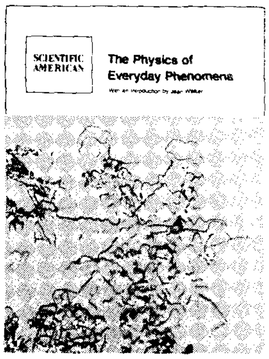

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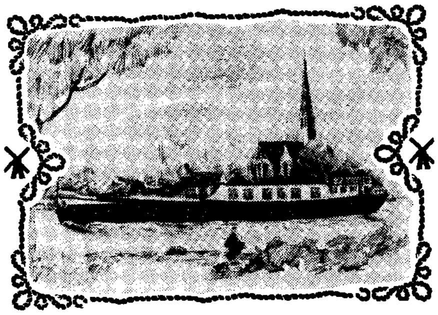

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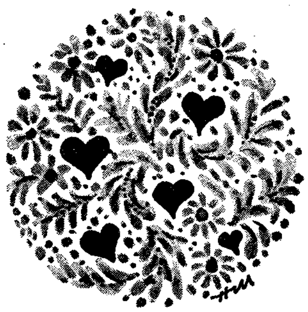
enjoys every minute of it. (That'll be the day!) When Napoleon marries Josephine, the wedding ceremony is comically brief. (Napoleon is a man in a hurry.)

What Gance offers us is not merely a Napoleon without politics; his is a divine Napoleon. Gance's Man of Destiny has a mesmeric gaze. When Napoleon meets with any opposition, Dieudonné's eyes light up like the eyes of the kids in "Village of the Damned." The power of Napoleon's gaze was famous, but this is a horror-film comedy routine. When he turns his piercing stare on them, rioting crowds back away, and even unruly generals do his bidding. Others don't need to be glared at: characters such as Fleuri (Nicolas Koline), the admiring scullion who later becomes an innkeeper, and his daughter, Violine (the lovely, teen-age Annabella), turn up from time to time, so they can symbolize the good common people and worship Napoleon from afar.

There is no doubt that Gance takes a mystical view of his hero. When Napoleon attacks the British, and the messy battle goes on for seventy-two hours and ends in hand-to-hand combat in rain and mud, a subtitle announces: "He is in the thick of fire. He is in his element." (Some of the night fighting scenes were originally in blue, others in red.) Everything is explained by "fate." Before Napoleon and Josephine have met, he is a young officer in the street outside a fortune-teller's shop, while she is inside being told that she will be a queen. Gance is shameless: everything is foretold, ordained, or revealed in a hideous presentiment. It's clear that Gance conceived of his huge cycle of films as a glorification of Genius. His hyperbolic romanticism knows no bounds: in one scene Napoleon stands alone on a peak overlooking the ocean, and a subtitle tells us that Ocean is his friend and they meet as equals. When Gance tries to "humanize" this hero, he shows him embarrassed and fumbling in his courtship of Josephine. We come away from a Griffith epic, such as "Intolerance," or even "Orphans of the Storm" (which is also set in the French Revolution), with a feeling for the characters, and a sense of pleasure in the whole story, and memories of small, surprising moments. We come away from "Napoléon" exulting in Gance's extraordinary inventiveness and spirit. In the same sense that his Napoleon is the Revolution, Gance is the film we have been watching.

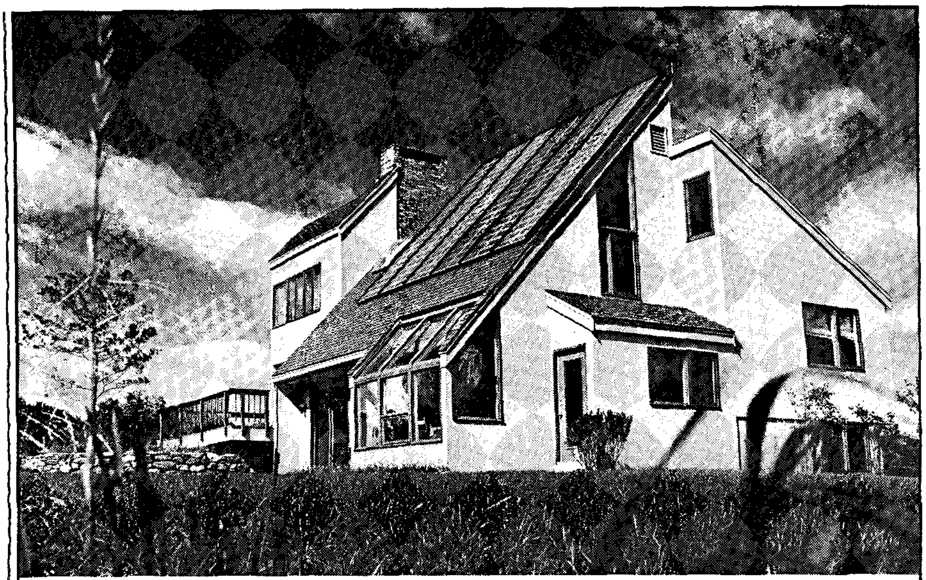


HE can be a great show. When Napoleon is in Corsica, with a price on his head, he takes down the French flag, which he believes the Corsicans are unworthy of; he jumps from a building onto a horse and, clutching the flag, rides away to escape a large group of horsemen pursuing him. Suddenly we're in a Western chase, but in this Western the camera is more interested in the movement of the horses' legs than in the possibility that the posse might catch up to the hero. (For some of the inserts, Gance strapped the camera to the back of a horse.) Pursued all the way to the sea, Napoleon hops into a dinghy and unfurls the tricolor for a sail. It's a piece of flamboyance that makes one laugh and applaud. What follows is even higher on the hog: A sirocco comes up, and the little boat is flung about in the splashing waves—and we're flung about, too. Gance built an underwater camera, which, he said, he placed at the level of the waves, so the image would not be "that seen by a person looking at the waves, but rather that of one wave seen by another." This storm at sea is intercut with the political storm at the National Convention in Paris, with Danton orating and Robespierre crushing the Girondists. In order to produce a parallel sense of vertigo from the waves of the surging crowd, Gance mounted the camera on a pendulum, which swung over the extras' heads. It's a freak sequence: a forced metaphorical connection between two phenomena, and an essentially verbal metaphor besides. It's obvious and hokey, yet the effect is smashingly modern, with the swaying camera whipping us right into the movement of the crowd, and back and forth, in ever quicker shots. And then the two storms are superimposed. What we admire is, of course, Gance's zingy virtuosity.

In the first Gance picture I ever saw, his 1936 sound film "Un Grand Amour de Beethoven," released here as "The Life and Loves of Beethoven," the sequence of Beethoven going deaf was invested with so much passion that it was almost painful. Beethoven (the magnificent, plug-ugly Harry Baur) couldn't understand what was happening to him. Charging outside, with his big blunt face stricken, he could see the bells ringing, see the blacksmith at work, see the noisy washerwomen. But he couldn't hear anything—and we shared the silence with him. Then we heard a sudden pealing of bells, and all the other sounds that he was henceforth denied. The sequence was so emotionally devastating that when he swung a clenched fist at the camera as he died, his anger seemed completely just. Gance's 1922 "La Roue" has a comparable passage about the onset of its railwayman-protagonist's blindness. (The Russian giants of the twenties studied a print of Gance's original thirty-two-reel version, and this film's lightning-fast montages of engines and pistons, rails and wheels, were probably a chief influence on Russian montage.) Gance's 1937 sound remake of his anti-war film "J'Accuse" ends with a sequence so overpowering that it obliterates the rest of the film. In this finale, the war dead rise to confront the living; the mutilated, the crippled get up and march toward us. In George Romero's 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," the onslaught of the dead is used for a gruesome horror effect; in Gance it's a nightmare miracle, and awesome. The soldiers just keep marching toward us—a vast army of the dead filling the screen.

Gance is a master of a certain kind of theatrical rhetoric; he must think in tropes. In "Napoléon," at the climactic moments the eagle appears. It lights on the topmost part of a ship carrying Napoleon, it settles on a pole in the camp where he's sleeping after his victory over the English at Toulon, and, at the end, the eagle spreads its wings across the three screens.

ALL through "Napoléon," you can see why Gance had to invent the Polyvision wide-screen process (which was the predecessor of Cinerama and CinemaScope). Whenever there's a mob onscreen, the action seems to be pushing against the sides of the frame. That square frame is like a straitjacket to Gance: you feel that he can't accept it and work within it—that he *has* to push it wider. I never got this sense of confinement from Griffith (who often used a flexible frame—blacking out the top and bottom for a proportionately wider image, or blacking out the sides for a narrow vertical image) or



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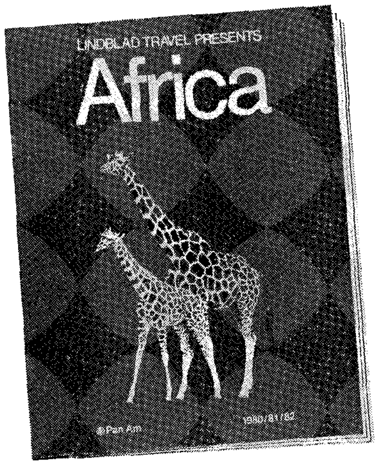

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from Eisenstein or the other Russians. Gance needs a wider canvas because he just naturally tries to encompass more than the square can hold. Though he has a dazzling compositional sense, the halls with crowds seated or jumping to their feet look compressed and static. When, at the climax, Napoleon addresses his army in Italy and the screen opens up to triptych width, the squeezed look disappears and Gance's compositional style seems, at last, fulfilled. (At Radio City, three synchronized projectors were used, though something like this effect can—and probably will—be accomplished by putting the triple-width section on 70-mm. film.) Napoleon reviews his troops, and we see the whole damned army stretched out over the landscape. It's like a photographic map—the country is laid out in front of us. We see the encampments, the tents, the troops, and Napoleon himself, high on a peak, addressing them. And there is an effect that suggests 3-D (which Gance also experimented with while making this picture): several horses and riders cross in front of the vista and seem to ride right into the theatre. This concluding section is a triumph: the three images are sometimes one continuous panoramic view; at other times the center panel is complemented by the wings in a contrapuntal effect, or all three are different. And the extravagance is compounded by two, sometimes three, sets of superimpositions. (There were also three earlier, brief uses of the triptych width in "Napoléon," but apparently Gance, despairing because it didn't seem that anyone would ever be interested in the footage, destroyed it.) Gance, the visionary who reached out to bring more and more into his frames (some scenes have as many as six thousand extras), must have felt a strong temperamental affinity with Napoleon, the visionary conqueror. Gance—he appears here, with gold loops in his ears, in full-screen closeups, as the handsome, lordly Saint-Just—has often been described as looking like an eagle.

ONE of the reasons that "Napoléon" failed with the public may be that Gance works on such a large scale that he uses his performers for their physiognomies—their look—rather than for any contribution they might make to the film as actors. We see them in luminous, expressive closeups—faces abstracted from the action—and we see them in long shots. But there is little of the middle distance, where we might get to know the characters they're playing. We don't find out what the Revolution is about or what Danton and Robespierre stand for. The kind of mind that thinks in tropes doesn't dramatize particulars. The crowds at the National Convention don't represent anything to us—they're just people milling around. They're illustrations of history. When Antonin Artaud, who plays Marat, appears, the Radio City audience applauds him for who he is; his acting wouldn't call up any cheers. Artaud gives a hyperactive, bulging-eyed performance (though he was gentle and superbly modulated in Dreyer's 1928 "The Passion of Joan of Arc"). The thin, elegant Pierre Batcheff (he was the cyclist in the Buñuel-Dali 1928 "Un Chien Andalou") plays Josephine's lover, General Hoche; he has almost nothing to do, but he does make you wonder why Josephine tosses him over for Nappy, who is still just an intense, glowering little nerd. Dieudonné (he looks like Rod Stewart on a stormy day) has presence, but he seems much older than Napoleon was at this time (all of twenty-six), and, with his pale eyes and thin, dark-lipsticked mouth, he's rather off-putting. This Napoleon may be fire and eagle and all, but we never get a sense of the man, or of the tactician, either. All we know is that his will is steely, his military plans are brilliant, he loves his mother, and he's on a divine mission—he's going to spread the French Revolution to other countries by conquering them. Gance doesn't seem to notice anything odd about the idea of bringing self-respect to people by defeating them in war.

There is a truly disingenuous sequence: Gance attempts to purify Napoleon's plans by a supernatural device. After the rush-rush wedding and a hurried night with his bride, Napoleon, at dawn, heads for Italy. (He allows himself only three months for its conquest.) But on the way, just after taking leave of Josephine, he stops at the empty Convention hall. It is inhabited by the phantoms of the guillotined Revolutionary leaders—Danton and the others. These dead speak to him: They tell him that the Revolution cannot prosper without a strong leader, and they ask him to be that leader. They tell him that the Revolution will die if it doesn't expand beyond France, and that he must spread it. And he solemnly promises these apparitions that he will liberate oppressed peoples and create a united

Fatherland. (He was racing off to "liberate" Italy anyway, so it's rather funny that he reacts as if the dead had just laid this burden on him.)

JOSEPHINE (Gina Manès), who carries a lapdog, is a tough, worldly tart. Her brutal nature may perhaps show too clearly on the outside—she has a hard jaw, as if she'd been chewing on things too long. When Napoleon's face is in the center panel, with a globe of the world on a side panel, and then Josephine's face, in all its leering glitter, is superimposed on that globe, we are supposed to see that his pure dream of a universal state is being corrupted. She is the temptress who comes between him and his Destiny. The film ends with Napoleon still triumphant, though there are mystic forebodings of defeats to come. The strange thing about the structure is that, as everything has been set up, Napoleon should win out over his enemies. There is so little sense of political or military reality in this film that the only way Napoleon's defeats can be prefigured is by mystic hints and Josephine's enigmatic, dirty smile. It's as if Christ were done in by Eve.

AT Radio City, "Napoléon" had the right setting and a great audience. I had seen the triptych section set up with three projectors and three little screens in the auditorium of the San Francisco Museum of Art in the forties, and the group of us there were wild-eyed with excitement about what we saw. We were only the lunatic fringe, though. At Radio City, there were as many people in the audience as there were on the screen, and for a spectacle film designed to work on mass emotions a big screen and a crowd make an enormous difference. During the two-storms sequence, you could feel a third storm—waves of audience response. It's inspiriting to be in a large audience so knowledgeable about movies that it reacts with surprise and excitement to each unusual technical device, and with enjoyment to the romantic flourishes. In the twenties and thirties, people were rebelling against the nineteenth-century sentiments expressed here (and talkies had brought in a new realism), and in the forties if the film had played to a large crowd it might have appeared obscene. But the picture's flowery pan-nationalism just seems a curiosity and a camp now. This could be the time for Gance, because there are so many more people now who recognize what

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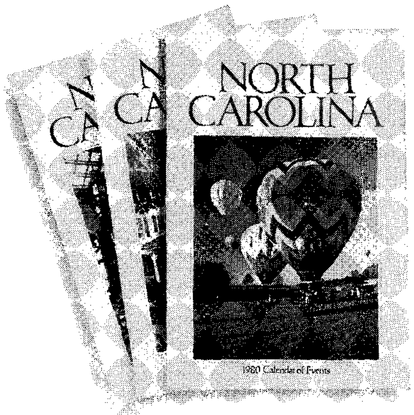

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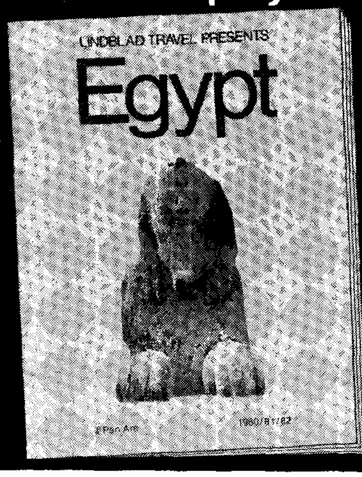
he was doing technically. It could even be the right time for Gance the size freak, because after the years of TV and tiny art houses you begin to feel how much size matters. The score that Carmine Coppola conducted—and composed, with some acknowledged borrowings from Berlioz and others—helped the film enormously; over the years, I have seen "Napoléon" in several versions, and it never moved as fluently as it did with this music. I've never heard the score that Honegger wrote for the 1927 opening, or the new score that Carl Davis prepared for the London showings last year, but this one has pulse and spirit. (It's an incredible workout for the orchestra, and for the conductor, who must be close to seventy—four hours of almost continuous playing.) There was only one spot where I thought the synchronization of the score and the images failed: the organ interlude during the Battle of Toulon episode. An organ doesn't have the right sound for battle, or for councils of war, either. And even after Napoleon called for "Order, calm, silence" the organist was rushing on excitedly.

IF a huge, hip audience can do wonders for a film, it can also expose blunders: when Charlotte Corday comes to murder Marat, she is ushered into the room where he is soaking in his bathtub; a curtain is drawn (as if we were at a theatrical performance), and then it's pulled back after he has been stabbed. Stage and screen conventions have got confused here, and the audience broke into laughter. (Marat's death is staged as a "living picture"—an exact re-creation of the famous painting.)

After the Terror, the subtitles inform us, there is a reaction of joy, and people celebrate at balls. The one that Napoleon goes to is the Victims' Ball, attended by those who have narrowly escaped the guillotine or lost relatives to it. Gance has shown a fine eye for beautiful women throughout, but suddenly he seems to have shifted centuries, because the sparkling-eyed beauties at this party carry on like flappers at a twenties artists' ball. The men are properly costumed, but the women are in the kind of dresses that go with cloches. Two of them sit in a swing high above the crowd, wearing only little wisps of clothing; others dance, bare-legged and bare-bottomed, with, here and there, a breast exposed. (This jazzy revel is reminiscent of the cubistic Charleston montage in Lubitsch's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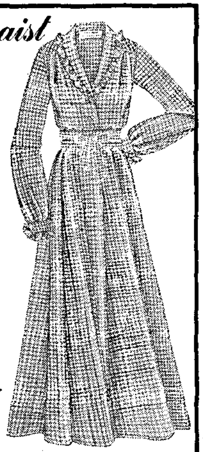
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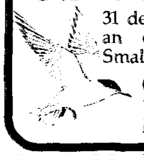
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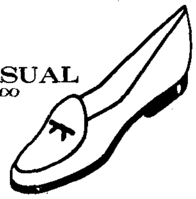
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1926 "So This Is Paris," except there are no black musicians.) Watching this twenties orgy during the French Revolution, I thought it might have been Gance's gesture toward his backers—an obligatory scene, like the car chases that have been forced on Hollywood directors in recent years. But then I remembered (and found) a still of a shindig from Gance's 1935 "Lucrezia Borgia," starring Edwige Feuillère, which I'd saved because the garlanded maidens dancing semi-nude had such a howling thirties look. Maybe Gance goes into little time warps.

"Napoléon" is full of aesthetic contradictions, and seeing it with an audience that enjoys them adds to the picture's freshness. When you watch a Gance film, you're seeing a film made by a man who was born in the nineteenth century (in 1889) and who mastered a twentieth-century art while remaining a romantic dandy of the past. Gance is still ahead of most film artists, yet he has always been behind movie audiences. He's a double anachronism, a living time warp. This man, who sold his first scripts in 1909, once wrote a play for Sarah Bernhardt, and his thinking (if his later movies, such as the 1964 "Cyrano et D'Artagnan," accurately express it) hasn't changed. But he's such a passionate wizard that in his hands the old declamatory conventions sometimes become iconographic right before your eyes. There are masters whose technique is invisible (Renoir, De Sica, Satyajit Ray), so that what you respond to is the stories and the people. And there are masters of bravura, such as Gance and Welles, who often seem wildly "cinematic" because they are essentially theatrical. This isn't a negative observation; it may be that they love movies so much because they loved the theatre.

—PAULINE KAEL

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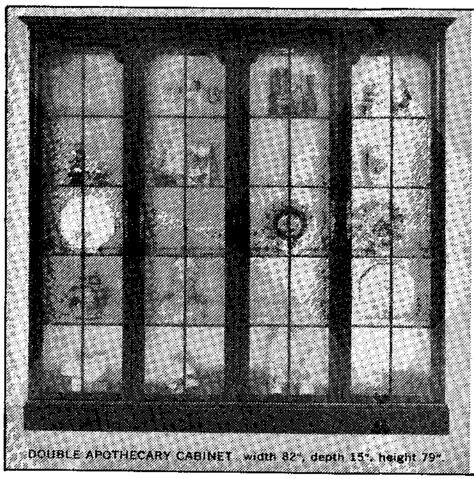

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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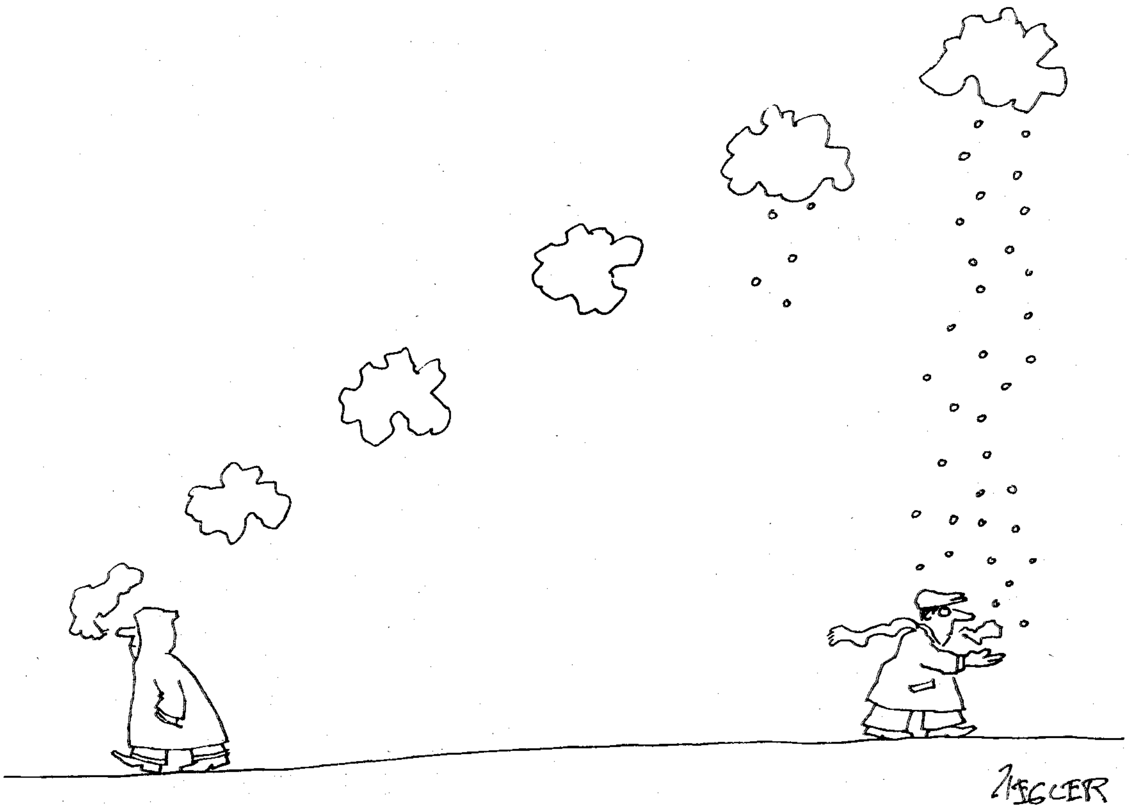
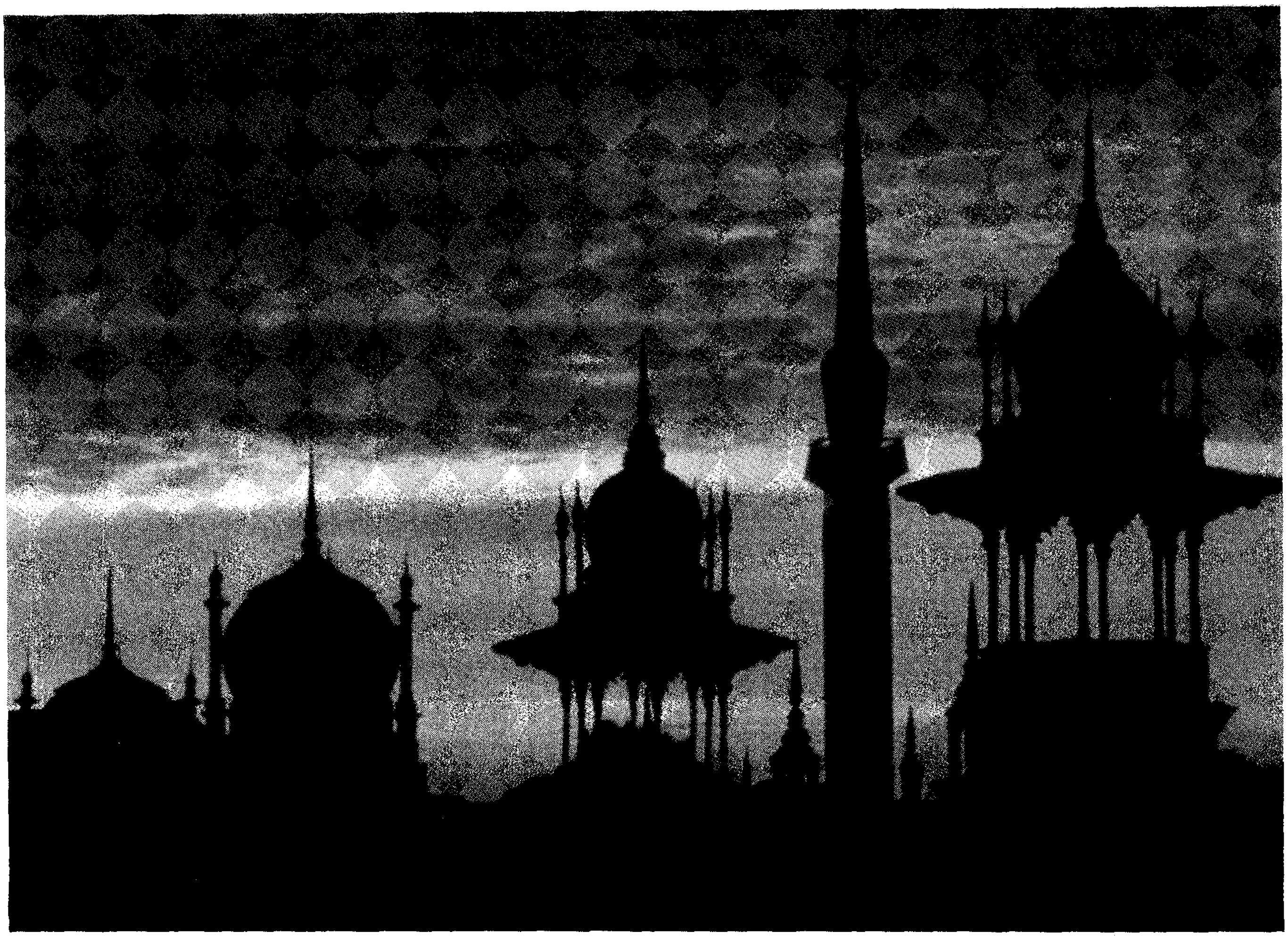
THE Festival of Contemporary Music, which was presented by the Juilliard School at Alice Tully Hall and the Juilliard Theatre a week ago, was described by Peter Mennin, the school's president, as "a continuation" of a festival held in 1976, "when the Juilliard School was joined by the New York Philharmonic and the Fromm Foundation in presenting some twenty-seven compositions by contemporary composers." That Celebration of Contemporary Music was, by all accounts, a considerable success; Andrew Porter described it in these pages as "one of the best festivals of modern music I have ever encountered." There were seven concerts in eight days, open rehearsals, afternoon seminars, and a round-table discussion among seven of the composers represented; a detailed program book and daily program leaflets were provided; scores were available for inspection. The repertoire ranged widely: in American music, from Roy Harris, Roger Sessions, and William Schuman to Earle Brown and George Crumb; in European music, from Bruno Maderna and Aribert Reimann to Peter Maxwell Davies and Iannis Xenakis. The 1981 Festival was more modest. The Juilliard had no collaborators; all concerts were given by its own fine orchestral forces or by the Juilliard Quartet. There was almost as much music as in 1976—twenty-two composers represented in six concerts—but the music was less varied, and there were no additional events. An effort had apparently been made to avoid the work of composers included five years ago—only Milton Babbitt slipped through that net. But the 1976 programs had featured many of the most important creative figures of our time; if they were all to be exluded this year, one would expect that other internationally established composers would take their place: Pierre Boulez, Hans Werner Henze, György Ligeti, Witold Lutoslawski, Luigi Nono, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Olivier Messiaen—to name only some omitted in 1976 who have written pieces for conventional orchestral forces. It would have been a striking festival that introduced to New York Lutoslawski's Concerto for Oboe and Harp (or his "Novelette," which had its première in Washington), or the new concert suite from Ligeti's opera "Le Grand Macabre." It might have been appropriate to explore the work of America's senior composer, Roger Sessions, who has just entered his eighty-fifth year and still teaches composition at Juilliard.

Of these composers, only Pierre Boulez was represented in the 1981 Festival, with his 1949 Piano Sonata, No. 2. (What of his "Messagesquisse," of 1977, for seven cellos, which the Juilliard has the resources to rehearse and present?) The opening concert, by the Juilliard Orchestra, under Eleazar de Carvalho, steered a resolutely unexploratory course, with music by Carlos Chavez, Aaron Copland, and Vincent Persichetti. In the next concert, the Juilliard Quartet introduced Henri Dutilleux's "Ainsi la Nuit" to New York, alongside music by Ben Weber and David Diamond. The first concert to take risks was the third, given by the Juilliard Philharmonia, under José Serebrier, which included a world première and three New York premières. The new work was the most interesting: Francis Thorne's "The Eternal Light," a setting for soprano and large orchestra of Canto XXXIII of Dante's "Paradiso." By turns rhapsodic and passionate, skittish and ironic, visionary and tranquil, this ambitious score did not quite, in its first performance, cohere in a unified setting of the poetry. The first section (which drew premature applause from the audience) managed to combine Straussian lushness and Bergian complexity; the second section, with its jokey, scherzolike dismissal of the words "Oh but how scant the utterance, and how faint, to my conceit," seemed incongruous; the third, with its gentle, imitative string writing crossed with bell strokes, conjured up a soft-edged picture of Dante's final vision. But the music was always resourceful, always ear-catching. Carole Farley, the soprano soloist, was inclined to rely on a general voluptuousness of tone and phrasing rather than on a precise characterization of the Italian text. She was not helped by the inappropriately Inferno-like gloom of the Juilliard Theatre, which made the orchestra seem to be shadows, and which let us see Miss Farley's glittering outfit but clouded her face. The translation in the program book could not be followed during the performance.



The three other works



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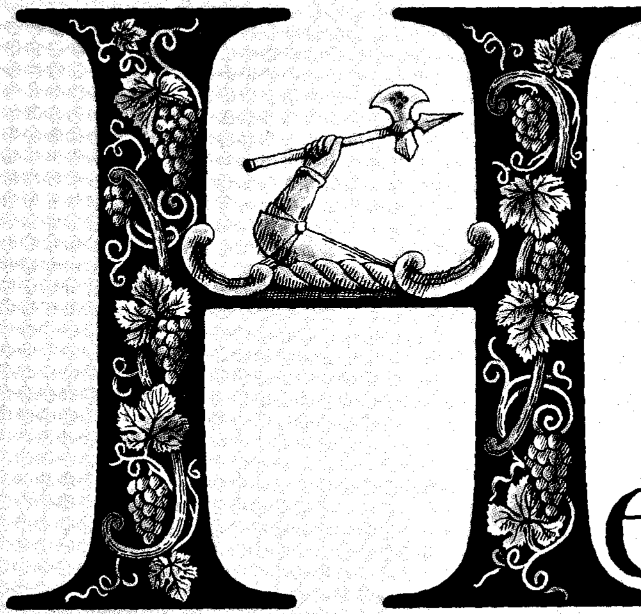

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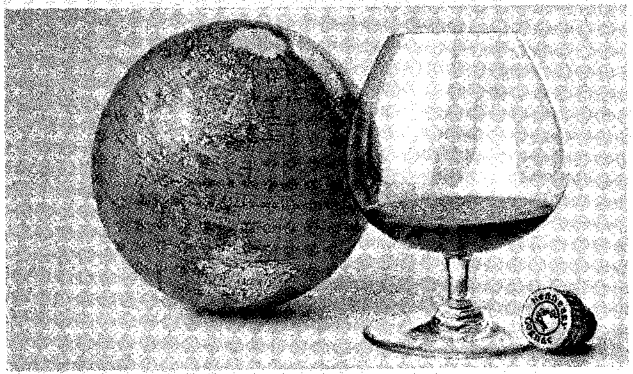

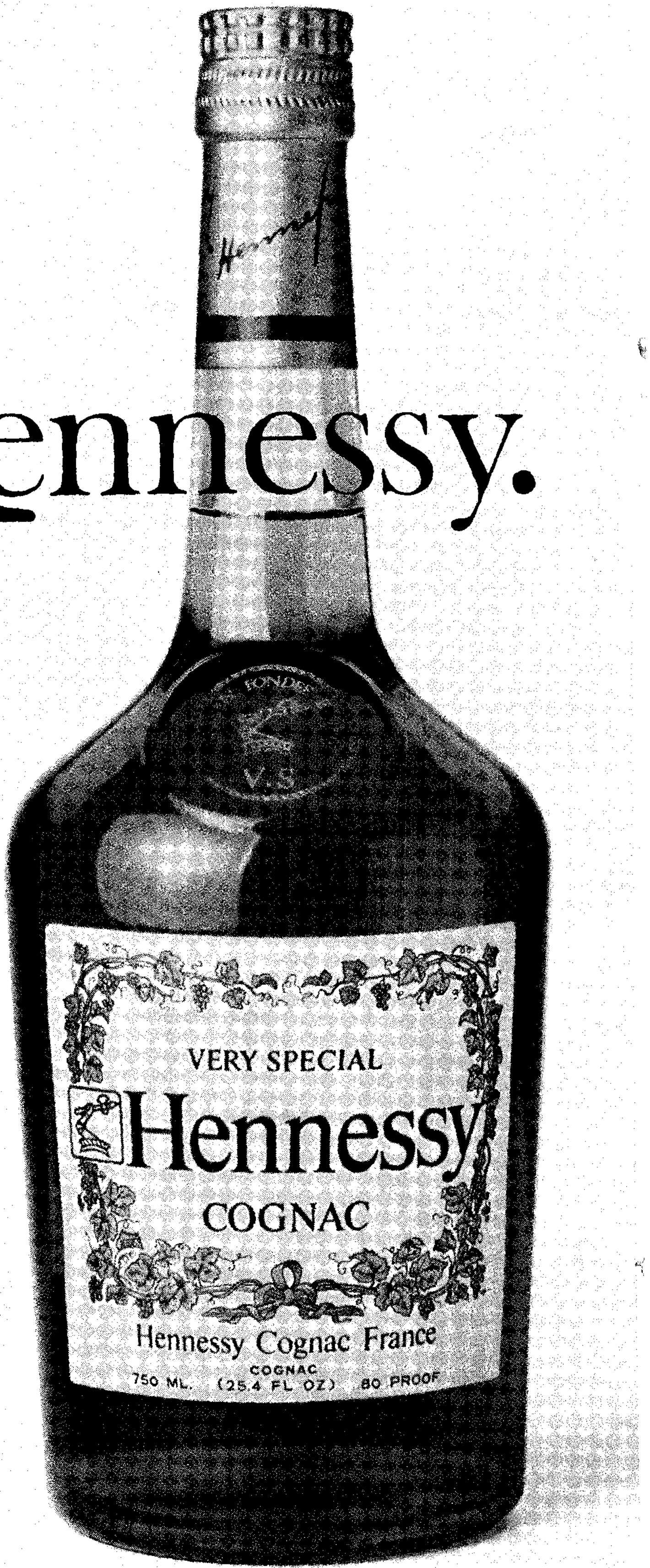
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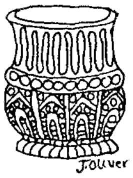
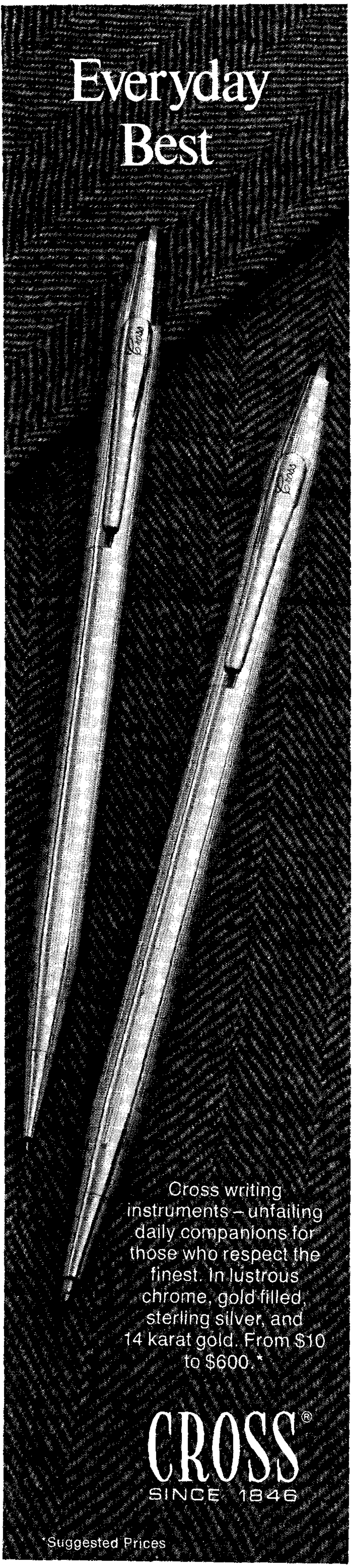
were programmatic picture pieces for large orchestra. Marga Richter's "Blackberry Vines and Winter Fruit" was "an attempt to portray the lonely beauty of the Vermont winter landscape." André Laporte's "Nachtmusik" was intended "to suggest two concepts of night." Lester Trimble's "Sonic Landscape" was the most likable: a cheerful display piece of perky rhythms, rushing scales, dancing dissonances, which provided a showcase for some virtuoso timpani playing by Stephen Burke. Miss Richter's piece was meanderingly atmospheric, with endlessly repeated thematic fragments, naïvely scored two- or three-part orchestral textures, and a banal, brassy climax. Mr. Laporte's "Nachtmusik" was self-indulgent: twenty minutes of postwar orchestral clichés, using a huge percussion battery, pulsing brass chords, chattering string figuration, and—at first insidiously, only half-heard, and then blatantly—quotations from Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." This was the one European orchestral work to be heard in the Festival, and was a disturbing choice. Mr. Serebrier conducted all the works with panache, but he was a little too spiky for Miss Richter's atmospherics, and could not cover up some insecurities in the performance of Mr. Thorne's demanding score. In the other works, the Juilliard Philharmonia played splendidly.



The final programs included a Cantata by Ronald Caltabiano and the New York première of Donald Martino's Cello Concerto. I hope to write about these concerts soon.

UNTIL recently, comparisons of the health of new music in New York and in London have, to my mind, been unequivocally in favor of New York. There are more concerts here, more groups making regular appearances, a wider range of music being performed, and, most important, larger audiences. But on a visit to London last month I sensed a new mood: promoters and performers alike were talking about full houses and enthusiastic audiences. The BBC's College Concerts, which are devoted to new and recent orchestral music and are presented to invited audiences at the London colleges of music, have been crowded. In January, the Park Lane Group's pioneering annual series Young Artists and Twentieth-Century Music was well received. The Society for the Promotion of New Music, after a period in the doldrums, has an attractive schedule. One of the principal beneficiaries—and perhaps one of the principal creators—of this success has been the London Sinfonietta, which last season presented a bold retrospective of postwar music. The Sinfonietta has been outstanding among London ensembles for the coherence of its program planning—illuminating juxtapositions, astutely chosen revivals, and careful, fruitful commissions—and for the vitality of its performances. Its major project over the last couple of years has been a Stravinsky Festival, given in collaboration with the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of David Atherton. I caught the opening concert of the Festival's "second leg," which presents choral and vocal works. The program looked alarmingly didactic: three versions of "Les Noces," and the two works that Stravinsky wrote for the Venice Biennale in 1956—"Canticum Sacrum" and the arrangement of Bach's "Vom Himmel Hoch" Variations. The concert, which might have been no more than an expository tract, was enthralling.

The rich and detailed "Stravinsky in Pictures and Documents," by Vera Stravinsky and Robert Craft (Simon & Schuster), notes that "the ten years of work on the instrumentation of 'Les Noces' offer a study in the processes of growth and refinement, a musical embryology, in fact, since these changes also affected the substance [of the work]." The three versions that Stravinsky completed—or, rather, partly completed, since the first version was never fully orchestrated and the second was completed only up to the end of the second scene—are landmarks in the complex process of the work's creation. The first version, done in sketch form in 1917, uses a varied and colorful ensemble: full orchestral woodwinds and percussion, solo string octet, and harp, harpsichord, piano, and cimbalom. (With Ramiro Cortés, Mr. Craft has completed the orchestration; he conducted the work at Columbia University in 1973 and recorded it, on Columbia.) Yet before this, as Mrs. Stravinsky and Mr. Craft point out, Stravinsky had thought to exclude conventional strings and use balalaikas, guzlas, and guitars; in his first drafts, he used harpsichord and string quartet playing pizzicato. The sounds of the 1917 version, as revealed in the Sinfonietta's powerful perfor-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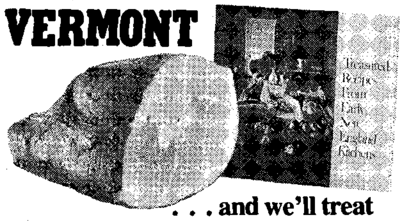

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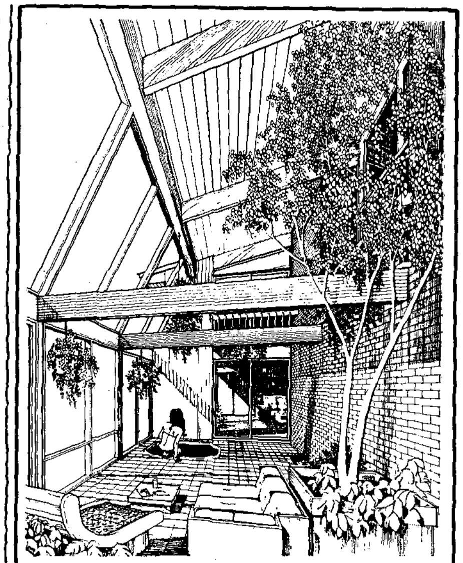
mance—the first in Europe—are so ravishing that one is for the moment astonished that Stravinsky abandoned them. Near the start of the second tableau, the buzz of the cimbalom makes a far more brilliant sound than the piano of the final version; at the end of the same tableau, the cross-rhythms and accents are more exciting and vivid, with choruses of wind and percussion. There are some small musical differences between this version and the final score, but the impression was of a greater range of contrast throughout the work; a few minutes into the fourth tableau, with singing sixths on the trumpets and insistent sixteenth-note counterpoint, "*très fort et détaché*," on the trombone, one was able to hear many details that are usually buried in the piano hammerings of the final version.

Stravinsky was clearly worried by the nature of the piece, which he described in 1919 as "a cantata or oratorio, or I do not know what." Late that year, he decided to call it a "divertissement." He had then created what the *Sinfonietta* performed as the second version: the first two tableaux, scored for keyboards and percussion. His odd collection of keyboards consisted of pianola and harmonium, with two cimbaloms. In the Sinfonietta's account—with the pianola replaced by two pianos—this sounded curious: the constant use of the cimbaloms (brilliantly played by John Leach and Gregory Knowles) reduced their effectiveness; the cross-rhythms at the end of the second tableau were no more than a weak jangle. Perhaps Stravinsky realized this limitation: in another intermediate stage, in 1921, he planned to replace the cimbaloms with more pianolas. But the problems of synchronizing these mechanical instruments with live players and singers proved insuperable. During 1921, he moved toward the final orchestration; when he decided to eliminate wind instruments altogether and introduce four pianos, he arrived at the idea of the "percussion orchestra" that was to characterize the final version. Mr. Atherton and his forces kept their tautest, most hard-hitting performance for this familiar score. It sounded brand-new: the lavish resources of the earlier scores were now a narrow range of clear, biting colors, which perfectly complemented the acid declamation of the soloists and chorus. The London Sinfonietta Chorus sang with energy and commitment; outstanding among the soloists were the razor-



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sharp soprano of Felicity Palmer and the warm, rounded bass of John Tomlinson, who was most eloquent in the closing solo of the work.

THE concerts promoted by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center are strange affairs; it is difficult to understand their planning. In December, Bartók's Second Quartet was given, to mark his centenary; Schumann's Piano Quintet was the other major work on the program. What might conceivably be chosen to link, or keep apart, these two incompatible pieces? Surely not a piano duet by Mendelssohn and a violin sonata by Saint-Saëns; yet these the Society offered. The Schumann formed the program's second half. In the first, the Mendelssohn was played splashily, with great enthusiasm and no great precision, by André-Michel Schub and Charles Wadsworth. Then came the Bartók, projected tautly, though without much subtlety, by a quartet drawn from the Society's members; then the Saint-Saëns, played with bright, steely tone by Ani Kavafian (who had just taken the second violin part in the Bartók) and Mr. Schub. Each work jarred against the next.

I feared the same would happen last week, when Itzhak Perlman joined the Society for a Bach trio sonata, the Beethoven "Kreutzer" Sonata, and Tchaikovsky's sextet "Souvenir de Florence." But in this case one work made so powerful an impression as to obliterate amiable memories of the others. Mr. Perlman's collaboration with Mr. Schub in the "Kreutzer" was electrifying. The concert was televised, by WNET. The small screen of television is better suited to chamber music than to opera and orchestral programs, and in the huge first movement of the "Kreutzer" (equal in scale and importance to that of the "Eroica" Symphony and of the First "Razumovsky" Quartet) the tension and sharpness of the interplay were closely, unrelentingly revealed. It was a magnificent, spontaneous performance; the television relay was marred by trivial backstage chat at intermission. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

A 600-foot section of the concrete roadway on the interstate bridge tumbled into the water as well as a 400-foot metal grid over the ship channel. Another 40 feet of the span dangled over the water.

State officials declared the bridge unsafe and closed it.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Good thinking.

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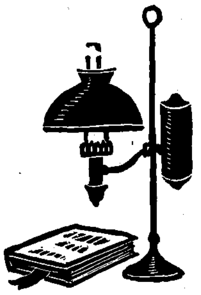


ONE of Max Beerbohm's diversions was drawing caricatures that he called "The Young Self and the Old Self." They pictured what might take place if various successful middle-aged men were to encounter their raw, young selves. He drew a mature English Conrad and a gawky Polish Conrad, a diffuse, world-encompassing H.G. Wells and a cool, inquiring Wells, a ponderous, pleased Arnold Bennett and a thin, red-necked Bennett. Each picture was captioned. The one under the Bennetts reads, "Old Self: 'All gone according to plan, you see.' Young Self: '*My* plan, you know.' " Had Beerbohm done Graham Greene, the drawing might look like this: The older Greene, his face lined and melancholy, his figure slightly slouched and got up in Army fatigues, stands with a ditty bag in one hand and a passport in the other. The young Greene, dressed in a blazer and flannels and looking exactly the same, minus the signs of wear and tear, faces him. He has a slim volume folded under one arm, and we can just make out the title: "Babbling April." The caption reads, "Young Self: 'Still sad?' Old Self: 'Very. But it's off again in the morning.' "

By his own account, Greene, who is seventy-six, has spent his life fleeing boredom and melancholy and suicidal impulses. He treats of this strain in himself in both volumes of his autobiography, the second of which, "Ways of Escape," has been brought out by Simon & Schuster ($12.95). In the first, "A Sort of Life," published ten years ago, Greene wrote about his fear of moths and fire, about being psychoanalyzed at sixteen, and about several attempts at suicide. This recital continues in "Ways of Escape":

> To go back far in time is always a reluctant return (as one approaches death one lives a step ahead, perhaps in a hurry to be gone).
>
> I hadn't the courage for suicide, but it became a habit with me to visit troubled places, not to seek material for novels but to regain the sense of insecurity which I had enjoyed in the three blitzes on London . . .

He also explains why his books, though often witty-ironic, are so dour:

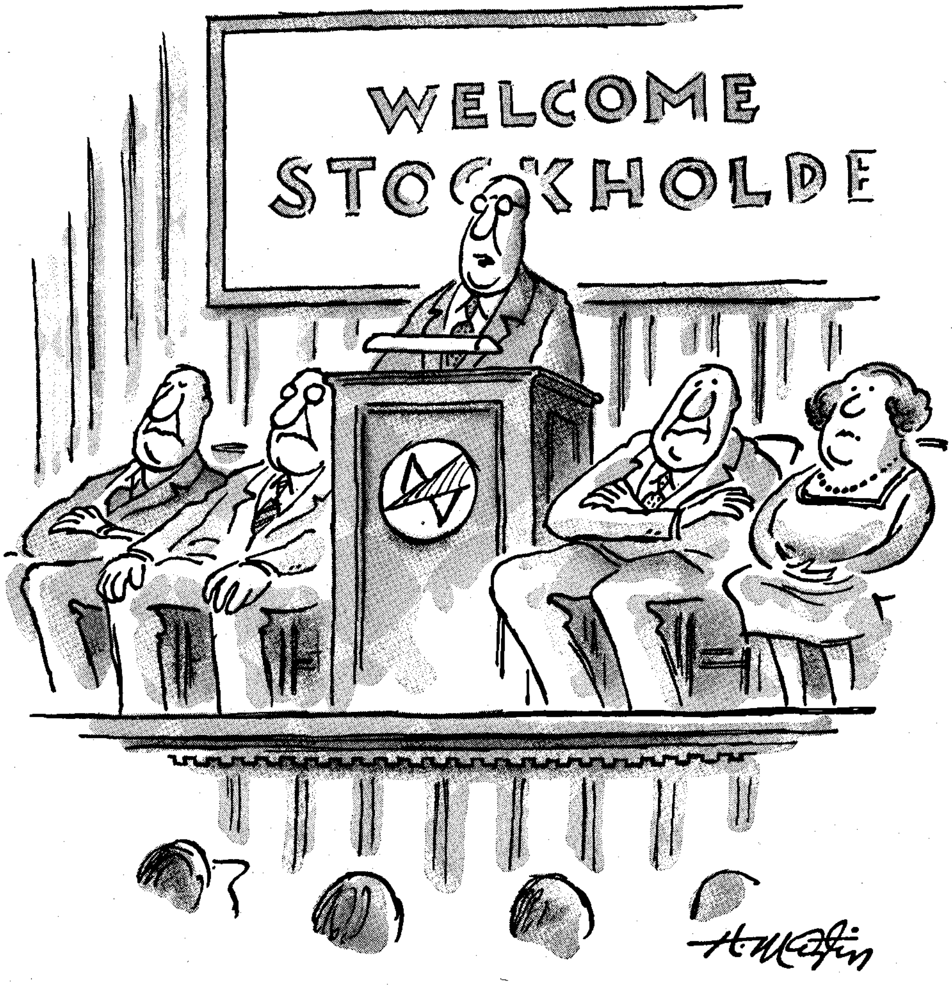
> Life is not rich in comedy; one has to cherish what there is of it and savor it during the bad days.
>
> Writing is a form of therapy; sometimes I wonder how all those who do not write, compose or paint can manage to escape the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear which is inherent in the human situation.

Greene has managed it since 1925 by publishing a volume of verse ("Babbling April," which he no longer acknowledges), twenty-three novels (several more have been set aside), three volumes of short stories, three travel books, three collections of essays (on literature, film, and drama), five plays (many more remain unproduced and unpublished), a biography, some children's books, and his autobiographies. Such a shelf of books, with its shoulder-to-shoulder titles, comes to seem invulnerable, and Greene reinforces that solidity in "Ways of Escape" by repeatedly disarming us:

> My second and third novels, "The Name of Action" and "Rumour at Nightfall," published in 1930 and 1931, can now be found . . . only in secondhand bookshops at an exaggerated price, since some years after their publication I suppressed them. Both books are of a badness beyond the power of criticism properly to evoke . . .
>
> I have always had a soft spot in my heart for my fifth published novel, "England Made Me" (a feeling which has not been shared by the general public) . . .
>
> ["The Heart of the Matter"] was to prove a book more popular with the public, even with the critics, than with the author. The scales to me seem too heavily weighted, the plot overloaded, the religious scruples of Scobie too extreme.

And again on "The Heart of the Matter":

> There must have been something cor-



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rupt there, for the book appealed too often to weak elements in its readers.

He even jogs the academics:

> Poor hopeless Mr. Prewitt, the lawyer, watching with sad envy "the little typists go by carrying their little cases" (I think no one has remarked the echo of Beatrix Potter in that phrase).

"Ways of Escape" tells us where many of Greene's novels came from. "Our Man in Havana" (1958) grew sidewise out of his experiences in the British Secret Service in Sierra Leone during the Second World War. He first set the story in Estonia in 1938, but after several visits to Cuba in the early fifties he moved it to Havana during the Cold War. "The Third Man" (1950) came from a single sentence that he had written down on an envelope years before: "I had paid my last farewell to Harry a week ago, when his coffin was lowered into the frozen February ground, so that it was with incredulity that I saw him pass by, without a sign of recognition, among the host of strangers in the Strand." "The Honorary Consul" (1973), which Greene considers "perhaps the novel I prefer to all the others," began in a dream he had about an American ambassador, "a favorite of women and a good tennis player, whom I encountered in a bar." In due course, Charley Fortnum, the British honorary consul, and Dr. Eduardo Plarr, his friend and betrayer, materialized in Greene's head, reducing the American ambassador to the engine that gets the plot of the novel going. A group of untutored guerrillas attempt to kidnap an American ambassador visiting Corrientes, a river town in northeast Argentina. (Greene had once passed it on a boat, and it had never faded from mind. With the story in his head, he flew to Corrientes and spent two weeks getting his backgrounds straight.) The guerrillas hope to force the release of ten political prisoners, but they kidnap the consul by mistake, thus reducing their leverage to almost zero. A tragicomedy ensues, and the rest of the novel is an acute study of the consul, an aging, fearful, selfless alcoholic, and of the doctor, a kind of medical James Bond, who is never more than a pivot. Greene sums the book up:

> "The Honorary Consul" was one of the novels I found hardest to write. In my experience, after a few months an author usually feels that his novel is taking control. There has been the drive at increasing speed of the plane along the runway, then the slow lift and you feel that the wheels no longer touch the ground. But with "The Honorary Consul" it was only in the last chapter that I found myself at last in the freedom of the air. Now when I read the book again I have the impression that I must have been dozing at the controls, for the plane had taken to the air on the very first page . . .

There are other flashes of wisdom about the writing of fiction:

> Writing a novel does not become easier with practice. The slow discovery by a novelist of his individual method can be exciting, but a moment comes in middle age when he feels that he no longer controls his method; he has become its prisoner. Then a long period of ennui sets in: it seems to him he has done everything before. He is more afraid to read his favorable critics than his unfavorable, for with terrible patience they unroll before his eyes the unchanging pattern of the carpet. If he has depended a great deal on his unconscious, on his ability to forget even his own books when they are once on the public shelves, the critics remind him—this theme originated ten years ago, that simile which came so unthinkingly to his pen a few weeks back was used nearly twenty years ago . . .
>
> With a novel, which takes perhaps years to write, the author is not the same man at the end of the book as he was at the beginning. It is not only that his characters have developed—he has developed with them, and this nearly always gives a sense of roughness to the work . . . It is the consciousness of that failure which makes the revision of the novel seem endless—the author is trying in vain to adapt the story to his changed personality, as though it were something he had begun in childhood and was finishing now in old age.

"A Sort of Life" was a sort of autobiography that filled in, however thinly, the first twenty-seven years of Greene's life. "Ways of Escape" is a series of smoke screens that the writer lays down between the rest of his life and the reader. It is a book of selections—from prefaces Greene wrote in the seventies for an English edition of his novels, from journalistic reports on various revolutions and wars (Vietnam, Kenya, Cuba, Haiti, Israel) he has visited to ease his boredom, and from journals he has kept from time to time. But it tells us enough about Greene's private life to convince us that he is at least as interesting as the characters he has spun out of his head. In addition to describing his melancholia, Greene mentions that he and his wife finally drifted apart, that they had two children, that he has always drunk a lot, that Evelyn Waugh and Herbert Read were cherished friends, that he has had a mistress, that he once used opium liberally, that he likes to gamble, that some sort of upheaval in his life caused him to move permanently from England to France, that he is tired of being thought of as an apostle of the Catholic Church:

> I had no apostolic mission, and the cries for spiritual assistance maddened me because of my impotence. What was the Church for but to aid these sufferers? What was the priesthood for? I was like a man without medical knowledge in a village struck with plague.

Obsessed people like Greene are irresistible, because they are generally very good at what they do, and because they have reduced their lives to oiled essentials. That Greene—old-fashioned, courageous, highly literate, romantic, sowing his shapely God-filled fables in the four corners of the world—has chosen to allow his life to be eventually written by his "friends and enemies" instead of by him means that he will never touch us the way an equally gifted though far less spectacular writer, J. R. Ackerley, did in his autobiography, "My Father and Myself." Here is how Ackerley ends that marvellous book about his libertine Edwardian father: "A good many questions have been asked, few receive answers. Some facts have been established, much else may well be fiction, the rest is silence. Of my father, my mother, myself, I know in the end practically nothing. Nevertheless I preserve it, if only because it offers a friendly, unconditional response to my father's plea in his posthumous letter: 'I hope people will generally be kind to my memory.' "

—Whitney Balliett

•

THE CREATIVE LIFE IN CONNECTICUT

[*From the Norwalk* (*Conn.*) *Fairpress*]

According to Mr. Wood, the piece that provoked the most controversy on opening night is Mary Devlin's "Youth 'N Asia." A visible pun, this hideous paper mache sculpture of an old woman has snaky arms entwining a horrified child. A mass of tangled yarn braids woven with trinkets, jewelry and buttons with sayings from the 1960s hang from her head to the floor. As hauntingly ugly as a voodoo doll, with strange sparkly eyes and a lumpy appearance, this highly personal sculpture is actually stuffed with the artist's old love letters. What it lacks in esthetics, however, it makes up for in personality.

•

When actor Derek Jacobi picked up the skull of a poor fellow named Yorick and delivered the line "To be, or not to be . . ." he was well aware half the audience watching the newest PBS production of "Hamlet" would be saying the words right along with him.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Alas, poor Jacobi!

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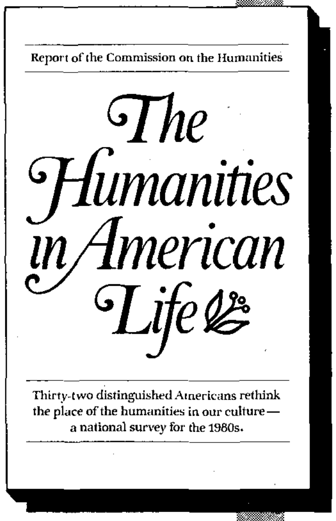

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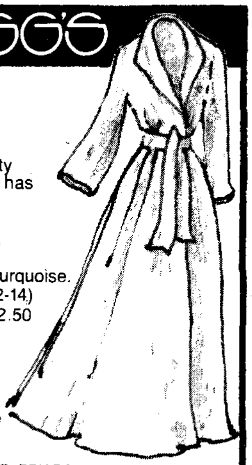

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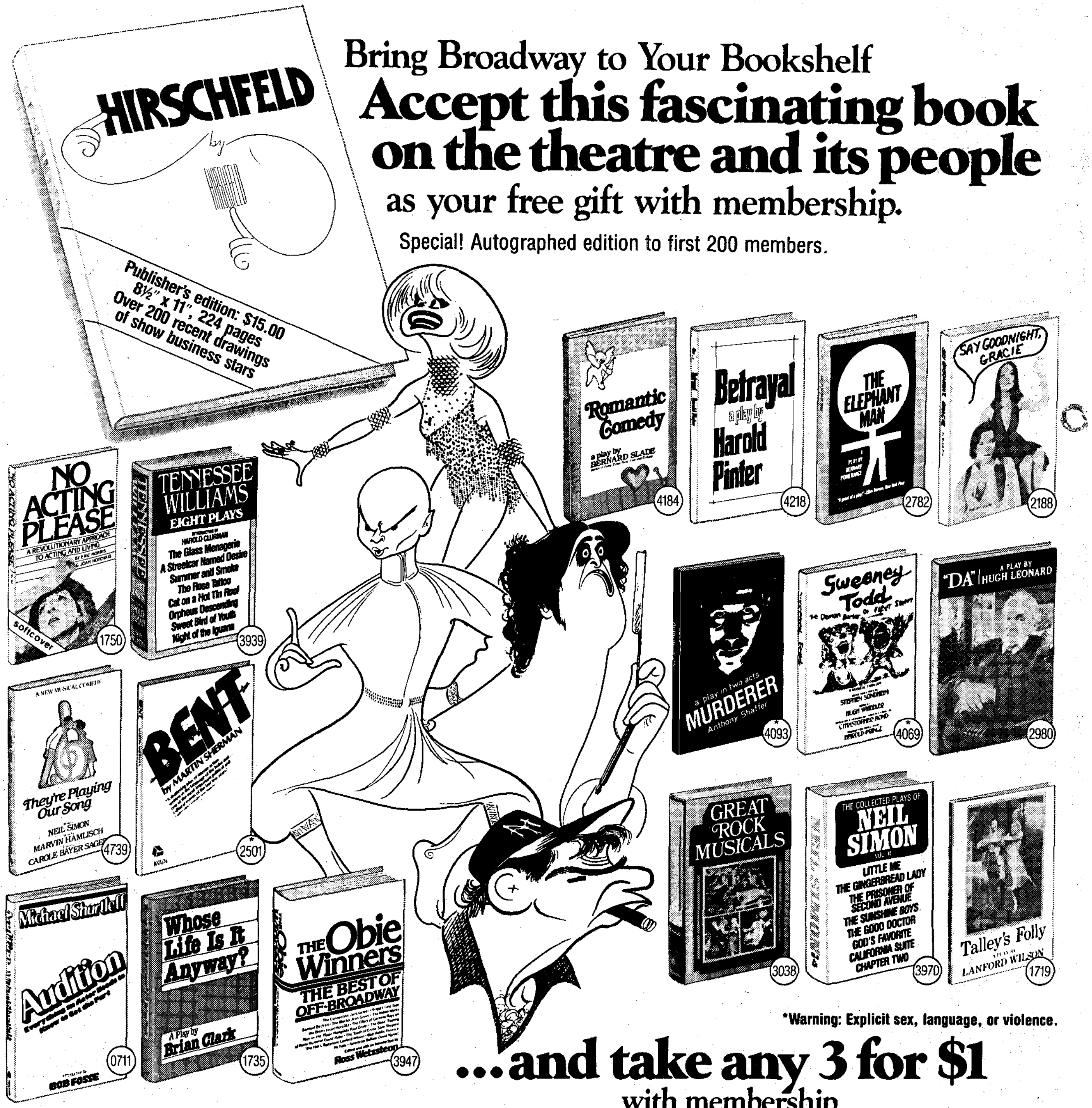
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As a member, you'll pay as little as $3.99 for most selections, or you may opt for a featured alternate or extra-value book at slightly higher prices. (A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.) Fireside Theatre offers its own complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you up to 40% off bookstore prices. All you need do is choose 4 books at regular low Club prices within one year, after which you may remain a member for as long as you wish or resign at any time.

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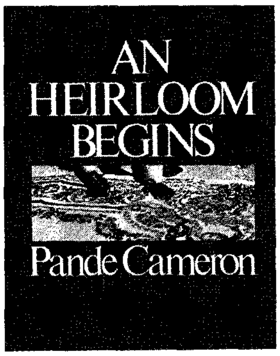

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